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Memorial

OF

JOSEPH AND LUCY CLARK ALLEN

(NORTHBOROUGH, MASS.)

BY

THEIR CHILDREN

Elizabeth Waterhouse Allen,

BOSTON
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To the beloved memory

of our brothers

Thomas Prentiss Allen

and

William Francis Allen

PREFACE.

THE one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of JOSEPH ALLEN, August 15, 1890, brought together a family gathering at his old home in Northborough, at which were read sketches of his life prepared chiefly for the grandchildren. With some changes, these form the earlier and the concluding portions of this volume. With letters and other memoranda of our father and mother the record is continued to the end.

It is seldom that two lives pass on in such an unbroken course together for so many years; for, though many changes came, their home remained the centre still for all the scattered family. By a succession of circumstances or perhaps by a special adaptation in themselves, it had also been the home, from first to last, of more than two hundred persons in many varieties of relations, and for periods of months or years,— for such they wished to make it to all who entered its doors.

To select that which should give the best picture of the varied life in the quiet town has been our

aim; and our hope is that to their old friends this record of our parents' lives may prove a pleasant reminder of the days that are gone.

E. W. A.

Northborough, Massachusetts,
January 1, 1891.

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MEMORIAL.

I.

JOSEPH ALLEN.

"Children's children are the crown of old men, and the glory of children are their fathers."

THE year 1790 is a date that does not seem so very far away. One person in our own family connection, still living, was born in that year, and others we have known whose lives went back many years before that date. But these hundred years have covered a very important period of history. France, England, and our own country were passing through great crises, which seemed to overwhelm all smaller interests. Yet the pictures which come to us from poets and story-tellers of life apart from the great world and in quieter scenes give us a broader view, and the life in a small New England town is not less significant than others. In one of the prettiest and oldest of these towns, Medfield, this year gave life to a little boy whose career is of special interest to us; and, for the sake of his descendants, we would gather up what we can find respecting his early days.

Our father, JOSEPH ALLEN, was born August 15, 1790, on the farm bought by his ancestors from the Indians in 1649, and still occupied by their descendants.* A little sister had preceded him, who died at the age of seven, but whose sweet memory was never allowed to die out of the affectionate family circle. One sister and five brothers came after him; and, with the exception of the little sister mentioned, no one of the band passed from this life before reaching the age of fourscore, and all but one with mental powers unimpaired. The old homestead, through all changes, continued to gather them at intervals with children and children's children.

His grandfather, Noah (1719–1804), whom he well remembered in his old age, was a man of mark in the town, having held a king's commission as lieutenant in the colonial militia, and the first of the family who was spoken of in public records by "the grand old name of gentleman." He was a man of large frame and extraordinary bodily strength, a stalwart wrestler and a formidable antagonist. He once offered to match himself in "tug of war" against a pair of farm horses, bracing himself against the barn-sill; but the rope (a new cart rope) broke, and the contest was declared drawn. A later exploit was to vault over a cow, when past the age of eighty. In an inventory of his effects occurs the following item: "one Great Bibble, 3.50; Sundry other Books, 50 cts." — which shows how little the

* The family was apparently from Norfolk, England, from which, it is likely, came many colonists of Norfolk, Massachusetts. Castle Hill, a low wooded and stony eminence, which gives the name to the Medfield homestead, was so called from a camp of surveyors, who conveyed it to the family in acknowledgment of hospitalities received.

fine qualities of that day were indebted to school learning.

The father, Phineas Allen (1764–1836), was a prosperous farmer, open-hearted, quick-tempered, hospitable, kindly in his dealings with his fellow-men, and without his father's mighty stature. He had enlisted in the Revolutionary Army at the age of sixteen, and shared the hardships of those trying times. The grandchildren who lived in the house with him in after years remember how he liked to have them about him, and to tell them the stories of his own experiences, or the traditions handed down in the family from still earlier times, when the terror of attack from the Indians hung over every village. He used to tell how, under King Philip in 1676, on their way from Marlboro to Medfield, which they laid in ashes, the Indians threw shavings from the cooper's shop, which gave to the household part of its winter occupation, into the low window of the house, set them on fire, and then hurried to the village. Fortunately, the shavings fell upon a trap-door leading into the cellar. The door fell into the cellar, and the fire was extinguished without further harm. Thirty-two houses in the town were burned.

Their mother, Ruth Smith,— quiet, frugal, indefatigably industrious, and benevolent less from warm impulse, like her husband, than from high principle, —was a true helpmeet, never questioning the duty that lay before her. The children were brought up in habits of self-respect, helpfulness, and religious reverence. The boys were taught to shield their mother and sister from hard or exposing work, such

as often falls to the lot of women in a new country. This habit went far to develop the affection which bound them together through their long lives. The life in their native town was not hard and bare, as in some parts of New England, where sterner religious views prevailed. Their minister was Rev. Dr. Prentiss, a man of broad and generous mind, of thorough education and free from theological trammels, whose whole aim was the higher life of his people. Deeply religious, as all respectable New Englanders then were, it was happily a religion of character that was set before them, to influence their whole lives. Among the recreations of village life, the dances and other social gatherings, the source of greatest enjoyment was the singing-school, taught in the long winter evenings. There they were well taught to sing by note the old psalmody so strange to us now; but, besides this, their love of music was re-enforced by a store of old Scotch and English songs and ballads. These probably came down by tradition; and many of them were of the quaintest, others of the most pathetic description.

The outward life in the old home was simple and primitive, like that of the period generally, but with elements picturesque and pleasing, which have been so well described by some New England writers. But modes of living are a small part of what we remember of our friends: personal traits are what remain impressed on our minds. To us there seems no great gulf between our lives and those of a century ago, as the different generations of the family have kept up so frequent intercourse. Energetic,

kindly, and open-hearted they were, with a certain mental alertness and readiness to receive new ideas, so that, with different degrees of ardor, they have taken part in the various movements of the time, moral, theological, and social. A little record of the brothers and sister who so often gathered with our father at the old homestead, and who all survived him, does not seem out of place here, as showing something of the "significance of life in a small New England town."

Of the second son, Ellis, father of the well-known colony of teachers in West Newton, who died at the age of eighty-two, the following was written: —

While constantly supervising and working upon the farm with his sons, he yet interested himself in all the great questions of the time,— anti-slavery, temperance, peace, the enfranchisement of women, education, and others. His venerable head, with his erect form and elastic step, was seen in nearly all conventions of the advocates of the reforms of the day, in eastern Massachusetts. It has been said of him that he was a true type of the Scotch Covenanters from whom he descended,* with the enlightened and elevating influences of two and a half centuries added. His honored and dearly loved friend, William Lloyd Garrison, wrote of him: "I shall always hold him in remembrance as one of the tried and true of the old Guard of Freedom, whose feet were planted upon the Everlasting Rock, whose faith and courage never faltered as to the ultimate triumph of the righteous cause. That triumph he happily lived to witness with the joy and thankfulness of Simeon of old, and towards its achievement he did his part by his example, testimony, and works."

* Probably an error; as the most trustworthy account traces the family to the shire of Norfolk, England.

His wife, Lucy Lane, was a woman of brilliant natural gifts, in particular a rare capacity for teaching, which showed itself very early in life, and an undaunted cheerfulness of spirit, which carried her buoyantly through many a change of circumstance. She became a very dear younger sister to our mother, and the two families were drawn in various ways nearer together than is common with such cousinly groups. She survived her golden wedding by more than twenty-five years, with mental faculty always fresh, eagerly interested in all things new and good, a favorite companion to the young, and with physical powers almost unimpaired, till within a few days of her death, which was just before her ninety-sixth birthday (June, 1889).

Another brother, Asa, removed with his family, early in life, to western New York, where he and they encountered many hardships: —

Carrying with him his New England habits of industry and perseverance, he soon had a small farm cleared, and rejoiced in waving fields of wheat and corn. With true Yankee versatility and power of adapting himself to surrounding circumstances, he taught school during the winter months, conducted services on Sundays, taught singing schools, and soon was acknowledged as a leading citizen in every good work. In civil affairs he was no less prominent,— a moderator at all meetings of citizens, assessor, town clerk, captain of a military company, justice of the peace, and finally county treasurer and judge of a county court. . . . Finally, he retired from his honorable and influential position to devote himself to the ministry. Those knowing the self-sacrifice, the unceasing toil, the

unrequited labors this change would involve, as well as the mere pittance they would receive, in that sparsely settled region, can well see that nothing but the most conscientious devotion to duty could have prompted such a course.

During part of his early life he had been brought up among relatives who held doctrines more nearly Calvinistic than the rest of the family; and these he adopted and retained through life, though modified by a genial disposition and kindly affections. He went farther and farther west at intervals, lived for some years in south-western Wisconsin, and spent his last years as missionary in Iowa, where his experience as he travelled over his scattered parish in the severest weather, even up to near the age of eighty, would furnish many a characteristic picture of that frontier life. He died November 7, 1876, in his eightieth year, being up to that time minister of three congregations, and county superintendent of schools.

Another brother, Phineas, a graduate of Harvard in 1825, is described as

A modest and unostentatious man, a representative of the old-fashioned pedagogue, a man whose every thought seemed to be given to the pursuit or giving of knowledge, deeply impressed with the importance and responsibility of his calling, as regular as the sun, and the personification of faithfulness. His varied and accurate scholarship was at the service of every inquiring mind. Thoroughly conversant with the ancient languages, as with French and Spanish, he was also an excellent teacher in the common and higher English branches and mathematics.

No pleasure was so great to him as that of teaching; and he was able to continue it with unabated zeal to within four days of his death. He died May 25, 1885, at the age of eighty-three.

The youngest brother, Noah, still lives, past the age of eighty, close by the ancestral farm in Medfield.

The only sister, Abigail, was a pretty child, gay and fair-complexioned,— "Deacon Phinny's white pullet," as the neighbors pettingly called her,— leader in the village choir, and a dear friend and helper to her neighborhood. Her gayety of heart never failed her, and long past eighty she would be called on to repeat the quaint songs of her early days, or she would walk in the snow a long mile to and from the village meeting-house. She was married at nineteen to Gershom Adams, and remained in Medfield through her life. Good sense, a cheerful spirit, keen and active interest in all that concerned the welfare of the town, made her a valued member of the community through the many years of her life. She died October 12, 1889, one week after her ninetieth birthday, which had been celebrated by a family gathering at the old homestead, followed by another meeting of friends and neighbors at the church in her honor,— a beautiful closing up of her long life amongst them.

Description of the Old Homestead, written by Joseph Allen for the Golden Wedding of his Eldest Brother.

It was a large, unpainted house, of two stories, with a large chimney in the middle, the only ornament being a Doric scroll over the front door. Near the house was the well, with its curb and sweep and "moss-covered bucket,"

near which stood the large horse-block, from the top of which we mounted the old bay mare,— father on the saddle, mother on the pillion behind, and one of us boys, without saddle or pillion, riding before, astride the neck of the patient and good-natured beast, that without complaint bore her precious load to the village church, something more than a mile distant. To the north of the well and horse-block was a grass plot and garden, with peach-trees, etc. Our father married at the age of twenty-three, Oct. 22, 1787, Ruth, second daughter of Asa Smith of Walpole (then only eighteen years old), to whose affectionate solicitude, and untiring labors, and watchful, tender care, we owe a debt of gratitude that we can never repay, and for which her children rise up and call her blessed. [1769–1832.]

We take a melancholy pleasure in recalling and recounting the pains taken by our honored parents to instil into our youthful minds good principles, the love of truth, reverence for things sacred, to bring us up in habits of industry and sobriety, to encourage us in our desire to gain knowledge.

Our father well remembered seeing seventeen Indians come out of the barn one morning, where they had lodged by our grandfather's permission, and then came to the house to receive a breakfast from our grandmother. These were the same Indians spoken of by Mrs. Stowe in "Oldtown Folks." As later in the West, it was the custom then in New England never to refuse to lodge or feed an Indian; and no ungrateful advantage of this was taken by the uninvited guests, who claimed it not aggressively, but as a matter of course.

To fill out these memories of the old homestead,

we append the following verses, written on occasion of the Golden Wedding of Gershom and Abigail Adams, November 12, 1868: —

The Old House as her Niece Mary remembers it: To my Aunt, on her Golden Wedding.

I remember, I remember,—it is years and years ago,—
The old brown house; the meadow, where the river ran below;
The old elm-trees; the old gray barn; that old red horse the while,
Behind whose honest flanks I rode full many a dusty mile;
The old oak bucket in the well; the clear, cold draughts it drew;
Those sunny rooms, so snug and low, and hospitable, too;
The quaint old kitchen, neat as wax; the bright old hickory blaze;
The old wide-throated chimney-place, that warmed those good old days;
The pots and kettles on the crane; the doughnuts simmering there,
While by the firelight sat "old Gran'ther Adams" in his chair;
The comfortable settle and the chimney-corner seat,
Where George and Charley crowded in, all ruddy with the heat;
The great, uneven hearthstone, and the great old fire-dogs,—
Such huge hot fires I never saw, nor such great piles of logs!

I remember, I remember, on those pleasant winter days,
Before the sun above the hill could lift his earliest rays,
The breakfast done, the men at work, the boys all off at school,
The table cleared, the kitchen swept, I took my little stool,—
Then such a nice and cosey day, there by my dear aunt's side,
While songs she sang, and stories told, and busy fingers plied.
The day was never weary, from late sun to early shade;
And very proud was I to finish ten straw yards of braid!

The storm might beat, with wind and sleet, against the window-panes;
The snow might drift, all wild and swift, along the narrow lanes:
But, safe from storm, so bright and warm and merrily went the day;
And fast my winter visit passed,— too soon it passed away.

I remember, I remember, then, the glorious baking-days:
The great round oven, roaring hot, the pitchy pine-wood blaze,—
An oven big enough to hold five dozen loaves of bread —
None of the little iron boxes now we see instead!
Fifteen great sticks we burnt to coal, then swept the coals all out;
Then earthen pots and baking-pans distributed about,
As thick as ever they could stand on that vast oven floor;
Well banked with embers, glowing hot, the heavy iron door,
That opened when the work was done; and there, all steaming, lay
The fragrant, hot, and wholesome spoils of that triumphant day:
The great brown crusty loaves, the flaky mince and apple pies,
And custards, sweet and delicate, that met our hungry eyes.
Of all the dainties e'er I saw, those were the daintiest;
Of all good things, I always loved Aunt Abigail's the best,
Unless it was Aunt Lucy's,— for I never quite could tell
Whose table I was fondest of, I loved them both so well!
And, when, from one house to the other, either way I passed,
As nearly as I recollect I always chose the last!

. . . . . .

The group of cousins, once so near, in life are scattered wide,
As cares and gains and toils and pains with years are multiplied.
All the more precious to our hearts the love that changes not,
The pleasant memories that crown this hospitable spot,
The glad reminder of old times, the hope that ever cheers,
The comforts and the cares that wove these fifty golden years!

When our father was six years old, he was placed on the master's desk at school, to "recite a piece," which he did with so much energy that, when he came down, the schoolmaster patted him on the head, and told him he must be a minister. From that time the idea remained in his mind; and, though he contentedly did his share of the farm-work with his brothers, he was not thwarted in his desire, but at a suitable age began his preparations under the care of the minister, and entered Harvard at the age of seventeen. In New England, as in Scotland, learning and religion were the two things held in highest esteem; and any boy who showed a love of study was encouraged to aim at the highest attainment within reach, through whatever hardship or poverty. In this case, the advantages of one were shared in full measure with all, and the various events of the student life brought interest and entertainment to all the home circle. Two brothers afterwards graduated at Harvard.

Our father did not inherit the great physical strength for which the family had been noted, and was smaller than his brothers, though of active and sinewy frame, and his light, elastic step and figure remained through eighty years little changed. At college he gained the respect and confidence of all who knew him. Of very good ability, he was scholarly in tastes and habits, and kept through life a special fondness for the classics. Much of his diary, begun in his Freshman year, was written in Latin, as also his correspondence with his classmates. No careless or imperfect work was al-

lowed in himself. It was for delight of learning that he studied; and the good common sense which was one of his strongest qualities led him to just judgment, and counterbalanced a warmth of temperament which gave a perennial enthusiasm in whatever he undertook. His college room-mate was Thomas Prentiss, the minister's son; and they remained most warmly attached friends till the death of Prentiss, just after being settled over the Harvard Church in Charlestown (1817).

During the winter vacations, as was customary among the students until a much later date, he taught school in some country town. The young student teachers received much social attention, and were invited incessantly to parties,—generally card-parties,—ending with a generous supper. He joined in these without thought, as is the manner of youth; but it was not the recreation needed by one whose days were spent in teaching. At the close of the season he made up his mind that it should be the end of such things for him. He never touched cards again. To him they were an entire waste of time, and he did not crave the resource they might be in times of weariness or enforced leisure. It was characteristic of him that he did not forbid them to us, but simply let them alone.

We add here a few pages from his college reminiscences: —

I began to study Latin at the district school, when I was about twelve, under Master Thayer and Master Fiske. In the autumn of 1805 there was a grand Muster and Review in Medfield, which brought together a great num-

ber of people from the neighboring towns. As I was witnessing the manœuvres of the soldiers, I found myself standing by the side of a pleasant-looking lad of about my age, who was an entire stranger to me. We soon began a conversation, which resulted in an inquiry as to each other's purposes and plans. This lad was George Morey, son of the minister of Walpole. We found that our plans for the future corresponded in almost every particular. We both wished to go to college, and thought it would be pleasant for us both to pursue our preparatory studies in concert. Before we parted, we agreed to ask leave of our parents to attend the same school the coming winter,—in Walpole. . . . Our parents consented, and we met again at the opening of the school, which was kept by a Mr. Metcalf, a student of Brown University. There we began Virgil, for which neither had made suitable preparation. But we were in earnest, and determined to master all difficulties, and by dint of hard study for six hours we mastered, or thought we did, the first eleven lines of the Æneid.

We did not get much help from the teacher, whose time was taken up with the care of a large school. But he was ready to help us all that he could, and heard our lessons at his boarding-house, out of school hours. The school continued about three months, at the expiration of which time I returned home to labor on the farm a few months longer. About the first of September began my studies, under the direction of Rev. Dr. Prentiss, who kept a school for boys in his own house. I had for my schoolmates William P. Mason, and his cousin, Thomas Perkins, from Boston, and Thomas Prentiss, son of my minister, all of whom entered college at the same time with myself, and graduated in the same year (1811). Besides these there were several younger boys, —Jonathan Mason, Jr., John Gray Rogers, and three

sons of Philip Schuyler, of New York,— John, Robert, and Stephen.

I now began to study in earnest, and soon took up the Greek Grammar, followed by the *Collectanea Minora*, continuing my Latin lessons at the same time. The winter passed very pleasantly in study and recreation. Spring came on, and found us pretty well advanced in our studies, but with much yet to be done. At length, as the time for examination drew near, we became somewhat nervously anxious lest we should fail at the great trial. Our good teacher and guardian accompanied us to Cambridge the day after Commencement. We passed that night at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Nathaniel Prentiss, looking forward with some anxiety to the next day. At six o'clock, the bell roused us from sleep, and in obedience to its summons we hastened to Harvard Hall, in front of which was gathered a goodly company of boys and young men, about sixty in all. We were called for in squads of six or eight in each, and directed where to find the examining committee. The examination continued through the day, and we retired to our rooms at night quite fatigued with the day's work. The next morning at a late hour we were again summoned to Harvard Hall, and went in squads, as we were sent for, to meet the College Government assembled in the Philosophy Room to announce to us our respective sentences. With a feeling of awe and with fear and trembling we approached the venerable President, seated at the head of the table. My name was called first, as being first in alphabetical order. I advanced, and the President handed me, greatly to my relief, an *Admittatur*. I retired, and another and another followed, and so on. . . .

At the time of our entering college, while some of our number were full-grown men, others were quite young, ony thirteen or fourteen years old, as Everett, Reynolds

(Dr. Edward Reynolds, the well-known oculist of Boston), Frothingham, and Lane (Judge Lane, of Ohio). Everett and Reynolds were very youthful in their appearance, both with hair inclining to red, and falling in graceful ringlets over their shoulders, and the wide collars turned back, after the fashion of boys' dresses of those days.

I removed with my chum, at the beginning of the Senior year, to the north-west room of Stoughton Hall, third story, where the library of the Φ. B. K. was kept, and became librarian. After Thanksgiving I went to Waltham to take charge of the North School. I had a large and very pleasant school, in which were many excellent scholars, to whom, as I kept the school two terms, I became warmly attached. I had more than sixty pupils in all. The number increased the following winter to eighty-four. As many of the children lived at a distance from school, it was the practice to have but one session, beginning at 10 and closing at 2 P.M.,—a practice which I should be glad to have introduced into all our district winter schools in country towns. It would be more convenient certainly for most parents, and I am satisfied that it could be effected without detriment to the scholar.

My time was spent there four months very pleasantly, both in school and among the families of the district. We had frequent social parties, more social games and free conversation, and much less feasting and playing cards than where I kept school before.

I returned to Cambridge about the 1st of March, and resumed my studies, which grew less difficult and more interesting than those of the former years.

At length preparation must be made for terminating our college life. There had been some rivalry among those who ranked highest as scholars, especially between the first two. In the opinion of the class, and I presume of the College Government, Everett far outstripped all

competitors in the race. He was first in the Classics, first in Metaphysics, first in the Belles-lettres, beyond all comparison the best writer and the best scholar. The first oration was assigned — *nemine contradicente* — to Edward Everett, the second to Henry H. Fuller, the third to Nathaniel L. Frothingham. This was a high honor to the class, it being the first instance in which three English orations were given to the same class for Commencement. It was our class that introduced the practice of printing an Order of Performances for the Public Exhibitions, also of having the Annual College Catalogue printed in a pamphlet form instead of on a large sheet.

The recitation-rooms, while I was in college, were in Holden Chapel: the lower room on the north side for Latin and Greek and Natural Philosophy and Mathematics; the south-west room in the second story for Prof. Hedge's and Prof. Willard's departments; and the east upper room for Medical Lectures. The Chapel was at the west end, and the Dining Hall at the east end of Harvard Hall, over which latter was the Philosophy Chamber, where we assembled on the morning of our examination for admission, and where we received with fear and trembling our sentences of admission or rejection.

One of the memorable events of the last term of our Junior year was the sudden death of President Webber. He was seized with apoplexy in the evening, while conversing with one of the officers of the college, Ashur Ware, in his study, and lived only a few hours. The tidings of his illness spread quickly through the college and village, and the students rushed to the house, and were permitted to go into the chamber where he lay in an insensible state. I was one of the crowd, and I cannot easily forget the impressive scene. Soon the tolling of the bells announced to us that the President

was dead, and a feeling of sadness and awe seemed to pervade all hearts. He was a man of science and a man of sterling worth, and we all felt that we had lost a friend.

Several deaths occurred among the students about the same time, which served to deepen the grief felt at the death of the President. Homer and Hixon were of this number, both excellent scholars and young men of much promise. But the greatest shock was occasioned by the loss of Harris, the great Oriental scholar, who had made himself master of Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, and several other languages of the East, to whom Hebrew was like his mother tongue. One Saturday morning, while we were at breakfast in Commons Hall, word came to us that Harris was drowned. We all rushed at once out of the hall and down to the river; and the utmost exertions were used through that and the following day to find the body, but in vain. At length, on Monday, we were told that the body had been washed ashore, about a mile below the place where he was bathing; and again we rushed to the river, where we saw the body lying upon the bank. The funeral took place the following day, and there was universal mourning.

The inauguration of President Kirkland, which came early in our Senior year, was an occasion of great joy to the students and friends of the college. The day was propitious, the services interesting and impressive, the dinner in the Dining Hall sumptuous, followed by the reading of a Greek ode by our classmate Story (Horace), and a Latin ode by Bingaman, of the Junior Class. The President appeared in all his glory. He was uncommonly handsome, with a fair and ruddy countenance, a benignant smile and graceful manners, and yet of a dignified and commanding appearance, which inspired respect while it won affection and confidence. In his robes of office,

which became him much, he was the centre of attraction to the whole assembly.

He proved to be all that we had anticipated. He was in most respects a model President and a model man. Gentle, benignant, tender-hearted almost to a fault, he was the father and guardian of his large family, who looked up to him as a wise counsellor and a true friend. As I retained rooms in college during the first four or five years of his administration, I had abundant opportunities for knowing him well; and I am happy to bear this testimony to his worth.

While an undergraduate, I became a member of the choir in the old church, and was seldom out of my place in term-time. And we used to meet for practice at each other's rooms or at some house in the village. We sang from the Middlesex Collection, which contains some fine old tunes and selections from the Lock Hospital and other collections of sacred music.

The students were seated by classes in the gallery, and monitors were appointed to note the absences and misdemeanors. The monitors performed the same service on other days, noting the absences at prayers; and at the close of the week the names of the absentees were read in public by the President, stating the number of absences charged against each. This was done in Latin, and the excuses were given by the students in the same tongue. Thus *Gray secundus, bis absens. Gray respondit Semel ægrotans; semel ex oppido aut detentus ab amicis.* Occasionally, the answers were odd, provoking a smile. Commonly, they were respectful and proper.

President Webber was a gentleman of the old school, and stood much upon his dignity in his intercourse with the undergraduates, never allowing them in his presence to be honored with the title of Mister. I was sent for by the President in my Freshman year to go to his house,

when he instructed me to go to the room of one of the Juniors, and to ask him (Gay) to come immediately to his study. I went, but found the room empty and locked, and at once returned, informing the President that *Mr.* Gay was not in his room. I was reminded at once of my mistake by his saying, "You did not find *Gay* in his room."

Nearly all the students at this time took their meals in Commons Hall, the officers in the upper part of the hall on a platform raised somewhat above the level of the room, the Seniors next, and the Freshmen nearest the door. And it was the rule and the practice for the younger classes to wait for the exit of the officers and older classes. Occasionally, however, the younger refused to wait for their elders, and crowded out before their turn. In our Sophomore year there was quite a serious altercation between our class and the Freshmen, which led to acts of violence. But the victory was on our side, and peace was soon restored. We excelled in numbers and strength, so that we easily prevailed.

Commencement, 1811.

Expectata dies tandem venit,—and with what thrilling emotions did we greet its arrival! The day was pleasant; and our friends gathered in our room, Stoughton No. 9, which was prepared for their reception. Our parents, brothers and sisters, and cousins and other invited guests filled the room. Having donned our classical robes, we escorted the company to the church, which was soon completely filled, excepting the seats reserved for the graduating class. We performed our parts in order. Mine was a Philosophical Disputation between Morey and myself on the question "whether the climate of any country has undergone a permanent change." I took the af-

firmative, and undertook to show by historical facts that the climate of some countries of Europe has become more mild than it was in ancient times, and also to assign the reasons for such a change. We did not stand on the stage, but in the side galleries, facing each other, as was then the custom for all but the single parts.

The day passed pleasantly, and the class gained distinguished honor. How could it be otherwise with a class which numbered among its members such scholars as Everett and Fuller, and Frothingham and Gilman, and Damon, and a dozen others, who ranked high as scholars and men?

At the end of the vacation I returned to Cambridge, took a room in the new building, Holworthy Hall,— west entry, third story, corner room,— which I occupied most of the time for four or five years.

The change from farm to student life, and the neglect of exercise then so common, affected his health so seriously that at the end of his seven years in Cambridge, when fully fitted for his profession, it seemed doubtful if he would live to enter upon his duties. By the advice of a wise physician, he took a horseback journey across the country to Saratoga and Ballston, receiving much benefit from the mineral springs, and great enjoyment from the trip.

Extract from Journal of Horseback Journey in 1814.

July 17.— Crossed the river to Northampton, and breakfasted at Lyman's Inn, where I found a kind and obliging landlord and excellent accommodations.

Attended church and heard two serious, evangelical,

plain and practical discourses from Rev. Mr. Williams, the truly respectable clergyman of the place. He is about sixty-five, a small but reverend looking man, plain in speech, his gestures few and simple; and though his precepts were severe, and his view of the requirements of Christianity rather rigid for the present state of society, his discourses were on the whole calculated to promote the interests of liberal Christianity.

From meeting accompanied Governor Strong to his plain, republican mansion, where I spent the remainder of the afternoon in conversation with this most excellent man, the patriot and the citizen, him whom his country delights to honor, and who is most worthy of the confidence which is reposed in his integrity and worth.

July 20.— After breakfast visited the cantonment of soldiers and prisoners, where were about one hundred and twenty British sailors, brave-looking, hearty, handsome fellows, who appeared quite contented and happy.

July 22.— Rose at an early hour, and soon reached the banks of the Hudson, on which stands the city of Albany. The prospect on entering the city is very fine. As it stands on a gentle declivity upon the west bank of the river, every part of it can be seen at one view from the opposite bank. I must say, it much surpassed my expectations. Crossed the river in a ferry, on horseback. The ferrymen, good-natured, jolly Dutchmen, who jabbered in Low Dutch all the way; understood nothing but their oaths, which were pure English. Breakfasted at the Eagle Tavern, and set out to view the city. Streets wide and commodious. The principal street follows the course of the river for more than a mile: others cross this at right angles. All was life and bustle in this city, and formed quite a contrast to the dead calm and listlessness of our Eastern towns. There is a constant communication between it and New York; and this circumstance,

together with situation in regard to the seat of war, prevents the stagnation of business.

Left the city without regret; for I had not a friend there nor time to make one, and took the road to Troy and Lansingburgh, which lie on the east bank of the river, distant from each other about four miles. Waterford lies upon the other side of the river, and is connected with Lansingburgh by an expensive covered bridge. Just below the bridge the Hudson receives the waters of the Mohawk, which empties itself by three different mouths. Along the whole distance between Troy and Lansingburgh are seen numerous little islands, clothed with fields of corn and various kinds of grain, and bordered with handsome willows. On your right, at the east, the hills are covered with rich forests, which are just remote enough to render the prospect easy and graceful.

July 23.— Pursued my way through a sandy pine barren to Ballston Spa, where I arrived at 6 P.M., and took lodgings at a neat and convenient mansion half a mile from the village.

August 6.— Took leave of Ballston after a pleasant residence of two weeks, health improved and prospects brightened. Took the nearest route to Albany, through Niskayuna and Watervliet. Crossed the Mohawk at about eight or ten miles below Schenectady. After I had crossed, saw scarcely one cultivated field the whole distance to Albany. The soil is dry and sandy, and covered with little else than low pines, scrub oak, etc. Reached Albany at 6 P.M. Held some conversation with some British officers, who had been taken prisoners about a fortnight since at the sanguinary engagement at Bridgewater, near Niagara Falls.

August 8.— Left Albany, crossed Kinderhook Creek, which had been swollen by the late rains into a mighty torrent, and rendered exceedingly rapid and turbid. The

road from Union Village is hard and smooth; the country, hilly, but pretty fertile, and very well watered; the orchards, young, thrifty, and loaded with fruit; houses, small, scattered, but quite decent in appearance; scenery, wild and romantic.

The Catskill Mountains, on the west of the Hudson, are distinctly seen the whole distance from Albany, and add much to the magnificence of the prospect. The house where I lodged, in Chatham, seventeen miles from Albany, is, without exception, the best I have yet found, — the house large, commodious, and handsomely furnished, the landlord kind and accommodating. . . .

August 15.— Arose early this morning. This day I enter upon my twenty-fifth year, a year the events of which are known only to God. May I be prepared to meet all his appointments, whether prosperous or adverse! . . .

Owing to the heavy rains which fell this morning, I was prevented from renewing my journey. Called upon Mr. F., and was extremely sorry to find him so bigoted and uncharitable. He spoke most disrespectfully of Cambridge and Boston divinity, the Boston clergy, with many of whom he professed to be personally acquainted. Mr. Channing, he thought, had done more injury to Christianity than almost any one else,— which, by the way, was paying him a very high compliment, if Christianity be what Mr. F. supposes. I can't say that he treated me very cordially, though all I did was, at first, to say nothing, and, when he had become outrageous, only to endeavor to persuade him that errors of faith did not prove that the heart was unholy. I like more hospitality in a clergyman than I found in Mr. F. Perhaps, however, he more than suspected that I was not sound in the faith. So much for the patronage which my only letter of introduction procured for me.

August 18.— Reached home at 7 P.M., after an absence of five weeks. Thus have I accomplished a tour of about five hundred miles in the space of five weeks, during which I have seen much, and I trust have grown wiser and better. And now I am restored to my family, with fairer hopes and brighter prospects. May my life prove that I am not unmindful of the Source whence all good proceeds!

Henceforward, by steady care in regard to diet and exercise, he was able to retain good health through a long life. Though never vigorous enough to relax this regimen with impunity, he was obliged to omit his pulpit duties only once or twice from illness.

While resident graduate at Cambridge, and pursuing his theological studies, it happened that he officiated several Sundays as reader in the Episcopal church. Perhaps it was from this that came his frequent use of phrases from the Liturgy in his own services afterwards, and also his regard for Christmas and Easter,— festivals unknown to the Puritan churches of New England, but which he never failed to notice.

In 1816, his early hope was fulfilled: he was settled as minister of Northborough, a town of about eight hundred inhabitants, at the eastern edge of Worcester County, about thirty miles west from Boston; and here he remained to carry on his whole life-work.* He had not long been settled,

* The minister was nominated by the "Church-members," but appointed and paid by the Town, acting in its political capacity. The settlement (at a salary of $600) dated from the day of settlement, October 30, 1816. This condition of things was done away by a change in the State Constitution in 1833, after which he continued till his death as minister of the First Parish. He, however, relinquished his salary at the settlement of a colleague (T. B. Forbush) in 1857.

when it was decided that he should build a house. His position was considered fixed for life; and his people were much interested in their minister's house, and the "elect lady," who they knew was to be its future mistress. For himself, his social and friendly disposition led him to anticipate the pleasure of responding in his own home to the free hospitality which had been shown him,— a pleasure he enjoyed without stint for many years.

The first thing to be done was to select the spot for building. Beyond the meeting-house, a furlong or two distant towards the north, stood the old parsonage, with its grand elms, where still lived the widow of his predecessor. This would have been the chosen spot, but could not be procured. The only place available was a bare field at the foot of the common, south-west of the meeting-house, whose only recommendation was its nearness to this and its convenient distance from the village. This lay a quarter of a mile eastward, with neither tree nor house between, although on the north-west was the unbroken forest.

In the spring of 1817, the building was begun. Besides money given, the young men of the parish turned out to dig the cellar and give other help. The plan of the house was nearly square (40 by 33 feet), with two stories, a hipped roof, and a broad porch in front. As it faced the south-east, every room had a share of direct sunshine, which was never shut out, and to which we may attribute in great measure the cheerful atmosphere always found there. There were open fireplaces in all the rooms, above

and below. Stoves were not then in use, even in the kitchen. A woodshed connected the house with a barn, where the indispensable horse and cow found comfortable quarters.

The house stood on a rising ground, above a beautiful meadow, through which runs Cold Harbor Brook. In front, terraces were made on the north and west sides of a garden to be appropriated to flowers and small fruits. This was the first flower-garden in the town, and was for many years a source of delight to the children of the place, whom our father was never weary of furnishing with flowers, seeds, and roots for their own cultivation. As familiar a picture of him as any would be with half a dozen children in his garden. He used to say that he acquired his love of flowers while private tutor in the family of Mr. Theodore Lyman, at his beautiful estate in Waltham. A large apple orchard was soon planted, and fine varieties of cherries, peaches, pears, and plums in a few years surrounded the house, and furnished abundance of delicious fruit. Sweet-brier and woodbine were set out on each side of the porch.

But, when the house opened to receive its first occupants, these pleasant surroundings were all lacking; and it was the "bonnie blithe blink o' their ain fireside" that made it look so attractive as they drove up to the door in the gathering dusk of a February evening, to receive the delighted welcome of the sisters, Abigail Allen and Mary Ware, who had been there to get everything in readiness for them. A grander entry to the town had been planned by some of the parishioners, a company of whom were

ready to drive to meet them in their sleighs on the outskirts of the town, and escort them to their home; but the fine sleighing was spoiled by a thaw, which made any driving for pleasure quite out of the question.

The sisters stayed a few weeks, enjoying heartily the various festivities in honor of the newly married pair. Then came visits from our mother's sister Harriet (afterwards wife of Rev. E. B. Hall), a lively, talented girl of seventeen, with the beautiful little brother Charles. Her letters at this time are full of eagerness to have each member of the home circle come and see her in her new home. Within the year, visits from father and mother, the elder brothers, and the little sisters, as also from other friends, are recorded. The family was then enlarged by taking three little boys as pupils, and thus the first year indicated the variety which was to characterize the new home.

Their marriage took place on the 3d of February, 1818. We add in the following chapter a sketch of our mother's earlier life.

II.

LUCY CLARK WARE.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

OUR mother, LUCY CLARK WARE, was born in Hingham, June 6, 1791. Her father, Henry Ware, had been settled as minister over the Old Church there in 1787. Here the family remained until he was called to the Hollis Professorship of Divinity in Harvard College in 1805, and the rest of his life was spent in Cambridge. His characteristics are well described in the following extracts from a letter of his son-in-law, the Rev. Dr. George Putnam,* and from the Life of Rev. Samuel Joseph May: —

From the Sketch by Dr. Putnam.

My first meeting with Dr. Ware was on entering college in 1822. He examined us in the Greek Testament. He wished to look at our books, to see if they were interlined,— a precaution not taken by any other of the corps of examiners. He took away the obnoxious volumes, mine among the number. He did it so mildly, so politely, so modestly, as to remove all offensiveness from the measure. When we had got through the examination, he complimented us for our good recitation, and congratulated us on the circumstance so favorable to us of having

* Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit."

been put to the test of exchanging books with him, and having borne it so well. We left him — at least I did — thinking that, while he was the strictest of all the members of the Faculty through whose hands we had passed, he was yet one of the kindest and pleasantest. All I ever saw of him, during the rest of his life, was in keeping with this little incident of the text-books,— the strictest ideas of propriety, thoroughness, and discipline, with a winning gentleness and paternal friendliness of manner and feeling.

My first interview, to have private speech with him, occurred at the close of the first term of my Freshman year. He being the College Registrar, I called at his study, as was the custom with many students at that time, to ascertain my rank in the class. He very good-naturedly turned to his books and told me. It was not a very high figure. (It was better afterwards, let me tell you.) But he said it was very well indeed, very satisfactory. He made me think that it was the best possible position — to improve upon. It was high enough, to begin with. With such a start, I could be anything I might choose; and he made me think so. I was young and fresh from the deep country,* and had never in my life been so kindly noticed by a man in so high a station. There was power and inspiration in his encouraging words. I really believe that I went out of his study with a more cheering, arousing, influential impression than I ever received before or since. President Kirkland was considered remarkable for this sort of influence; but I never had experience of it from him in anything like the same degree. College instructors and dignitaries are seldom fully aware how much they may do for young men in this way.

Dr. Ware, you know, had a large family of his own, and, during a large part of his life, he used to have boys

* Sterling, Massachusetts.

in his house to educate. He was considered very wise and successful in the management of them. He used to say that he had no system about it, and never could arrive at any. Once, when asked by a parent to draw up some set of rules for the government of children, he replied by an anecdote. "Dr. Hitchcock," he said, "was settled in Sandwich; and, when he made his first exchange with the Plymouth minister, he must needs pass through the Plymouth woods,— a nine miles' wilderness, where travellers almost always got lost, and frequently came out at the point they started from. Dr. H., on entering this much dreaded labyrinth, met an old woman, and asked her to give him some directions for getting through the woods so as to fetch up at Plymouth rather than Sandwich. 'Certainly,' she said, 'I will tell you all about it with the greatest pleasure. You will just keep right on till you get some ways into the woods, and you will come to a place where several roads branch off. Then you must stop and consider, and take the one *that seems to you most likely* to bring you out right.' He did so, and came out right. I have always followed the worthy and sensible old lady's advice in bringing up my children. I do not think any one can do better,— at any rate, I cannot."

And yet he had some rules, practically, whether he knew it or not. One was never to reprove a child at the moment, or in presence of other persons, but to call him into the study afterwards, for a solitary talk. No child, I suppose, ever left his study, on such an occasion, without increased love and reverence for him; but it was a formidable affair, though he used not many words, and was always mild in his manner.

It was a principle with him to make but few points with a child, and avoid collision of wills when practicable, but, when he did take a stand, to abide by it and prevail. But he was once known to surrender this principle, and

acknowledge himself beat. The boy got into a fit of passionate disobedience, and the doctor, after a long contest, gave in. An elder member of the family wondered that he should yield. He said that some torrents were so violent that they had better be left to themselves than resisted; and, besides, he said, he did not wish to set the child an example of obstinate wilfulness, but would rather let him see that the strongest must and could yield sometimes.

He was kind to children, and had a happy influence with them. Two little girls, near neighbors of his, had imbibed a great terror of thunder, owing to the example of a grandmother who lived with them. She was accustomed, every summer afternoon, without fail, to walk round and examine the sky, in search of thunder-clouds; and, if she discerned one no bigger than a man's hand, she would immediately shut herself into her chamber, and generally take the children with her, where she would spend the afternoon in a state of the greatest agitation. The doctor, seeing the effect upon these poor children, determined to do all in his power to avert what he foresaw would be the consequences to them in after life. He used, at such times, to send for them to come and stay with his own children, and, after calming their minds, would either leave them to themselves, or, if he found them still agitated with terror, he would amuse them by playing on his flute, and sometimes set all hands to dancing, and strive in various ways to beguile them of their fears. It came at last to be considered quite a holiday when there were signs of an approaching shower. Those children, to this day, remember with gratitude the invaluable service he rendered them. He was very fond of the society of children and young people, and loved to have them in any numbers playing about him. And they liked him for his benignant though always grave sympathy.

Dr. Ware was all through life very watchful against habits of self-indulgence. After seventy he received, as a birthday present from his grandchildren, a large and luxurious chair. He was unwilling to use it for a long time, for fear he should get in the *habit* of depending on the comfort of it.

He had a natural bashfulness or diffidence, which he never entirely got over. I have heard him say that, after forty years in his profession, he still trembled in the pulpit, and never rose to speak without a feeling of embarrassment. This I attribute partly to his extreme modesty, and partly to the profound reverence, the exceeding awe (which I have never seen surpassed), with which he regarded the Deity, and every truth that pertained to him, and every service of which he was the object. Whenever he rose to pray or preach, he knew what he was doing; he felt where he stood — and he trembled.

From natural reserve and a great abhorrence of cant, he was never a great talker on religious subjects, even with his children; but he became more free and communicative in his last years. The advance of age affected him, as, I believe, it always does good men, but seldom or never bad men,— it made him more and more cheerful, genial, open, and affectionate.

From the biography of Samuel Joseph May we copy the following, which illustrates a certain humility and gentleness of spirit very characteristic of our grandfather: —

Soon after the commencement of my studies at Cambridge, an incident happened, so honorable to another, and so important in its influence on myself, that I ought to preserve the memory of it. [He goes on to speak of the doubts as to some theological doctrines which arose

in his mind as he pursued his study of the subject in preparation for the ministry.] I was alarmed, distressed, and felt obliged to reveal my spiritual condition to the father of the Divinity School and ask his counsel. So, in great perturbation, I went to Dr. Ware's study. He received me kindly, as he was wont to do. I looked anxiously around, to be sure that no other person was in hearing, and then asked him if he was willing to receive an important communication from me. He encouraged me to unbosom myself with perfect frankness. I was much agitated; for I feared that I was about to shock him, and reveal to him a condition that he would deem hopeless. However, I had resolved that I ought to do it, and so I did. I told him of the doubts that had arisen to trouble me, and, as I feared, to debar my progress in the course of life which I had chosen. I kept no secret of my heart on the subject undisclosed. When I had finished,— the doctor had listened so silently and thoughtfully that I felt like a convicted criminal in the presence of his judge, about to receive sentence,— it seemed a long while before he spoke. But, when he did, it was in the tenderest accents. "My young friend," said he, "I am glad to find that you have arrived at a doubt. I perceive that you have begun to *think* on the great subjects to which you have turned your attention, — that you have entered on the study of theology in earnest."

After a long breath of surprise and relief, I replied, "I thank you, sir, for your kindness; but will you tell me how these doubts are to be resolved?" He answered: "Mr. May, I cannot resolve your doubts for you if I would, and I would not resolve them for you if I could. . . . Go on diligently in your search after the truth. These doubts will be removed, other doubts will perhaps arise, and they will stimulate you to further and profounder researches.

I have had my doubts, I have some still, and expect to have them until faith is turned to sight." "But, sir," said I, "what are the essential truths,—truths that I must believe?" "All truth," he replied, "is essential. You are bound to believe whatever at any time shall appear to you to be true, and you are bound to believe it until you shall cease to be satisfied that it is true." I still insisted, "How shall I know, sir, that what I believe at any time is true?" "If you sincerely desire and long after the truth," he added, "the Father of your spirit will not permit you to remain satisfied in error. And if what you believe at any time leads you to reverence God and keep his commandments, to love your fellow-beings and delight to do them good, it cannot be a dangerous error."

Mrs. Ware (Mary Clark) was the eldest daughter of Jonas Clark, minister of Lexington at the time of the Revolutionary War, and well known from the active part he took in the patriotic movements which preceded it.* It was at his house that the two proscribed patriots, John Hancock (who was Mrs. Clark's cousin) and Samuel Adams, were spending the night before the battle of Lexington, under the guard of a band of militia. At midnight, or a little later, an alarm was given of the march of the British troops from Boston,† and Mr. Clark sent his guests, under charge of his son, to the house of the minister of a

*The line of maternal ancestry was as follows: the wife of Jonas Clark was Lucy, daughter of Nicholas Bowes, minister of Bedford; his wife, daughter of John Hancock, minister of Lexington (grandfather of John Hancock of Revolutionary memory); his wife was daughter of Thomas Clarke, minister of Chelmsford. An interesting sketch of the two Lexington ministers will be found in the *Unitarian Review* of August, 1890. Our mother, in her correspondence, writes the family name *Clarke*.

† When Paul Revere came to the house on this errand, the guard at first refused to let him in; but Hancock, hearing his voice, said, "That is Revere: you need not be afraid of him."

neighboring town, though they went very reluctantly. He then sent his wife and all the children but one to a remote part of the town. As they were leaving the house, a bullet whistled near them, passing (as they supposed) between Mrs. Clark and her daughter Mary, afterwards Mrs. Ware. The house was thronged with American soldiers through the day, whom Mr. Clark, with his daughter Eliza, served with cider, brown bread, and bacon, many of them having left home before breakfast and travelled some miles. "For want of sufficient accommodations the guests seated themselves on the floor and helped themselves with their fingers." The stories of these times were often recounted by the daughter who had helped her father, and who remained at the old parsonage many years after the rest of the family had scattered; and till her death in 1843 she was an important personage in our mother's early experiences.

Mary Clark was the eldest daughter in a family of twelve children. She had been brought up in the careful economies and social advantages of a country minister's family, and had developed a character of peculiar beauty and spirituality. By her early death (in 1805) her children were left to learn these traits more through the words of others or of her own letters than was possible from their childish memories. Of these children our mother was the eldest. The five younger were Mary Cotton (1792–1862), wife of Jairus Lincoln; Henry (1794–1843), best known as one of the earlier professors in the Cambridge Divinity School; John (1796–1864), long a physician of eminence in Boston; William (1798–

1854), first Unitarian minister in New York, and author of "Zenobia," etc.; Harriet (1801–1838), for some years a beloved inmate of our family, and afterwards wife of Rev. E. B. Hall, of Providence.

In the reminiscences which our mother was trying to gather up for her children, we learn something of her conscientious devotion to their training. These were found written on loose sheets and scraps of paper, which were evidently to be written out afterwards, but which our mother was prevented from doing by the inability to use her hands. The extracts we give show the free and simple but well regulated life of her childhood, to which she attributed much of the elasticity of her constitution in later years.

Extracts from Sketches of her Life written for her Children by Lucy Clark Aller.

My father, Henry Ware, was married to Mary Clark, eldest daughter of Jonas Clark, minister of Lexington, March 29, 1789. My grandmother was taken ill with her last sickness on that very evening. My mother therefore did not go to Hingham with my father, but remained at home till her mother's death, two weeks afterwards. From all that has been told me of her, and from what I can recollect and infer from the way she was spoken of and regarded by those who knew her, I think she must have been a more than common woman. The few letters of hers that are preserved show a fine mind and heart, and deep religious principles. . . .

We must have been wild and flighty, like other children; but instead of yielding to us, as so many mothers would have done, and so allowing us to form idle and irregular

habits, she would give us a "stent" of knitting or sewing, and, if we were uneasy or running away from our work, she would sometimes pin our gown to hers, or tell us to look at the clock and see how many stitches we could take in a given time,— five minutes, for instance. This would attract our attention, and make us forget our uneasiness. Sometimes she would sing to us, and we were never tired of hearing "Auld Robin Gray."

My father was very fond of the flute, and used to play a great deal in the twilight to the children, who were delighted to hear him. He composed little songs which he named for the youngest children. My mother took every pains to teach us to perform, as far as we could, all other kinds of household work. I remember many things we used to do. . . . She was always very unwilling to have us associate much with other children, and we attended school very little and went out very little. We were instructed at home, and were well drilled in French by our father, who had learned from Mr. Sales, afterwards instructor in Harvard College, but then a refugee from the French Revolution. There were many of them in Hingham at that time, and I used to be sent to read French to some of them. We also learned the use of the globes, and were taught to read music. I have no particular recollection of the way in which we spent our Sundays. I remember learning Catechism and hymns and passages from the Bible; and probably we spent it very quietly, without any irksome restraint, or I should have remembered it.

It was one of the greatest treats I could have to go after school to Miss Nabby Gay's. She was a daughter of the old minister, who lived with her brother and niece in the old parsonage. They lived a very quiet and retired life, and I never saw any one else there. I never remember their talking much to me, and they never had any

curiosities or pictures to show me, so that I cannot tell what the attraction was, unless it was the beautiful quiet, and the long green lane leading to the house, and the large spreading lawn in front. I daresay, too, there was some unusual delicacy for supper. Here I would sit on the door-step and study my lesson for the next day, or admire the tall, old-fashioned chairs, which were never moved out of their places, and the glossy floor, looking as if it had been painted that very morning and had never had a foot set upon it, and the glass globe which hung on the great beam in the middle of the room, and reflected the whole room in its mirrored surface in miniature, very wonderful to my childish eyes.

My mother never would have been able to accomplish the sewing of her family, had she not been surrounded by the best of friends, who, being many of them ladies of leisure, were able to assist her much. . . . Colonel Gay, who always spent his Sunday evenings with us, gave my father a venerable pony, aged twenty-one years, intending it, perhaps, as an act of manumission; but it was anything else. . . . He had always been used as a saddle-horse, and we children were allowed to ride him whenever we pleased before breakfast. This was quite an incitement to early rising, but it sometimes profited us but little; for we had to catch him ourselves in a large pasture, where he would keep us chasing him sometimes till quite breakfast-time. Sometimes, however, we succeeded in decoying him into a corner, where, surrounded by three or four of us, he was obliged to surrender at discretion. When he happened to be in the barn, our task was a light one, and we managed to get a pretty good ride.

My life at Hingham seems to have been spent principally in the development of my physical nature, my time being spent much in the sports peculiar to the seasons,—in winter, coasting down a very high and steep

hill, which was of all others my favorite amusement, or building snow-houses in the drifts, and, when we were tired of one place, scouring the fields in search of another. We had a fine large front-yard, and the land stretched back some distance to the water, so we had plenty of retired places to play in. Our time was not spent wholly in play, however. We had our indoor occupations and amusements. My principal occupation and amusement was reading. Our mother taught us very faithfully the use of the needle, and we were never permitted to slight our work.

I left school on the 20th of October, 1802, a day which I shall always remember as that on which I experienced my first grief. It was the day of the annual examination of the Academy. I left my little sister Martha, a very beautiful child, three and a half years old, sick with dysentery. Just as the examination was closing, a messenger came to summon my father home. I seized my bonnet, and ran home, too, forgetful of everything; but the dear little one was no longer living. I shall never forget the heart-breaking feeling with which Mary and I went into our little play-room the next morning; and, on seeing the playthings strewed round with which our dear little sister used to play, we looked at each other without speaking, and burst into tears.

I never entered a school as scholar after I left the Academy, at eleven years old. We were instructed at home by my father. He had an uncommon degree of practical wisdom, and, perhaps owing to my mother's ill-health, took upon himself more of the care of our domestic manners and morals than most fathers do; and I remember many and many a piece of homely advice he would give us, as opportunity offered. As we often visited in the same company after we were grown up, if he noticed anything in our behavior unbecoming, he would

call us into his study and tell us of it in the kindest way; and we generally left his presence full of greater love and veneration than ever, and with the tears streaming down our faces. He would tell us at such times that it was not because he thought us so very faulty, but because he wished to see us more perfect. He said that parents were quicker-sighted to the faults of their children than other people, because they loved them better. I thought it strange then, but I have found it so since.

On the 2d of June, 1805, the family embarked on board one of the Hingham packets, to go to Cambridge, where my father was to enter upon the office of Professor. It was Artillery Election Day, and I remember hearing the guns as we passed by Boston, but nothing else about the voyage. The children, on arrival, were divided between Menotomy (now Arlington) and Lexington.

My poor mother's health had been failing for some months; and it was one of the greatest inducements to my father to move to Cambridge, that she might be near her friends. But it was too late: she only came to die among them. I went to Menotomy with my mother and the younger ones; and after about a fortnight the house at Cambridge was ready, and we went there. We had been there but three weeks when our dear mother died, and left six little children among entire strangers. I was just fourteen, old enough, one would think, almost to have taken the charge of the family; but I was heedless, wild, and untamed, and needed a long course of discipline to bring me to realize my own situation and the irreparable loss I had met with.

Cambridge in those days was quite different from what it is now. Very plain, unpretending people were the President's and Professors' families. . . . Our life was diversified by occasional visits to Hingham and among our relations, where, I believe, we were always welcome. We

seemed to be looked upon with peculiar tenderness by our mother's relations. My dear Aunt Green wanted me to live with her, as she had only boys, and had lost two daughters near my age, and of the same name; but home was home, and I could never entertain the idea a moment, though I loved her very much.

When I was sixteen, I spent the summer among my relations in Maine. At Uncle Clark's I found five daughters, at Aunt Green's five sons, at Aunt Shapley's two girls, both younger than myself and wonderfully beautiful, the elder of whom was afterwards wife of Robert Walsh, many years consul in Paris. Aunt Shapley provided many enjoyments for us; and, though she was rather particular and exacting, she made it very pleasant for us. But Aunt Green was the delight of our hearts. We were foolish girls of sixteen; and she allowed us to be as silly as we pleased without seeming to wonder at it or to expect anything else, and even joined in our nonsense. She was so kind and gentle, and entered so into all our little plans and sports, that she quite won our hearts. She had lost both her own daughters, and delighted in the society of her nieces as much as they did in hers.

Two of my aunts, maiden ladies, remained at the old house in Lexington. The nieces used to go and make long visits, and keep them as comfortable as possible while with them; but it was always a wonder how they did contrive to live when they were alone, who would get up and make their fires and get their breakfast. Aunt Sally always did, when she was able; but she was seldom able, being afflicted with asthma. Aunt Eliza was one of the sort that dearly loved to be waited upon. She would often not come down till noon, then perhaps get ready for a baking or a cleaning, which would keep us out of our beds till near morning; but she was so merry, and so full of entertaining stories of old times, that we would have

been quite willing to sit up all night to listen to them. I have often spent several months there at a time; and when work was over, and we sat down to sewing, there were divers pieces of lace to mend, or some old cap or handkerchief or shawl, and Aunt Eliza would find holes enough to employ me all the afternoon after I thought I had finished. All this I now think was of great service to me, and an excellent discipline, as I not only learned to do things, but to do them well.

I find I have omitted what I always considered a very important part of my life; and that is, three months which I spent at Weymouth the spring before I was thirteen, in the family of the minister, Mr. Norton. At the same time his son Richard came to Hingham in exchange for me. Mrs. Norton was a niece of Judge Cranch of Washington, and of Mrs. President Adams. She was a very fine woman, and I loved her very much. She took a great deal of pains with me, and was very regular in my reading and other employments. My reading was principally Knox's Essays; and, after my morning's reading, I was always required to copy into a little blank book such passages as she thought proper. I have the book now, but I do not believe I have ever read a page of it. It was not a very attractive kind of reading for a child, but I do not less appreciate the good lady's kind intentions. It was a practice of my father, too, always to furnish us with blank books, into which we copied pieces of prose and poetry. One day, while at Weymouth, I went to spend the day with an old couple in the neighborhood, and a niece, a young lady, who lived with them. Having no companion of my own age, I spent the day in reading, and for the first time saw "We are Seven." I was too bashful and too much of a stranger to borrow the book; and therefore I sat down to learn it by heart, which I did in the course of the day, and wrote it down when I returned.

Mr. Allyn, of Duxbury, was my father's classmate and most intimate friend; and he always took Hingham on his way to Boston, and spent the night. Great was the rejoicing among the children when "Uncle Allyn" came; and we looked forward to it as to Thanksgiving, for we knew we should have a good frolic. We would hardly let him get off his coat before we were climbing round him; and he would finally be upon the floor on all-fours, carrying as many as could get upon his back, screaming and hallooing with delight. His conversation was very amusing to the elder ones; and, as I grew older, I enjoyed his visits quite as much as when I could join the others in riding upon his back.

About this time the French Revolution was at its height, and politics ran very high. To distinguish the parties, the Federalists wore cockades on their hats; while all who did not were supposed to be Jacobins, and to favor the French Revolution with all its horrors. My father being a Federalist and wearing a cockade, I thought the want of one a sure sign of a Jacobin, and of course a wicked man. So the first thing I did upon seeing a stranger was to look at his hat, and I absolutely despised a person who had not that appendage. One day, just as I set out for school, a person passed me on horseback. As he passed, I looked at his hat, and, seeing no cockade, I expressed my contempt by pointing and hissing at him till he had passed some distance. This exploit happened to be witnessed by one of our neighbors, who forthwith informed my father. I do not remember whether I told him the reason of my strange conduct. I do not, however, remember being ashamed of it.

In 1807 her father married Miss Elizabeth Bowes, a cousin of his first wife, who had often had the care of the children, both before and after their mother's

death. Through all our early years she made our visits in Cambridge so delightful, and presided with such hospitality, till her death, in 1850, as to make our grandfather's home the centre, to which the family naturally drifted on all occasions. In a few years little children again filled the home with beauty, and were to our mother objects of the warmest affection and delight. Her letters, when away from home, have always the most loving expressions towards the little brothers and sisters.

Their early home had always remained very dear to the family, and frequent visits and correspondence with friends there were kept up for more than fifty years. Hingham was very different from the towns of the interior. Lying upon the seashore, it had more connection with the outside world and a greater variety of social elements. There was a large class of quiet, refined people of independent means, who made a delightful society. Here came, also, refugees from the French Revolution, referred to in our mother's sketches, rousing in the quiet town, as we can well imagine, a lively interest in the tragic fortune which had brought them there, and contributing to its society an element of foreign grace and culture.

We give a few letters written by our mother to young friends there, referring to her school-teaching experience. She taught one of the district schools in Waltham, in the summer and fall of 1815.

CAMBRIDGE, February 2, 1814.

My dear Susan,— . . . You have my most sincere sympathy, my dear Susan, in all your trials. They have been few, but severe; and the more severe because unexpected,

and just at the time when you were indulging the most pleasing anticipations. There is nothing that endears us to our friends so much as their being in affliction, especially if we are present with them at those scenes ourselves. We feel a tenderness toward them which nothing else can give. We may pass days and weeks of gayety and mirth with a friend, and think we feel as much attachment as possible to them; but one scene of affliction will give us more tenderness of affection toward them than whole years of pleasure, and feelings which we shall never get over. L. C. W.

JULY, 1815.

I believe that my fate is so far fixed that I can tell you all about myself without fear of being obliged to retract what I say. Perhaps you are surprised to receive another letter dated from Cambridge.

No doubt you have many a morning followed me into my school-room, seen me seat myself at my desk with the most forbidding, austere countenance, casting my piercing glances round upon the little trembling rustics, and then followed me home to my lonely apartment at night, and seen me sit in silent meditation upon the friends I have left, though not forsaken, my countenance either gloomy or cheerful, according to the trials I have met with during the day. Whenever you see me in that thoughtful posture, dear Susan, you may generally be pretty certain what friends occupy my mind. I shall think of none out of our immediate family so often as I do of my friends at Hingham. I suppose you can imagine pretty nearly what my feelings are at leaving home, but I shall tread safer to go while I have yet a father to guide my first steps. It is painful to break up our little circle, but I may as well be the first to go as to stay and regret the loss of the rest. Besides, I think it the duty of all to shift for themselves

as soon as they are able, at least where there is so large a family and such precarious means of support. Henry is to be approbated to preach to-morrow. Before he goes, he is to carry me to Waltham. It is rather singular that we should set out on our great undertakings on the same day. It is perfectly accidental.

NOVEMBER, 1815.

My dear Susan,— I believe you have not received a letter from me since I wrote you in the dignified character of a schoolmistress. But it is so long since I resumed my original character that the faint remembrance of my former honors is almost obliterated. I intend, however, to renew it by visiting the scene of them next Sunday with Henry, who is going to preach there. I have had letters also from two of my scholars, which have pleased me not a little, as it proved that they held me still in remembrance; and it is only by having my mind lately so completely occupied that I had at all ceased to think of them. This having a young candidate for a brother gives one a fine opportunity for seeing the world. I have been to Sherborn with him, and to Salem. . . .

I was thinking that I had, as you requested, given you a very minute account of the pains and pleasures of school-keeping. Its effect upon my health was a gradual increase of bulk and weight during the whole time I was there. My spirits were very good, except that I found myself at times a good deal subject to anxiety, so much as to keep me awake oftentimes for an hour or two, to the great detriment of my comfort. As to my temper, I found I was gifted with as much patience and forbearance as I had ever, in my most sanguine moments, supposed that I possessed, though that was partly owing to my not having any very stubborn spirits to deal with. I found it a great disadvantage not to have been more accustomed to a

school, for the last school-house I was in before my own was the venerable Derby. I knew nothing of the rules and regulations of a school, and had to go entirely by my own judgment, and the little scrids of information I could pick up and put together from one and another. If I ever fail in anything, I think it will be in government; for I found I could make no hand at scolding at all. The instant I began to give vent to any valorous expression, I would imagine some of my companions looking in at the window at me, and my risibility was so much excited that I could not proceed. However, that was in the first stages of my progress. Afterwards, when I began to be more accustomed to my dignity, I believe I behaved more suitably to it. I became quite attached to my occupation, and intend resuming it in the spring, though I am much more sensible of the importance of it, and the great requisites for it, than I was before I attempted it.

III.

FAMILY LIFE.—1818–1834.

It is many years ago, since, a young and blooming bride,
Through many a mile of snow and slush, a long and dreary ride,
I reached the smiling parsonage, where since has been my home,
From which, though pressed with many cares, I ne'er have wished to roam.
The youthful sisters welcomed us with smiles and genial mirth,
And the crackling fagots blazed and shone upon the cheerful hearth.*

WE find in our mother's correspondence, during the year before her marriage, a few words which give a hint of the sober and practical way in which she looked forward to what was to be her home and occupation for life. As she said afterwards, her dreams and hopes of the future, when she indulged any, had always pictured that probable vocation, of a country minister's wife. With her family surroundings it seemed the most natural of all to anticipate, and to it she devoted herself intelligently from the first. The following letter bears the date 1817:—

I have endeavored to form some plans for my conduct, and, as far as I have, you may be sure they are such as I *approve*. One thing I must learn, which is the art of making a little go a great way. That will not be so necessary for you as for me, though I think economy ought to be practised by every one; but it very seldom is, I believe, except from necessity. In my case, there will be the house

* From Christmas verses, written many years after.

to pay for, in the outset; and I shall feel as if I ought not to eat a crust of bread more than will keep me alive till all debts are paid. There is but one way of doing that, which is to invite ten or twelve delightful young gentlemen to come and occupy all the waste room in the house, and give a handsome sum for the privilege of eating, drinking, sleeping, studying, and making work and trouble under the same roof with such a delightful family as mine will doubtless be.

Our father and mother were married in Cambridge, February 3, 1818. We copy here, from the sketches before quoted, the following record of her first impressions of the new home: —

On Wednesday morning, February 4, 1818, I "set sail" for Northborough. The week before had been terribly cold, and a great body of snow lay on the ground. I was married Tuesday evening, in the midst of a violent snow-storm, and before morning the snow turned to a rain which completely flooded the roads, while the depth of hard snow beneath kept it from being sloshy. The water was quite deep, and I was obliged to hold an umbrella before me to keep from being drenched as by rain. Our good old friend, Mr. Williams, intended I should go up in style; but, as it happened, no one witnessed the *entrée*, for it was after dark. I shall never forget how pretty the village looked, when, arriving at the top of a hill, Mr. Allen said, "There is Northborough"; and, peeping out from behind my umbrella, I saw the lights in the village a short distance below and beyond. I never pass that place without thinking of it. We found the parsonage in a blaze of comfort. Abigail and Mary had been assisted by some of the neighbors in setting up the things, and Colonel and Mrs. Whitney were there to receive us.

Nothing would do but I must go round and see everything before I was allowed a mouthful to eat. Nothing loath, I consented; and, surely, never was so pretty a house or one so nicely furnished. To be sure, much of my furniture was *second-hand*, but it was my own.

After speaking of her new duties as minister's wife, from which her reserve often made her shrink, she continues: —

These were momentary feelings. As a general rule, I was perfectly happy, and have been ever since; that is, so far as any one can be who can look back upon so many duties unperformed or neglected, and who has fallen so far short of the standard of Christian perfection. My lot has been a very happy one. I have had a toilsome life; but I have worked with zeal and good will, for it was for those I loved, and, though we have had sickness, we have had no bereavement, nor the misconduct of any one to mourn for.

Our sisters Mary and Abigail stayed a few weeks, till after the wedding visiting was over. The people were very kind, keeping us supplied with provisions of various kinds, and inviting us out continually.

The Parsonage.

The house they were to live in was built in 1817 (see page 26). In money and materials members of the parish contributed between three and four hundred dollars to assist in the building, and the young men turned out to dig the cellar. The soil, being a rich loam, was removed for about a foot in depth and carried to the meadow, which was till then covered with cranberry vines, but was now made a cultivated

field, whose fertility remained until the dam below was raised, since which it has been incapable of cultivation. The land about the house (the original homestead) consisted of a little less than two acres, and in front was laid out with terraces to the north and west. The west terrace became a wilderness of cinnamon roses, blackberry, bitter-sweet, and dog-bane, having a charm of its own: in 1864 it gave place to a stone wall supporting choice grape-vines. That to the north was guarded from the highway by a close fence and a hedgerow of flowering or spicy shrubs. The cherry-trees, bearing every year profusely, and of the finest kinds, flourished for many years, but, after long suffering from disease, were cut down, the last in 1865.

Many changes, required as time went on, have quite altered the aspect of the house as before described. In 1834 the woodshed, etc., was changed to an "ell" of two stories, with kitchen below and chambers above; but it was found impossible to dig a cellar beneath, on account of the solid layer of rock. In 1836 a third story, with large attic, was added to the original house, and hardly a year passed without changes to suit the convenience of a changing family. No doubt the frequent breaking away of old partitions, etc., contributed to the healthfulness of the house as it grew old.

There had been a little bath-house in the garden, with a never-failing well of delicious water, used also sometimes as a school-room for us as little children. It was there Aunt Harriet taught our cousins John and Elizabeth Ware for two years, with our three

eldest. When the number of pupils was increased to that of a school, in 1834, the building was moved nearer the house, to be used as a school-room, and was enlarged by the addition of a recitation-room. After a few years it was found inconvenient to have the school out of doors, and the study was altered by taking away the west window, putting in folding-doors, with a small room beyond, with two west windows; and the two were used as school-rooms. Another window was also cut on the south of the study. The little building now became a printing-office for a time, while the boys published a semi-monthly newspaper, called *The Meteor*. Next it was used as a dwelling-house for Mr. and Mrs. More, a rather remarkable Irish couple, who occupied it for several years, he doing our father's outdoor work, and she attending to the laundry. It afterwards became a school-house again for several years. It was then occupied by our faithful Irishman, David Roach, who came to us in 1851 and, with only a short interval, remained till his death in 1877. When he had been with us for some time, he sent to Ireland for his wife, and they occupied the house, living (as it were) under our eaves for some years. Then he bought the house, and moved it to a little farm of his own, still working here.

In the mean time it had not been long removed from its office as a wash-house before another was built in its place over the well, a much slighter building, but a great addition to the domestic comfort, as during all the crowded years of the school, from 1834 to 1844, and long after, the washing and ironing

were done away from the house, in a cool, quiet room, with a pleasant green in front for "hanging out," etc.,—a sort of ideal laundry, which the domestics thoroughly appreciated and often recalled afterwards. A carriage-house was built about 1840, with half-finished chambers above, and called for many years (until it became a part of the barn) the "new building." A well was dug near it, five or six feet into the solid rock, which gives a constant supply of water of slightly mineral taste. The chamber was used mostly as a play-room, having swings, etc., and was the scene of private theatricals by the children. The whole building was turned round, and connected with the barn by additional rooms in 1866, taking up the place of the cow-yard, hen-house, etc. Additions to the farm were made at different times. A fine apple orchard and pasture lay between the two cemeteries, containing about five acres, of which a part has been sold to the town to be added to the cemetery. Five acres of woodland, and about the same of cleared land connected with a small house, were bought in the north part of the town, and all but the woodland was afterwards sold to the tenant for whose convenience the house was first bought and enlarged. The same service he did in two later cases of emergency. To secure a house and to be allowed to pay at their own convenience was more of a blessing than one might think, and caused more real gratitude than many a lavish gift,—as was shown by one of these persons who called here shortly before our father's death, and spoke of it with tears, as the turning-

point in his life, which gave him courage and self-respect.

The Parish.

Northborough consists mostly of a broad valley or plain situated between the high hills of Marlborough on the north-east and Shrewsbury on the south-west, pleasantly diversified with little hills, forests, streams, and ponds, and its air was most salubrious. In the memoir of Emerson we find that he with his brother spent a week of college vacation on the borders of one of these ponds, and he speaks of the "exhilarating paradise air which fanned and dilated the sense." The first mail route established in the country, between Boston and Worcester, passed through the main street; and the great mail stage-coach was the daily excitement of the village children. The meeting-house is conspicuous on its broad green common, a little out from the village; and the parish was one of those which made the very foundation of a New England town, dating, in fact, from 1746, twenty years before the town was incorporated.

To the young minister it was a goodly heritage. The light figure in the pulpit must have contrasted strongly with that which had occupied it for forty-nine years. "Parson Whitney" was tall and dignified, his handsome head crowned with the great wig which was the fashion of his day. But energy and devoted purpose were evident in all the new minister said or did, and the cordial respect of even his gravest elders was always given. We shall here preface

the story of his domestic life with a rapid outline of the work that was going on at the same time in this wider field.

In 1817, a series of several lectures to the schools was begun at the close of the winter schools, which all the children and youth were expected to attend, in the meeting-house.

In 1820, religious instruction, which till then had been the pastor's or parents' work alone, was given on Sundays by teachers appointed for that purpose, which led to the organization of a Sunday-school in 1824. Soon after, our father prepared, at the request of the Worcester Association of Ministers, a small catechism for the use of children of the liberal churches, nothing then existing of a suitable nature. This was followed in the years 1830, 1831, and 1832 by the series of Question-books on the Gospels and the Acts, which were almost universally used in the liberal churches for many years. To these we may add "Easy Lessons in Geography and History," published in 1825.

In 1824, a Juvenile Library was formed and kept at the parsonage, where it was open Saturday afternoons for the children of the town, under the administration of our mother, who trained her children to the art of covering and registering the books.

A Young Ladies' Library had been formed in 1817; and in 1827 a Free Parish Library was started by a donation of fifty volumes from the pastor, under condition of its being supported only by gifts, and free to all.

Our father interested himself in the formation of

a Peace Society in the town, which was formed under his influence in 1819, and soon numbered more than seventy members. On Fast Day, 1824, and on the following Sunday, he preached sermons calling the attention of the people to the alarming prevalence of intemperance. Following this, a town meeting was called in May, and a committee was chosen to investigate and report on the excessive use of ardent spirits and the proper remedy. In September their report was laid before an adjourned meeting, and the mixing of liquors in the stores was voluntarily abandoned: the quantity consumed in town was much diminished, and entire abstinence was adopted by some of those who had given little thought to the subject before. This was before the day of pledges.*

The first School Committee was chosen in April, 1826, agreeably to a law passed in March. Before that the schools seem to have been under the care of the Selectmen, the minister serving *ex officio* as chairman. This post of laborious usefulness was held by our father for fifty-one years, with the interruption of two years, when some new measures not of his advising were to be tried.

Among our father's memoranda is this: "Trees planted on the common in 1828." Those familiar with the village in later years can hardly realize the truth of the description given in one of our mother's first letters. The barrenness was soon changed by skilful gardening; and within a few years our father had the pleasure of seeing his house surrounded with

* It may be of interest to note here that John B. Gough gave his first public temperance lecture in the town hall in Northborough.

a flourishing orchard and garden, while the road to the village was lined on both sides with elm, maple, ash, and horse-chestnut trees. Some years later an Ornamental Tree Society was formed, the result of whose work was to make our town one of the pleasantest to the eye of a stranger.

The Home.

The letters which follow, selected from a large mass of correspondence, may be sufficient to give glimpses of the domestic life as its scenes varied from year to year, and lay behind the well-known public activities of the minister and his wife.* They show us, first, "the joy and hope that entered here so many years ago," then the more crowded, busy days, the new delights and cares which came with the birth of children, and the periods of comparative quiet and rest. For any time of excessive care or confusion to our mother was liable to be followed by a few days of exhaustion, sometimes by a week or two of illness, after which by the elastic and equable temperament which was her happy inheritance her strength and spirits rallied as before. The story of these increasing cares and varying moods will be given in her own words.

To the Aunts in Lexington. MARCH, 1818.

I suppose you have heard in what manner we proceeded to this place,—that Mary came up the day before, and had put everything in its proper place before we got here.

* A large proportion of them are addressed to a very dear friend of her girlhood, Miss Catharine Thaxter, of Hingham, with whom she kept up pretty constant intercourse in this form for more than fifty years.

I suppose you have before this had a description of our journey,— or rather *voyage*, as most of it was by water,— but, notwithstanding, it was very good sleighing, and we were but a short time in coming,— that is, from 12 o'clock to 7. We brought our little girl with us; and as yet I am perfectly satisfied with her, and she more than answers my expectations, or even hopes. . . .

I have been so particular, because I thought you would like to know all about her, and I feel as if I could not be too particular to you, especially to *Aunt Eliza*, who takes such an interest in little girls, chickens, pigs, etc.; and now, by the way, I must tell you that we have neither of the last-mentioned cattle, no kind of animal, about the house, not even a *cat*. But I don't know but we shall be obliged to import one from Lexington, for the mice have got at our corn, and I expect soon to find that they are making depredations in my store-closets; but, till they do, I believe we shall not invite Miss Tabby.

The people are very kind and friendly indeed; we have been amply supplied with everything necessary. Scarcely a day passes without some one sending or bringing us something. We have one of the best little women for a neighbor, too, that ever was. She is a Mrs. Munroe; she and her husband have both been exceedingly kind and attentive to us, and it seems as if she thought she never could do enough for us. We have visited several families; and I am very much pleased with the appearance of the people, as far as I have seen. . . . We gave three parties the week after we came here,— about twenty-five each time. First day, the old folks, then the young folks, and then the young married folks. Abigail Allen was here till after the parties were over; and then she was sent for, and obliged to go home, much to our regret. We have had a party of ministers, too, to dine, with their wives. They sent word a week beforehand. We have drank tea at

Mrs. Whitney's * twice; and she dined here one day with an old lady past ninety, the oldest in town, and almost blind. Mrs. Whitney appeared very friendly and cordial toward us, and I hope there will always be a friendly intercourse between us.

To her Sister. MARCH, 1818.

I have just received your long letter, my dear Harriet, which was heartily welcome. You want to know something of my parishioners. They are very friendly and attentive, and seem disposed, many of them, to render us all the kindness in their power. . . . You would be astonished to see what a notable housewife I am. I do not find it at all irksome to do so much more than I have been used to, though sometimes it revolts a little against my natural indolence. Give my love to father, and tell him I believe I shall not be obliged either to come or send home for work at present. I am rather hurried about my own, and think there is not much danger of being troubled with the vapors.

I think you would admire the situation of this house and the prospect from it. Lofty hills skirted by deep forests, which extend farther than the eye can reach; a delightful stream meandering through an extensive and ever-blooming meadow (except in winter, when it is equally favorable for sliding),—form the principal features in the prospect. Then we can peep through the loop-holes of retreat — that is, the panes of glass at the sides of the door — at all the passing up and down the great road to Worcester. We can see the stir and hear the rattle of the great stages, and not feel their dust. Oh, how delightful to be able to sit with windows open! But I am afraid I shall envy you even your poplars; for not a tree nor a shrub, and I believe not even a weed,

* Widow of the former minister.

is there nearer than the potato field, which would not intercept many of the sun's rays, even if it were nearer.

I hope you will come when Mary goes, though I cannot bear to think of her going; but I wish that, when she *must* go, father would bring you up and carry her down. Kiss the little dears * for me till you are tired. I wish I could kiss them myself. I want to see them more than all the rest of you; and nobody must come without bringing one of them, on pain of my serious displeasure. Your sister more affectionately than ever. LUCY.

To C. T. MARCH, 1818.

I have, as usual, allowed myself to be interrupted by a thousand petty engagements, such as domestic life is made of, and which would make no show in a narration: therefore, I shall pass over them in silence, and only enlarge upon a few topics which, I suppose, will interest you more. First, I can imagine that you are inquiring with all the rest of the world (that is, my visitors, my world in the country) whether I am contented or not, whether I don't begin to feel homesick, and how I like living in a way so different from what I have been accustomed to. I have as yet perceived no symptoms of discontent creeping over me; and I think, if I can pass two or three months of the most gloomy part of the year without being homesick, that I may venture myself for the rest of the time. I have more to do than I have been used to, as I have only a little girl; but I do not find it irksome at all, and think it agrees very well with my sluggish nature to be obliged to use a little more activity. The trouble of providing has not as yet been great; for we have only to make the best use of what is provided for us. This, however, I cannot expect to last forever; and I daresay in due time I shall be encumbered with as many

* The children of her father's later marriage.

cares as anybody. But it is best, I think, to be adding to our experience by degrees, and not rush at once into the cares and vexations of a large family without any. I think our family will be the same as now till May, when, if possible, we shall endeavor to derive an accession of troubles [by taking pupils into the family]. . . .

Mary is yet here; and I cannot bear the thought of her going away, though I suppose the evil day will not be any farther in reality for my putting it far from my thoughts. I cannot realize that she is not a permanent member of my family as well as myself; and I shall feel more than ever when she is gone that I have indeed *left my father's house.*

To C. T. (after a short visit home). JUNE, 1818.

I could not bear to think of leaving the interesting group so soon, especially as we could not bring any of them home with us. We reached home Saturday afternoon at about four o'clock. Harriet had gone to the reading society, and had left the house in the care of a man who was here at work, who had gone away and taken the key with him. So we walked round and explored the premises, counted the chickens, and went to see if the peas and beans had come up, which we found of a size that exceeded our most sanguine expectations; and so we whiled away the tedious hours, or rather quarters, till the man came back and let us in.

I have just returned from a very pleasant walk, which I hope before long to have the pleasure of taking with you. I was told that there were no pleasant walks in this place, but we have taken several this last week which I think delightful. There is a high hill just opposite to us, which we ascended the other evening, and were rewarded for our pains by a very extensive and delightful prospect. I told you, I believe, that I did not think Northborough would

strike a person as being a pleasant place merely to pass through it; but it improves much on acquaintance, and it is now in all its glory.

To C. T. NOVEMBER 29, 1818.

This, I hope, will be handed to you by Mrs. Jairus Lincoln [her sister Mary], whom I beg to introduce to you as my earliest and best friend, even better known and dearer than you, Catharine. I hope this will not raise any prejudice in your mind against her, but that you will understand her worth, and value her as you ought. She will be so much nearer to Hingham than Northborough that you will have much more frequent opportunities of seeing her than I shall, which is the only thing I envy you.

In March, 1819, was born her eldest child, Mary, the subject of chief interest in many of the letters which follow. In course of the twelve years next ensuing were added to the household two sons, then two daughters, and again two sons,—the youngest being our brother William, born in September, 1830, of whom we shall record some memories farther on. These made the "sevenfold chord," which remained unbroken for nearly fifty years from this beginning, till the death of our second brother, Thomas Prentiss, in November, 1868. As will be seen, the cares of the mother were greatly complicated from the first by other cares and tasks that could not be escaped.

To C. T. JULY 2, 1819.

. . . I feel sometimes as if I was doing wrong to urge my friends to come here, when I can give them so slender entertainment after all their trouble. My family is such that I cannot devote myself to my friends when they are

here as much as I should wish. We have had ever since our return twelve in the family, and do not expect any diminution in the number. There came two new boys the day after our return, and we have to-day had the addition of a suspended student, which last, I can assure you, is not at all to my liking; but we thought upon the whole we might as well make the trial, and, after a good many ifs and ands, he is at last safely lodged here for four months. Mr. Allen received a very urgent letter from Mrs. Ripley on his behalf, speaking very highly in his praise; and I hope we shall find it less trouble than I fear. . . .

I am very glad Eliza had an opportunity of bringing you some account of my little darling; but I hope to bring her to see you myself before long, when she will be better worth seeing by three months. She begins to be very charming indeed, and more interesting to strangers, as she takes notice now, and laughs and *talks*. She begins to know her father, and is delighted to see him when he comes in. Now you must not suppose that I think her a *prodigy*, though you would wish her to be one. I think she is just like other children, only more to me.

To C. T. OCTOBER 31, 1819.

. . . You must think, my dear Kate, that I have not quite so much leisure as if I had not a family, but perhaps you are not quite so well convinced of it as if you were to make me another visit. People are all the time coming, and we are all the time going. The boys are all the time teasing for me to mend, and I only thank my stars that I have not a dozen and a half as Mrs. Ripley has; and I imagine she will find she cannot take care of them and her baby, too.

After I have spent sufficient time in the morning attending to my domestic affairs, I go and find my *sewing-*

work and go into the parlor. I set the baby on the carpet, with playthings enough around her to amuse any reasonable being half a day at least; but I have scarcely found my needle and threaded it before the little rogue is pulling herself up by my clothes, or creeping into some mischief or other, and, after trying various methods to amuse her, I put her into a new place away from me. By and by she cries with cold fingers and toes. Then I must carry her to the fire and warm her and dry her and feed her, and it is no exaggeration to say that I take her up for various purposes twenty times in a day.

And where is my work all this time? When I go to sit down to it, my thimble is under one chair, my scissors under another, my needle is lost or stuck into a far distant part,—for I sometimes have to jump in a pretty great hurry,—and by the time I have collected all my materials together, down it must go again. In this way, which is a pretty fair specimen of all my days when I am at home, you may suppose I do not bring much to pass, and that I do not find much time for reading or even for hearing reading; for Mr. Allen's time is as much occupied as mine, and he has no time to spare for reading to us, even if we could attend. The boys study evenings, and Harriet and I keep them in order, while Mr. Allen is studying.

To C. T. FEBRUARY 20, 1820.

. . . I wish that it could be in my power to make another such visit at Hingham as I have made in days past, but, since that cannot be, I must be content to receive my friends at home, and I am very happy to have such a home where I can return a part of the kind attention I have received from them; and what appears to me something strange is that, as much pleasure as I used to receive from those visits, and still more in the recollection, yet does not the least inclination to repeat them (now)

cross the threshold of my imagination. If I ever think of leaving home upon a visit for a few days (alone, I mean, without Mr. Allen), I think of it as what could not possibly give me the least pleasure; and I do not even heave a sigh after the days of single blessedness, when I could rove here and there at pleasure, unencumbered with cares. I would not exchange my situation now for the happiest days I knew then, which, I suppose, is the best proof that I have exchanged for the happier; and I wish, with you, that all my friends could be as happily settled, though perhaps there are but few who would look with an eye of envy upon me. I wish some of my friends, above all Mary, were nearer: that is all I ought to wish for in addition.

To her Sister Mary. MARCH 19, 1820.

. . . Your winter has passed rather differently from mine. I wish *we* could have stayed at home rather more, and had more of your leisure, and that you could have had Harriet and some of our company to give you a little variety and keep you in spirits. I have, to be sure, had a good many sleigh-rides in my visiting excursions, for we do not pretend to walk any farther than Madam Whitney's; but the snow has been so deep on our cross-roads that we were obliged to walk with the horse plunging up to his knees at every step, so that I cannot call it riding for pleasure, and, for any pleasure I had in it, I had rather stay at home. . . .

People have sent us a great deal this winter,— about two hundred and twenty-five pounds of beef, besides more than sixty pounds of pork, and turkeys and several cheeses. We had one day fifty-five pounds of beef in the house. Such things are great helps, and save us a great deal of expense, though we should not probably have used more than half as much if we had to buy it all. I wish you

could have such kind of help; but it is not probable that any other people are so remarkable for it as they are here.

The Waverley Novels were now appearing at intervals; and we see, here and there, that "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" gave a name to the pleasant parsonage, which appears in several of the letters below as "the Manse," or "Knocktarlitie." These novels, with Burns's songs and "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," furnished many a Scottish phrase which became current in the household.

To her Sister Harriet. AUGUST 6, 1820.

Well, Madam, with all your professions of never-ending remembrance and affection, etc., you seem wholly to have forgotten the poor little Manse at Knocktarlitie, and Reuben Butler and Jeanie and her bairn; and, mair than a', the auld Sire at Cambridge and his wifie seem to forget that there is in keeping at this Manse a wee bairn o' theirs, a daft an' comelie lassie, and one who comports herself in a manner not unworthy of her illustrious ancestors. But lest the poor child [Caroline, a younger sister] should be wholly forgotten at home, as there really seems some danger, I thought best to write a few lines; but remember they are the last without an answer. She has seemed perfectly contented, but anxiously watches the post-office, and bears with the disappointment better than most children would. She is a dear, good little girl, and gives me very little trouble,— I might say none at all, it is so much more pleasure.

To C. T. AUGUST 8, 1821.

I often think of the visit you made here (the first year). It was just at this time, and this last week has been quite warm enough to remind me of the weather. How we are

altered here since then! Then I could go where I pleased, had nothing to confine me at home, but now I am tied by both hands, though I do make shift to crawl about a little, when I think I ought to go; but it is rather more difficult, I think, to carry about two children, or even one, than to go alone, and rather more difficult, too, to get along at home.

I have had a pretty tedious week of this last. You, who have nothing to do but to keep yourself cool in such hot weather (or rather nobody to keep cool but yourself, for I daresay you have enough to do) know nothing of it.

My boy (now nearly a year old) has been quite unwell for some weeks, and particularly so the last week. He suffers very much from teething, and this hot weather has quite pulled him down. He has scarcely been out of my arms.

August 14.—I have become lately quite a gadder. For about a week or ten days I have undertaken to ride several miles a day with the children for the benefit of the baby; and I have now arrived at such perfection that I can take them by myself and drive off with them, without being obliged to hinder Mr. Allen from his studies. I think the baby is better for it. He is delighted with riding, and will be good then, when he is very uneasy at home.

I think my writing requires some apology, and the best I can make is that my eyes are so weak that they were scarcely half open all the time I was writing. I suppose it is owing to being up so much nights, and looking at the candle. I am obliged to use them evenings, as that is the only time I have that is uninterrupted.

To the Same. JANUARY 6, 1822.

As this is the season of good wishes, accept mine for the continued health and happiness of yourself and sisters and the rest of your father's family. I hope that the pres-

ent year dawns upon you with as great an increase of happiness, compared with the last, as it does upon us. My dear little boy seems to be as perfectly well and hearty a child as can be, and gains something every day, though he is not yet strong enough to walk. Mary is perfectly well, too; and they are both as good and happy as any two little creatures you ever saw. They play about on the carpet all day; and, excepting that Mary is rather roguish and mischievous, and loves to plague the baby sometimes, they give me no trouble at all,—that is, none worth mentioning.

I wish sometimes that you could be here this winter, or at least a part of it. We have a very snug, quiet family, the smallest I have ever had for so long a time together. We have one new student-boarder since you were here, which makes three, the usual number we have had in the winter; but we have, before this winter, always had Mr. Allen's brother [Phineas, now in college], generally Harriet, and often some other person staying. Now, excepting our boarders, we are quite alone. We visit and have company as much as we conveniently can, as for more than a year it has been very inconvenient to do either; and, you know, it is necessary for us to do considerable of both.

To the Same. JUNE, 1822.

. . . I hope to see you at Commencement. We expect now to be able to leave home with less inconvenience than at almost any time before. We have three scholars now, who leave us, one next week, and the others at Commencement, and our little boy we shall send home on a vacation, so that, unless we have a re-enforcement before that time, we shall have an almost empty house. . . . It will be a year since my last visit, and many new things have happened since then in our family.

JUNE, 1822.

. . . Is it possible that I have written three sides of a letter, and never once mentioned my sweet, precious children? They are well, and full of life and frolic and mischief. Sometimes I think they are the most troublesome little mortals that ever existed. And then, again, I have a little more patience with them, when I think it is more than probable I was ten times worse myself; but I never cease to love them better than anything else. I don't know which I shall bring to Commencement; but you will see one, if you see me.

To the Same. JUNE, 1823.

I suppose you heard through Mary of the pleasant family tryst we had at Cambridge, and the lovely little flock which we assembled. It was a delightful sight to see so many assembled in peace and love, and perhaps a sight which we shall never see again. Indeed, it is most improbable that the same circle will ever all meet together again. We have long been a prosperous and united family, but we cannot expect always to continue so; and prosperity ought not to make us unmindful that the day of adversity may and will come, and we ought so to live that, however suddenly it comes, it may not surprise us.

You don't know how delightful and natural it seemed to have William among us just as he used to be. I think he and Harriet will do for Abel and Alice, — light-hearted and full of jokes. I can't bear to think of his living off there [in New York] by himself and not coming among us oftener.

To her Sister Harriet. OCTOBER, 1823.

. . . I found everything as pleasant and delightful at Deerfield as I expected, which is saying a good deal. . . . Well, though I had such a pleasant journey, saw so many places and people, and felt so sorry to leave them, yet I can assure you my heart "louped light" when I saw the white spire of Knocktarlitie peeping from among the trees; and right happy was I to find myself once more sitting in my own manse, and kissing the sweet cheeks of my own little bairnies.

In the fall of the year 1824, her sister Harriet came, with her brother Henry's two children, whose mother had lately died, and remained about two years, teaching the cousins together and making a delightful addition to the household. After this there were for some years only two or three young men at a time under our father's care; and it was a time of much enjoyment to our mother, who took our education into her own hands as much as possible.

A little before this time our uncle Silas, who had graduated at Harvard,* and then pursued the study of divinity, became suddenly and hopelessly deranged. For some years he was taken care of at his father's house, and then, about 1825 or 1826, for some months in our family, occupying the small house in the garden. He had much distress in his head, which made any noise painful to him, so that he needed this retreat from a house full of children and young people. For some years he was afterwards maintained by our father in the asylum at Worces-

* In 1817: his name is entered on the Catalogue as William Winthrop.

ter, and, later, led a sometimes wandering but harmless and not unhappy life to extreme old age. He died in Medfield, in 1888, at the age of ninety-three.

To C. T. SEPTEMBER, 1824.

Our family this summer has been fourteen, of whom nine are our immediate family, for whom we provide food, clothes, and instruction, etc. Harriet's being here has been a great help to me, as it respects the children, though it has added to my cares in other respects; and by being obliged to give up our spare chamber we have sometimes been put to our wits' end to know what to do with people who have come for the night, and several times we have been obliged to make a complete overturn, as, for instance, last Saturday and Sunday nights, when we lodged ten besides ourselves very comfortably. There were nine children, of whom little John [aged six] was the oldest. . . .

In short, my dear Kate, I live what you may call a pretty busy life. My hands are full, my head is full, and my heart is full; for I have enough love to fill a more capacious heart than mine, and I don't confine my affections, either, to my own narrow sphere. The same friends have a place there that always had.

About this time our father had to attend in Franklin the funeral of a cousin, whose death left several children orphans and dependent; and it was agreed that he should bring one of two twin daughters to make their home with us. The children, bright and interesting girls of fourteen, could not well be parted; and, when he appeared, he brought them both, Harriet and Clarissa, who remained, like daughters, sharing the family life, its tasks and its

privileges, till both were married, one at eighteen and the other at twenty-four. Perhaps it required as much charity as some more noticeable deeds to undertake the care and training of two young girls, especially while our mother had no other "help" than another young girl of about their age. But they gained a warm place in all our hearts,— grateful, affectionate, and constant,— and, like many others, felt through life that this was the home of their childhood. Especially Harriet, who was with us longest, repaid the care spent upon her with interest, and was a most indispensable as well as beloved member of the household.

To C. T. AUGUST, 1825.

If I have *not* written since this last date of yours, you must have thought hard of me indeed. You must not think strange if I am rather forgetful of such things, for I have so much to occupy my mind that I sometimes wonder I can find a corner for anything but my own affairs. I rejoice that it is so; and I think, the more I have to occupy me, the happier I am, and the variety of my cares is so great that I shall never go *crazy* in dwelling too long upon one subject, though I am sometimes almost *distracted* with the diversity. We have visited less than usual this summer, and had less company; and I find it makes an immense difference in the care of the family. More things can be done in better order and in better season, when I am not forever dodging from one place to another; and I find the truth of the proverb,— "The eye of the mistress does more work than both her hands." Not that I ought to complain of unfaithfulness in my girls: nobody can have less to complain of on that score than I have; but how can such young and inexperienced girls

take hold and turn off work when they are by themselves as when I am by to assist and feel so much more interest in getting through with it?

To the Same. MAY, 1826.

I think I have great cause for gratitude that, with my many absences from my large family, I have always left and found them well. How many times I have thought of what Eliza told me of Mrs. Andrews's saying,—"How strangely my looks must belie my heart!" When I consider the greatness, the number and variety of my blessings, I cannot find words to express what I feel; and I *am* sometimes unhappy with the thought that I deserve them so little. I am always serious, and have quite done with fun and frolic, and sometimes almost wonder how I could ever have enjoyed it; and I have often been told that, when I am serious, I look cross, so that, upon the whole, I think Mrs. ——'s remark was rather unfounded, and, though I do not wonder at it or think hard of it, I am sorry I have such a deceitful face.

October 30, 1826, her sister Harriet was married to Rev. E. B. Hall, then settled as minister in Northampton.

To her Sister Harriet. SEPTEMBER, 1826.

Dear Harriet,— I cannot let Henry go without *part* of an answer to the good long letter Mr. Allen brought, when I did not deserve any, and therefore the more gratifying. I am terribly disappointed, or should have been, if Henry had not told me you were not coming, that you did not come with Mr. Allen. I know just how it will be, — you will cheat me out of all but about two days. As you say, it seems very different to think you are not coming back again. It almost destroys my equanimity to

think of it. It is not because I am indifferent at heart that I speak of your going with so much unconcern; but you know it is what has been familiar to my mind ever since you first came, but I find it no less difficult, and I am no less reluctant to realize it now. Thank you, thank you a thousand times, dearest sister, for all that you have done for me and mine these eight years past, for the many happy hours you have caused me to pass, and for all the kind attentions I have been continually receiving from you. Now that you have indeed left us, I wonder I could ever have looked forward to it with so much composure. May you enjoy all the happiness in your change of circumstances which you anticipate, and which you deserve, and may you meet with some sister or friend who will be to you what you have been to me!

To the Same. JANUARY, 1827.

We have a snug little family this winter. There never could be a better time for Mary to come; and you can't think how much I depend on her spending three or four weeks here. I am afraid too much; for we are so subject to ups and downs, and our family goes so by fits and starts, that I cannot but think sometimes that something may happen to take from the comfort I anticipate. But I do not allow myself to look long on the gloomy side of things. I think it is our duty as well as happiness to look on the bright side when we can, and, when things go wrong, to think how much worse it might be; and, indeed, it is but a short time that things have worn a gloomy aspect with me since I married. The trials I have met with have generally been only the petty vexations and cares incident to housekeeping; and I should be ungrateful indeed to suffer myself to be cast down by them, when so many of my friends and acquaintance have suffered so many heavy trials and afflictions.

It has always been my opinion that we all of us meet with the trials that we most need for our perfection. Some of us need great and heavy afflictions, and to some of us the trials of temper are more necessary to teach us greater mildness and forbearance. I cannot but think that I have had both; for the death of my beloved mother, though so many years since, has never ceased to be deeply lamented by me, and every year that I live I am more sensible of the great and irreparable loss she was to us, and of the many deficiencies in my own character which might have been repaired, had I had a kind and watchful mother at the age when I most needed one. I feel as if I could never do enough for my children while I am with them, for I know not how long I may be spared to them. I can hardly realize that I am so near the age that my dear mother was when she left us; and it is my most earnest endeavor to discharge my duty toward my family as faithfully as she did, so long as she was spared to us. I can never be sufficiently thankful that I have not ill health to contend with, as she had, and for the health which the children have always enjoyed. . . .

Through the fall the children went to school, which I think was no benefit as respects their behavior. This winter we keep them at home, and do not find it much more trouble to teach them ourselves than to send and send for them a mile and a half twice a day. Mr. Allen takes them in the forenoon, and myself in the afternoon. You may suppose we cannot be perfectly regular and orderly as at a school; but we try to make them study at least two lessons a day, and keep to hours as much as we can. . . . I hope you will not labor in vain with your little girl. Good help is a great treasure, and I firmly believe that good mistresses will generally make good servants. Those must not complain of unfaithfulness who will not or do not know how to overlook them.

To the Aunts at Lexington. NORTHBOROUGH, October 21, 1827.

My dear Aunts,— . . . I led a very unsettled life through the summer; for, having taken a notion that I was out of health, I imagined attention to the restoration of that invaluable blessing to be the most important thing, and of course from morning till night it was a continual alternation of riding, on horseback or in the chaise, pills, drops, and other doses, together with shower-baths and blood-letting, diet-drinks, etc. Between whiles there was the baby to tend, the children's clothes to make and mend besides their morals, company staying here by two and three at a time, and visiting two or three afternoons in a week,— with all this, which you would naturally suppose must have worked a complete cure, though you may see no room for letter-writing; and, in fact, there was none, for I was so tired as to be glad to go to bed by dark every night. . . .

Perhaps you have heard that we have been to see Harriet the last month. We had a most delightful journey. Set out on Tuesday the 25th of September. On Wednesday to Keene, N.H., which is a beautiful town, with long, level streets, I should think a mile in length. The last five or six miles were very pleasant indeed,— through a thick wood, with a beautiful little river running by the side of the road, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, which we crossed six times. On Thursday to Charlestown, to see Mrs. Webber and Sophia, who live there with Samuel, who is a physician. We went on the next day to Brattleboro. Most of the way was very hilly, — long, steep hills; but, when we got to the top, the prospect amply repaid us for our toil. We crossed Bellows Falls into Vermont. The falls are very beautiful, though not very high. On Saturday went to Northfield, on Monday to Deerfield; and, as it stormed the next day, we cousins had a very sociable, snug time, and were obliged,

not at all against our inclinations, to spend another night. I did just call at Mr. Willard's, who is almost perfectly blind, but very cheerful.

On Wednesday we turned our faces towards Northampton, where we found Harriet very well and happy; and she follows my example already in collecting people together. . . . The first evening there was a great wedding, as many as fifty to the ceremony, and a hundred and fifty others to call in the evening; dancing; and a great cake, as big as a peck measure, dressed and ornamented; the rooms handsomely ornamented with flowers and wreaths of evergreen.

To C. T. MARCH, 1828.

I expect to go to Boston for a *day or two* in the course of this month. I feel as if I wanted a little stirring up after our still winter. I think it is the most snug, quiet winter I have ever passed; and, if it had not been for my *school*, I do not know how I could have managed to pass away the time. We have had very little company, and such dreadful travelling most of the time that I have been obliged to stay at home, will I, nill I. Mr. Allen has delivered a course of lectures on natural theology and natural history, twelve lectures, which have been very well attended both by old and young, and appeared to afford great gratification, and I hope some improvement. It cost a good deal of time and labor; but he is amply repaid for anything he does, if he thinks it is contributing to the welfare and happiness of his *family*. I am sure no one can be more indefatigable for the improvement of his people than he is; and, if any minister deserves the thanks and blessings of his people, it is he. I would not say this to many, nor to you, if Mr. Allen was at home to read this; but he exchanged with Mr. Hill to-day, and will not be at home till this is out of his reach.

To the Same. JULY, 1828.

We have had almost constant coming and going as usual, though there has been no one staying here but my cousin, Sally Clarke, who spent a fortnight here, and went home last Thursday. The same morning my father and mother came up in the stage, on their way to Northampton, where papa preaches to-day, and from there to the Springs, and home by way of New York. I am sincerely rejoiced that papa is at last allowing himself a little recreation. He is wearing himself out, I am afraid, by such intense and constant application. There is not a young man in the prime of life who would think he could endure half the labors that this old man does; and if he does not feel it now, or thinks he does not, I fear he will meet with a sudden close to his labors. I hope, for his sake, that it will not be long before they choose a President. . . .

To the Same. DECEMBER, 1828.

To despatch in the first place what is nearest my thoughts, I will introduce you to the interior of our habitation, and tell you how we all look this winter. In the first place, then, I suppose you know that we live in the other parlor, and have had the one we lived in when you were here newly fitted up. Here, then, sit I, from day to day, and from morning to night, with my baby in my arms, and my sewing and knitting and a book by my side, ready to take up either as the case may be.

In the morning, as we are none of the earliest risers, we have to hurry and drive, I assure you, to get through breakfast and set the children off to school. Then, after they are gone, I have a nice quiet time; and there is such a change as soon as the door is shut, from the bustle of preparation and the din of their tongues, to almost total silence that I almost start sometimes. But the days are

short; and there seems to be hardly time to turn round before they are at home again, and their tongues as busy as ever. Every one meets with some wonderful adventure at school or on the way, which they are eager to tell, and seem to think I can hear and understand all at once. . . .

Upon the whole, I have a great deal of satisfaction in all my children, though they do try my patience sometimes to its utmost limit; but, though they are playful and noisy, and frolicsome and heedless, yet they are not ill-tempered and quarrelsome, and I discover no signs of any vicious disposition in any of them. How much reason I have to be thankful for this! and, though I feel as if my hands and heart were both full, yet how little it is, compared with the care of unruly and refractory children! I feel that every year increases my care and anxiety for them, and I suppose it will continue to be so. I hope I shall never lose sight of my great responsibility.

To her Sister Harriet. FEBRUARY, 1829.

Our lectures and debates continue to prosper, and last week it was so good sleighing that everybody came from out of town as well as in. They are held in the town-house, though it is not large enough to contain all comfortably. You ask what I have been reading. I have got almost through "Conversations on Political Economy." Mr. Allen thought it ought to be domestic economy, but I thought myself already perfect in that; and he has been reading aloud parts of Stewart's "Philosophy of the Moral Powers of Man." I hope Mr. Hall has overcome his antipathy to reading aloud, for it is one of the greatest pleasures, and certainly almost the only source of improvement, I have; and, if it had not been for Mr. Allen's reading to me, I am afraid my mind would have become a barren waste.

To C. T. JUNE 14, 1829.

I suppose you will want to know something of our domestic affairs. Our family is eleven this summer. We have one boarder, besides ourselves and a girl and boy. Our boarder is a Freshman, quite pleasant. We have had opportunities of taking others, but we do not find that it is so well for two to be together. The boy is a very good, pretty little fellow, son of a neighbor, and assists Mr. Allen in the garden, milks, etc. The little girl was sent me to bring up (because I had not enough of my own, I suppose). She is a smart little thing; and, if I do not spoil her in the bringing up, I think she will make me excellent help by the time Harriet is ready to leave me, which I hope will not be very soon.

To Susan Thaxter. MAY, 1831.

I take up my pen for company, to relieve my feeling of loneliness. The family have all retired, and I was sitting up, waiting for the return of Forester, who has been to carry Mr. Allen to Worcester to take the stage for New York. Perhaps you have seen by the paper that he was chosen one of a committee to form a National Lyceum. I suppose I ought to consider it quite an honor to be elected upon such an occasion. I had set my heart upon going to New York whenever he did, but it is impossible at this time. I am very glad he has an opportunity to take a journey. He needs it, and works hard enough to earn it. I am sorry he will do so much: he insists upon it that it does not hurt him; but I think it wears upon him, though it may be only the natural effects of age. I think we both of us grow old; and we ought to expect to feel so, when we look round and see the little shoots spring up around us.

I have got a dear baby as ever you saw, a little, lively, frolicsome fellow, creeping round into all the dirty places

he can find. . . . Edward is quite a singer: he has learned a great many songs at school, and will stand and sing by me before he goes to bed as long as I can hear him.

To C. T. OCTOBER, 1831.

I believe I told you we had some idea of taking little boys again, but we have given it up. Mr. Allen finds the boys do very well with him alone; and, if we had a number of boys, we must have some one to be with them when Mr. Allen is gone, besides the risk of having bad boys. Our boys are now innocent, and I cannot bear the thought of their being contaminated.

Though I have many misgivings and tremors about it [the project of taking lady-boarders], yet I think we may like it better than scholars,— they are quite a confinement to Mr. Allen, and a constant source of anxiety. It would be a great relief to give them up; and, when I am as well as I am now, I feel as if I should be willing and able to do anything, and it is impossible to get along without doing something. I feel now as if we should have to work harder and harder in our old age instead of being able to rest.

To C. T. DECEMBER, 1832.

If you had looked in upon me at any time since my return home, you would have wondered to see me with pen and ink in my hand, when a needle and thread were so much more necessary and proper. I just begin to emerge a little from the hurry and bustle I have been in, and do not feel conscience-smitten while sitting here at six o'clock in the evening to write, instead of eleven. The fact is I am entirely alone, except five chattering children in the chamber overhead, all the rest having gone to the Lyceum this evening. I was very glad to have them go,

for I do once in a while like a few quiet waking hours; and I love to send them all off to the Lyceum, for that is the only evening I can have entirely to myself, and the quiet is so refreshing after the bustle of supper and putting to bed of the children.

My days have been, so far, very quiet for me since last week; for the older children went to school the week after Thanksgiving, and the little ones began to go last week to an Infant School. I am left entirely alone except William, who is, in himself, a host; but of course he can only make one-seventh part of the noise there is when they are all at home. We have a little girl boarding here, just the age of Edward, to attend school, from a remote part of the town. She is a very good, pretty child, but of course makes her share of noise.

. . . I never got along, so far, easier than I have this winter; for the girls are older, and able to do a great deal more than they ever have before.

William I shall send to school whenever I want him out of the way, but he is too great a rogue to send all the time. He is very amusing to me at home. He keeps me singing to him all the time; and I shall soon want a new edition of "Mother Goose," for the old songs are pretty much worn out to my ear.

JUNE, 1833.

It is very true, as you say, that there is much a mother can do in a family, with very little bodily strength; but the case generally is, I believe,— at least it is with me,— that my mental energies fail with my bodily ones, and, if my flesh is weak, my spirit is apt to be so too, and that is the worst feeling I have,— that dreadful listlessness and feeling as if I cared for nothing, and as if I was neglecting everything and everybody. But such feelings can be resisted and driven off in some degree by resolution, and

it is well for us that they can; for, if they once get the upper hand of us, woe betide us!

SEPTEMBER, 1833.

I cannot but think, now that I have become somewhat tamed, that my high spirits have been one of the greatest blessings I could have had. They, or rather the disposition into which they have subsided in my graver years, have carried me through a great many scenes which would otherwise have overwhelmed me, and I do believe have had a great effect in enabling me to recover my health as I have done after sickness. So now do not think it a dreadful thing when you see little girls romping and playing out of doors in a manner you would, perhaps, think unsuitable, but look forward a few years, and consider that they are laying up a stock of *constitution* and health and spirits to carry them along through life.

To C. T. OCTOBER, 1833.

How much I have to be thankful for, that my health appears to be restored to me when I most need it! Never was any one more favored than I have been in the circumstances of my lot, even the most trifling. Not that I am free from anxiety or trouble: no one can be free from either with such a family, and we have as much anxiety for others as for our own children. Our boarders are not *mere* boarders: they are under our care, and their conduct affects our happiness. Then there is the care of a parish and anxiety for the people. Though in this respect we are highly favored, yet there is enough to cause many sleepless hours. And this year, my dear K., has been eventful in the loss of friends. Three of our best, our sincerest friends, we shall meet no more, till we meet, as I trust, in a better world. . . .

To the Same. OCTOBER 14, 1833.

It was my intention to have gone to Boston next week, and still is, if I am able; but I am at present afflicted with a lame knee. My old enemy, the erysipelas, after his usual interval of six years and a half, has thought it time to make me another visit. The inflammation was very deep-seated, and made it almost agony to move my limb for a few days; but it has in some measure subsided; and I hope it will not be long before it leaves me, as my health otherwise is much better than it has been for seven years past. But I still think it doubtful if I am able to go down next week as I much wish, for William's Mary is there, and Harriet will be there. . . .

I dread to think of our little circle separating. I fear I shall soon experience the truth of what so many old mothers tell me,—that I shall never enjoy my children so much as when they are all around me, though I have always been ready to subscribe to the truth of it. I am sorry to inform you that I am still *lame of one leg*, like poor old Sir Jerry.* This is the fourth Sunday I have not been able to go out to meeting. My knee has been better than when I first wrote; but I have since had it in my face and neck,— not so severely as I have had before, however, but so as to incapacitate me from appearing at table for some days. It has now left my face and is confined to my knee, where it has very composedly seated itself. It is particularly unfortunate just at this time; for we have had two boarders for about a month, and I have not been able to get any additional help, so that I have been obliged to use my knee; which I ought not to have done. I expect an excellent woman on Tuesday, but she is only able to do some of the light work and oversee Louisa.

* Of the old song, "Sir Jerry-go-nimble."

During these years there had been under their care thirty different pupils, usually suspended students from Cambridge, one or two at a time. A few were young men pursuing preparatory studies for college or for the ministry, and occasionally there were two or three little boys. Many pleasant and entertaining things belong to the story of those days, as well as some very difficult and anxious experiences, which many years later our mother amused her leisure moments with recalling and recording, with brief and pointed characterizations. Among them many retained a grateful recollection of the faithful care given them, and of the pleasant town and its friendly people.

Besides these young people, some of the nephews and nieces became as children of the household, and the ties of kindred were cherished and strengthened as a most precious part of life.

Now and then some other element was gathered in. What could they do for such or such a boy or girl, whose need of some care, perhaps only temporary, came under their notice, was often a question. "Such as I have give I thee." The influence and protection of their home was the only thing they could offer; and to many a young person whose need was only this it was cheerfully given, and they were taken into the busy life of the household, to share it with us.

IV.

THE HOME SCHOOL.—1834-1844.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

IN 1834 it was decided, after much consideration, to open a family school for ten boys. Our mother's health seemed now very good, but her sister Harriet did not fail to warn her of the necessity of securing reliable help beforehand. She writes, "Though we cannot by any foresight keep ourselves alive, we can, may, and ought to do all we can to preserve life and health; and I am sure you are taking the most direct means of honorable and justifiable suicide that there is,—suicide it is, if it is slow, and if you *can* prove that it is all right, and you can't help it *unless* you have such a person as Mrs. L. to help you." The warning was not unheeded; and the domestic machinery of the new establishment started in excellent order, though of course with frequent entanglements as time went on.

The new plans were entered upon at first with great reluctance. It was hard for our mother to make up her mind to take among her own children those from so many different homes; but, when finally decided upon, she began to find pleasure in plans for their good. It must be home for all placed

under her care, as well as for her own family, and the same influences as far as possible. Her journal contains quite a full record, for some years, of her ways of dealing with the boys. Many are the talks recorded, as one or another emergency came up; for she relied upon moral influences almost wholly, and corrected privately, if possible.

Plans for amusement were not forgotten, and Friday evenings during the winter months were usually set apart for music, games, and dancing. She was always present, generally joining in them, or with wit and resources kept all within due bounds, and restrained rudeness while fun had full vent. These duties fell mostly to her as a matter of course, as those of an active ministerial life claimed the largest share of our father's time, and the school assistants were expected only to teach.

To C. T. DECEMBER 4, 1834.

Mrs. B. has called here this afternoon, and went in to examine our school, and says she shall give you an exact account of it. I assure you, we are quite in the academical line, especially as there are three instructors,— Professor Allen in the morning, Tutor Barnes in the afternoon, and the professor's lady in the evening. We have quite an establishment this winter; and, as you inquire after my health, I think it cannot be necessary to inform you as to any details if I only tell you that I am able to perform my third part of the domestic duties required. I shall depend much upon a visit from you this winter. Do not let the size of our family deter you. It is one reason why I want you to come, because I think it will be something new to you. My parlor is as retired as before, and even more so; for we devote one room entirely to the children.

We have five boys besides our own, and one little girl,—quite pleasant children for the most part, and managed with as little trouble perhaps as any number of children would be, collected together from different families, with different habits and feelings. Of course, many things occur to disturb the perfect harmony of our existence, some things to vex, some to amuse, many to try the feelings, and still more to try the patience. I have begun a journal, or rather Family Record, in which to record interesting things that happen; and I think there will be many which will be very interesting to look back upon at some future time. I wish I had kept one from the beginning of my married life. It has been impracticable, or I should regret it the more; but how much pleasure I should take now in looking back upon many things which I should be glad to recall, but of which I have now only a faint recollection!

To Mrs. Lincoln. JULY, 1835.

. . . Mary, I have about come to the conclusion that I shall devote my life to this service. I have become very much engaged in it and attached to these boys, and I think there is no way in which we can do more good than by endeavoring to influence young minds, and to instil into them such principles as may enable them to resist the temptations of life. Oh, if I thought I could do that, I should be perfectly happy! We intend to take as many as our house can accommodate. . . .

I wrote the note enclosed last week, and intended to have had long letters to send by Mr. Allen, who is going to the Temperance Convention; but I have been rummaging my brains, and there is nothing in them but bricks and mortar, and paper and paste and whitewash and dusty books and dirty floors, so do not expect anything else, and,

when my head is a little cleared of its rubbish, I will try and send something more worthy of perusal.

You see we were disappointed of our carpenters, who went off to get a better job, and at the last minute had to have two men, who are not regular carpenters, to enlarge our school-room. . . .

To the Same. OCTOBER, 1835.

Here I am sitting at the end of our long table, which I suppose is my winter quarters for evenings. As soon as tea-things are cleared away, I take my work-basket and establish myself in my seat, Mary and Emily on my right hand, Elizabeth and Lucy on my left. Edward, William, George, and Eliot go to bed; and the rest are seated round the table,—some studying, some reading, and sometimes one reads aloud, but it is difficult for all to be interested in the same reading, there are so many different ages. I rather dread the prospect of spending six months in this manner; but, though we are much more confined in the winter, which is irksome, yet there are advantages. I think we become more acquainted with the boys than we do in the summer, when they are more abroad. There are so many, and most of them so noisy, and some of them so playful, that we have found it necessary to draw up a set of rules for our own government during the evening. Most of them see the necessity of it, and are very willing to agree to them. I suppose you will go on in your quiet way this winter, with your children round you; and I hope you will have a great deal of comfort and see a great deal of improvement. I wish sometimes that I could have a little more of the same quiet kind of enjoyment with my children. I think they would improve more in some kinds of domestic employment; but, as it cannot be, they must try and improve in other things.

In closing the volume of her journal for part of the first year of the school, she sums up thus: —

We have found our family no more burdensome than was to be expected. There is a great deal of care, but a great deal of interest and pleasure, especially as we have pleasant children, and flatter ourselves that we perceive an improvement.

A and B had evidently been very carefully brought up at home, in some respects perhaps too much so, for which a residence elsewhere may prove an antidote. A had an importance and self-sufficiency about him at first, which is now entirely gone from his manners; and he is altogether more obliging and affectionate. C and D had been more exposed to the company of bad boys; but C was well brought up at home, and is much improved. All came back from vacation as to a home, and seemed to feel no difference.

To Mrs. Lincoln. FEBRUARY, 1836.

Having a leisure hour while the folks are gone to a temperance lecture, I cannot improve it better than by doing what I have been longing to do,— talk an hour with you. I only wish I could do it in a different way. I have so much to say that I hardly know where to begin.... You don't know how happy you are, Mary, to be able to have your children to yourself. I could easily make myself unhappy if I were to indulge a repining or complaining spirit. Nothing would be easier than to *magnify* trouble. I should not have to *make* it, as some do; and I am sure nothing but use and custom could reconcile any one to such a confused, noisy, toilsome scene of existence as I pass through.

To the Same. APRIL, 1836.

I look forward to a little vacation with mingled feelings. I shall be very glad of a little rest, but I generally obtain it at the expense of more severe labor after my return. Parents, I should think, generally make the season of vacation for their children a season of unbounded liberty, and even license, so that it takes several weeks to get some of them back where they were when they left us. The care of so many characters and dispositions is none of the easiest, at the best, with a conscientious teacher; and, when children are left entirely to themselves for two or three weeks, and no care taken but to indulge them in every gratification, because it is vacation, the rank weeds of idleness and self-indulgence have a fine chance to luxuriate.

To Mrs. Mary L. Ware. JUNE, 1836.

I thank you for your interest in me and mine. A little sympathy goes a great way with me, almost as far as hope; and I don't know that we could get along any better without it. I have had a great deal of the feeling you express of fearing either to do or to let alone; and I think, after all, we must be governed a great deal by circumstances, and the state of the case, natural disposition, acquired habit, etc. It is impossible that any general rule will apply, and what will answer perfectly well with a person at one time and under some circumstances would be mischievous at another. Father says he thinks a great deal of parental influence; and I am sure it appears to me that I can generally judge of the parents, at least in so far as to know whether they have government over their children, by being with the children a little while. And this very thing makes the responsibility the more awful.

To C. T. JULY 13, 1836.

I have just come into my chamber from the parlor, where we have been singing our Sunday evening songs. It reminded me of last summer. I could not help thinking of the evenings when you were there with us, all sitting round, with the moon shining in upon us. We seldom sing now. There are so many of us that we cannot always get together; but now and then it is pleasant, and the boys like it.

I hope you like our little paper. We think it such an advantage to the boys that they had better continue it six months longer. I suppose many of their old subscribers will fall off; but enough will remain probably to make them whole, and we do not wish it to be a money-making business: we want profit of another sort.

You see we are thorough abolitionists. We have heard that there are some in Boston very much displeased at those poor, innocent little children's songs. Really, it is quite a feather in our cap. We did not dream of being so much honored as to be *feared.* I believe the same sagacious heads took that political piece for true stuff,—just as if we should go to setting up a candidate! It was sent to us; and, though we do not wish or intend to have anything to do with politics or slavery or the like, we thought it too good a piece of irony to be lost.

OCTOBER, 1836.

My dear Susan,— . . . I have thought a great many times that my exuberance of spirits has been one of the greatest blessings I could have had. It has borne me up and carried me through, and I think it helps me along wonderfully now. I feel afraid that even now it leads me to do some things unbecoming the head of a family of twenty children. When I am with them, I feel sometimes just like one of them, and as if I was as young as ever. Do, I

charge you, Susan, enjoy all you can with your children. Go with them yourself wherever you can. You will always look back upon such hours, when you are separated from them, as among the happiest of your life.

There were few schools of this kind at that time, and the number of pupils soon exceeded the plan, so that it was necessary to enlarge the house; and the cares became more complicated. Through one winter there were nineteen boy pupils in a household of thirty-four. To find pleasant occupations for the boys during the stormy months when they were necessarily more indoors was a constant problem. Among other things, a family post-office proved a valuable institution, in which there was a chance both for fun and for counsel more graciously received through such a medium than in any other way. Many an evening, after all the rest had retired, our mother sat up to have a little familiar talk on some point which the busy day had given her no chance to speak of; and among her papers are preserved many little notes from one and another, begging advice on certain matters, detailing grievances, or asking for a letter at least. She writes to her sister Harriet, who took a warm interest in every detail of the household: —

The little post-office, which the children tell you of, is one of the pleasantest things we have had. It appears to me we have seen deeper into the boys' hearts from these little notes they send us than we should in a good many weeks of common intercourse, for you may suppose it is next to impossible to find an opportunity of speaking to any of them without witnesses. Now we have nothing

to do but to drop a line in the letter-box, and the business is done. I have written sometimes four or five after they have gone to bed, and it appears to me that they are much pleasanter and more attentive to our wishes since they established it.

It was indeed, as she says in one of her letters, "a little nation" over which she presided; and her constant effort was to preserve a personal relation with each of its members.

In 1836, some of the older boys started the idea of printing a semi-monthly paper, to which was given the title of *The Meteor.** The little building in the yard was turned into a printing-office; and the paper, though rudely printed by untrained hands, became quite an important matter in the little world, as well as a medium for various amusing views and suggestions from the townspeople, to which allusion is made in our mother's letters. From the first she entered into the plan with the greatest interest, and, besides enlisting her friends as contributors, was often the chief assistant in compiling the different numbers. Her sister, Mrs. Hall, was also one of the most constant contributors, and sent many a page of lively verse and prose. Among other suggestions discussed in *The Meteor* was that of giving a more worthy name to the beautiful hill which forms so noticeable a feature of the village, which had hitherto been called Liquor Hill, from the story of an Indian having spilled his rum-keg there. This was felt to be peculiarly offensive now that the temperance cause was enlisting such enthusiasm, and it was not

* From the interest excited by the meteoric showers of November, 1835.

difficult to fix upon the name Mount Assabet, from the river of that name which flows through the town. A celebration was set on foot for the 4th of July, 1836. The whole town participated. The multitude gathered on the hill; and, after a collation and other festivities, an open barrel of water was rolled down the hill to efface the memory of the liquor spilled there, while the children sang with energy two songs written for the occasion by our mother. Altogether, it was one of the pleasantest affairs the village had known.

> "Mount Assabet with smiles we greet,
> Now Liquor Hill no more:
> That odious name we hence disclaim,
> Though long that name it bore."

The paper was continued from June, 1836, to March, 1837. It had given free expression to anti-slavery opinions, in reports of lyceum debates, etc.

To Mrs. Hall.

I hope you will like *The Meteor.* The boys have taken pains enough to please their subscribers; but, as they say, they have met with many difficulties. There is a good deal of interest excited in this town in the paper, and they have a great many subscribers here. It is the first paper ever published in Northborough, and it is spread far and wide. It is taken in Illinois, Philadelphia, Bristol, N.J., in Washington, New Hampshire, Maine, and Rhode Island. This is a very extensive circulation; but they cannot help it, as the boys send them to their friends.

To C. T. NOVEMBER 8, 1836.

I take my pen after a long interval and after being in your debt a long time. We send another number of our little paper, which I hope you continue to find interesting. We were very glad to see Mary again, as you may suppose. I had begun to feel the want of her very much; and I was very glad, too, to find that she was so glad to get home. I was afraid she would find her round of duties irksome after so long a respite from them, but she seems to drop into her place quite readily. It seems to renew my youth to have her stay among those to whom I have made so many pleasant visits. We did not look forward, when I was working my quilt in your front chamber, and attending your pleasant Salmagundi meetings, to a great girl of mine ever staying with you, as Mary has done.

So far I wrote before the boys came in for their lessons in the evening. When they had got through at eight o'clock, Mr. Allen came in to read, after I had played to them a little while on the guitar. Mr. Allen has now left us, the boys are gone to bed, and Mary is playing to Thornton, who never heard a guitar before, and seems quite enchanted. And meantime I will put my finishing stroke to this, while I am waiting for Mr. Clarke to come home. I tell you this, that you may imagine just how I am employed. There is a pile of mending on one side of me, and my knitting work on the other. There, Mr. Clarke has come, and my eyes ache so much I am afraid I shall not be able to finish this.

Mr. Allen is reading the most beautiful book, "My Prisons," by Pellico. Perhaps you have seen this book. You do not know what a treat it is to hear reading for an hour or two, but I suppose it will be a short-lived enjoyment. There are sometimes weeks that Mr. Allen does not get time to read aloud at all.

To Mrs. Lincoln. MARCH, 1837.

... All our new boys we like very well. They are generally more quiet than those we have had before, and we get along altogether more comfortably than we did last winter.... I wish you could have seen us this morning. The little pond opposite our house is very much overflowed by this thaw, so that it makes quite a respectable-sized pond to skate on. This morning all the boys were upon it, skating and sliding; and it was such a glorious morning, and they looked so pretty on the ice, that I could not help leaving my breakfast things to go out, too. Mr. Allen and Mr. Clarke were there, skating with the rest; and finally we all got out. There were twenty-nine on that little piece, skating, sliding, and some drawing the girls on their sleds, crossing each other in every direction; and altogether a happier and pleasanter sight you do not often see.

To C. T. MAY 27, 1837.

I suppose Mary told you that we have carpenters, as usual, this vacation; and the weather has been so bad, and has put all our work behindhand so much, that we have more than half our work left to do in this last week of vacation. We are almost longing for term to begin again. Pray, do not pity me for having so much care. The moment I am released from it I am the most idle, useless being imaginable; and it is nothing but the necessity of the thing that spurs me on to any exertion at all. Besides, I am used to it, and sleep a great deal sounder, I do not doubt, than you. I have excellent help, and intend to have more; and, with good help and good health as I have now, what excuse can I have for living an idle life? The greatest disadvantage I feel from it is that I have so many things to think of that I can think of nothing profitably, and am sometimes in danger of forgetting all.

In January, 1838, our mother was taken ill with a fever, which confined her to her bed for seven weeks, and to the house for three months. An excellent nurse was procured, and the household went on with its usual regularity; but it was a time of great anxiety to our father, and our sister Mary, who was at school in Providence, was called home for a time. As spring advanced, she slowly recovered, and in May was able to take a little journey, visiting her friends in Providence, Hingham, and Cambridge.

To C. T. JUNE 15, 1838.

I have been at home now a fortnight, and I believe I can truly say that this is the first leisure moment I have found to write to you. . . . I have felt very bright and well since I returned and took hold of work in earnest; and plenty of it I found to do, having done so little for so many months before, and being a season of the year when a house has to be overhauled from garret to cellar. This kind of business occupied me all the forenoons for a week, as I had no one to assist me in it but Lucy. *Setting to rights* is a kind of business not to be done by proxy, you know. At least, I never find that I can tell where a thing is unless I put it away myself.

Our family seems very small indeed. Most of our great boys are gone, some who had been with us three years; and we miss them very much. We have not so many as we have had, and neither Mary nor Elizabeth at home, nor Miss Hunt, who had been with us for six months. You may suppose it seems strange to me. But we have every prospect of a pleasant summer.

On June 24 came a severe shock in the sudden death of the sister whom she had so lately visited.

Mrs. Hall had accompanied her husband in his drive from Providence to Grafton, where they passed the night with friends. By a triple exchange of pulpits, it was agreed that he should preach in Northborough the next day, and they were to start early in the morning to drive over; but in the night Mrs. Hall was seized with apoplexy, and died in a few hours. Her delightful qualities had endeared her to a large circle of friends, and she was greatly mourned. She was buried at Mount Auburn the following week. Our mother writes to her sister, Mrs. Lincoln, in July: —

When we parted at Cambridge, I thought I should write you very soon; but three weeks have passed, which seem almost an age. O Mary, can you realize what we then passed through? Is it not a dream? I am sure that every recollection of our dear Harriet is so pleasant that it would inspire nothing but pleasant thoughts if they were not all mingled with the sad thought that all is at an end.

To Misses Clark at Lexington. JULY, 1838.

My dear Aunts,— I have been wanting a long time to write to you, but I will not weary you with excuses. You will easily suppose that I cannot find much time to write, especially as Mary has been gone from home most of the time since Thanksgiving, at school in Providence. We expect her home now in a few weeks, and I assure you I shall not be in a hurry to part with her again. She has attended an excellent school; and I have been very glad to have had her with her Aunt Harriet, who, you know, was very fond of her, and M., I believe, loved her almost as well as she did me. You must have been very much shocked to hear of the death of this dear sister. Very dear indeed she was to us all, but I believe particularly

to me, as she had lived with us so much that she seemed quite as one of our family, and she always took a deep interest in all that related to us. This is one of the mysteries of Providence that we cannot solve till the veil is withdrawn between us and the eternal world. Then we shall understand why one so beloved and so necessary to her friends should be taken away in the midst of her health and her usefulness.

I suppose you have heard before now the particulars of this sad event. Nothing could be more sudden. She was very well and in fine spirits till the moment she was taken, which was like a sudden blow. They were intending to come on to Northborough in the morning, expecting to give us a pleasant surprise. Before that time arrived, I was on my way to her death-bed. I arrived about two hours before she died, but she was insensible. I went that afternoon to Cambridge with Mr. Hall; and you can imagine our melancholy ride, and what a shock it was to them all. Father bore it better than I feared, for there was no way of breaking the sad news to them by degrees. Nothing could be said but the simple words, "Harriet is gone!"

To Mrs. Lincoln. NOVEMBER, 1838.

My dear Sister,— You would not wonder, if you could take a peep at us, that I do not write. You would rather wonder that we ever get time to write at all; and yet I believe there are few families who carry on a more brisk trade in letters than we do. There is not a week in which we do not, every one of us, write more or less letters. As we send to the boys [at college] every week, the girls take their turns to write to them and to their cousins. You can't tell how pleasant it is, and how we all depend on the *bundle.*

Mr. Hall came here on Friday of week before last. He

brought a good many of Harriet's letters to him, some of which he read to us, and some we read ourselves. Some were in her happiest vein of humor; and, strange as it may appear to you, we could not help indulging in a hearty laugh. How could we feel, while reading these speaking representations of herself that she was not living and breathing still? how could we feel, while every line was full of life and affection, that that pen was still, that affectionate heart at rest forever? I cannot think it. I cannot feel it. I must feel that she is still here, and interests herself in us as ever. I am sure such a spirit as hers can never die,—can never cease to sympathize with us, as she did while she was with us. O my dear Mary, what a comfort are these letters! how they seem to keep her with us! I never valued letters before as I shall now.

In 1839, Mr. Hiram Withington came to assist in the school and study for the ministry. The following letter, written by him to a friend, gives a glimpse of the life as it appeared to a stranger:

NORTHBOROUGH, April, 1839.

I had pictured to myself an old-fashioned country house, amongst the woods, with a meeting-house "as old as the hills," here and there a house falling to pieces scattered among the thick woods,—a place without society or business. For all this I was prepared, and contented myself with thinking "what a capital place it would be for study"; and, quoting Emerson's remark on the student, "He must embrace solitude as a bride," "He must have his glees and his glooms alone," I resigned myself to my fate. But, instead of this, I found a neat hamlet, quite thickly settled, and with many beautiful houses; and, about a furlong beyond, just opposite the meeting-house,—which

stands upon a hill exactly near enough to be pleasant,—"Priest Allen's" house, as the man who drove me from the depot said. I recognized it the moment I saw it,—not by the picture my fancy had painted, however.

It is a large white house, in modern style, with a piazza in front, and a garden laid out into walks and beds, with a rude summer-house of poles, over which creeps something, I suppose, in summer. Before the house, at a furlong's distance, rises a beautiful and lofty hill, with a shady grove and a flagstaff on the top, called Mount Assabet. But I was going to tell you how I knew the house. In the garden were about a dozen boys, busy with rake and hoe and shovel and garden-rope and all such paraphernalia, measuring and laying out beds for Lucy and Lizzie and Ellen and Edward and Willie and all the rest, as intent upon their work as if their lives depended upon completing it in fifteen minutes. Everything spoke the house the abode of children. Here was a rabbit-pen, there a water-wheel in the stream, and the wood-pile laid out into wigwams.

But let me introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Allen. I will spare any description of their personal appearance, and only say they belong to that class of persons whom we love at first sight without knowing how or why, so gentle and affable, so attentive and warm-hearted, that the moment they open their lips you are a stranger no longer, you find that you are at home, with those who feel and acknowledge their relationship to you. The school consists of fifteen boys, many of them very interesting, and five girls,—the whole family of about thirty. Three hours of the afternoon I spend in the school-room, and the rest of the time appropriate to my own studies. But they do not have any time. I have risen at five and sometimes sat till about twelve, improving all I could find, and scarcely averaging fifteen minutes' exercise a day, and

have not been able to find any to speak of. Our street is a wide and good one, planted on each side with a row of elms and horse-chestnuts. The house stands between two meeting-houses, and a little way below is a beautiful grove of evergreen trees.

Let me tell you how the evenings are spent here. Mr. Allen generally reads from some interesting book to those who choose to listen. The girls with Mrs. Allen and a number of boys are clustered around him, asking a question now, and now whispering some funny thing to each other in the parlor. Somebody in the distance is blowing a bugle, with whose mellow notes the shouts of the boys on the church green merrily chime. But come with me into the dining-room and school-room. Here are all sorts of games,— chess, checkers, lotos, dominoes, dissected maps, etc. Sometimes we try experiments, one of which on sound perhaps you will like to try. Paste a thin piece of paper over a tumbler, cover it with sand, and blow on some musical instrument, when the sand will be seen to dance in time to the music in a most amusing manner.

One evening we had a wedding here; one evening the girls danced; and one evening, as it was stormy, all played games, in which I participated for a time. One roguish girl gave me in judgment for a pawn to "pull the boys' ears the next day." We have plenty of music, too,— a piano, a guitar and flute. And merry little Lucy sings from morning to night. All is harmony and peace,— no harsh words, no unkind looks, no questioning of authority. Two of the sons are at college, and every Saturday a package is received from them. The children eagerly watch for this, and I presume it is asked for half a dozen times before it arrives. At length the long-expected "mail-bag" came,— a most mysterious-looking package, a tin box fastened with a leather strap. Eagerly the children gathered around it, and took from amongst its parcels a little bag

marked "U. S. Mail, Allenville and Cambridge." There was a letter for father, and Lucy and Lizzie and Edward and Richard and Henry. One of them, after giving its recipient a deal of sage advice about laying out and planting his garden, advises him to sprinkle a little essence of peppermint into every other hill of his potatoes to give them a pleasant flavor, or, if he did not like that, a little condensed moonshine. If you love to hear children laugh, you would have enjoyed the burst of merriment which this occasioned.

And then Sunday came, the most delightful day of all, so pleasant to see so numerous a family of children taught to reverence its sanctity and to understand its design and value. After the usual exercises of the morning at the breakfast table, the boys went to the school-room, and I spent an hour in going over, with questions and remarks, a portion of the Old Testament. After afternoon service, the large boys were furnished with suitable books for Sunday reading, and the little boys went to the school-room with Mrs. Allen. There was no loud talking or laughing. We had a dinner consisting of dishes which are rarely seen at any other time,* and which the children therefore consider a luxury, but which kept no one at home to cook it. The evening was closed by singing some hymns, among which some in Latin sounded very pleasantly; and thus terminated this interesting day.

But I fear you will get the idea that this is actually a little paradise, without aught of human evil or trial in it. Not quite. Some of our boys are rude and undisciplined, though generally very affectionate; some are without principle; and many are very thoughtless and negligent of duty. But I am very much interested in them,—so

* This may remind the reader of a little sketch in the writings of Henry Ware, Jr., called "A Sabbath in the Country," written after a visit to our father in Northborough.

much so that I am afraid that I shall give them so much time that I shall be myself the loser. The house is filled with books from garret to cellar: shelves and cases, innumerable desks and tables, are filled and covered with them.

Sunday, although more strictly kept than we should think well nowadays, was not made a disagreeable day to us. On the contrary, while we were children, we always regarded it as having something specially pleasant about it. Perhaps the strongest association it has in our minds is that of our evening singing together, when we became familiar with so many beautiful hymns and tunes,* and always ended with the family song, adapted by our mother to a sweet Scotch tune and ending "Brothers and sisters hand in hand." Our mother also read to us the Bible stories till they were like household words to us. Although we might sometimes get a little tired with attending two services, as we generally did, we got no harm from it, even of uncomfortable memories, since it was as much a matter of course as any other regular occupation.

During the period of the school, it was a more difficult part of mother's duties to make it pleasant, since with numbers more restraint was necessary. Two things lessened its irksomeness, even to the most uneasy ones. One was the fact that its occupations were shared with so many others, which of itself produces many pleasant associations for after-

* On one evening, at a later family gathering, sixty-four of these familiar hymns and tunes were sung from memory, as one or another member selected or called for them. The hymn here mentioned is found in the first edition of the A. U. A. "Hymn and Tune Book," p. 306.

life; and the other was the perfect sincerity that was apparent in those who made the regulations, the anxious desire for their good which they could not but perceive was the motive underlying all, and which usually gained their respect. Ways were invented for quiet occupation, but it was the hardest day of the week to a person of so exacting a conscience as our mother, and dealing with such a variety of restless elements.

The following letters from our mother give a hint or two of the course of the remaining years of this most laborious period of her life: —

To C. T. JANUARY 5, 1840.

I find that there is nothing which puts back the work of a family so much as sickness. At least, I know with regard to myself that I can do but little else than attend to the sick-chamber; and meantime my work is like a person's character, which, you know, is said to retrograde, if it does not advance. I am fortunate enough to have an able assistant this winter in Louisa Hunt, who, perhaps you may remember, spent the winter here two years ago, and proved herself a very efficient housekeeper during my sickness. . . . She is about one year older than Mary; and with Hannah Howe and cousin Joseph, who are just Mary's age, you may think we have a pretty lively family. In a fortnight, too, Joseph and Prentiss will be at home. How can I help growing young, while all around me are so, even with all I have to remind me of the lapse of years?

To C. T. APRIL 23, 1843.

We are all quite well now, for almost the first time since Christmas, though none of us have been very sick. Edward had a lung fever, others bad colds, etc. I do

not consider sickness so great an affliction as some do, perhaps because it has seldom visited us in a very severe form: but it brings into exercise many of our best virtues and feelings, and, from showing us our entire dependence upon each other, binds us more closely together. For instance, E. seems to have a more confidential and tender feeling toward me since his sickness. Then, for myself, it seems to be one of my greatest blessings; for, amid the hurry and confusion in which I live, I feel often the need of a *resting-spell*, and a time and place for retreat and meditation, which the sick-chamber affords me.

In the winter of 1843–44, Miss Dix was a guest in the house for some days, making it her head-quarters while visiting the neighboring towns on her mission of mercy to the insane. She brought to light many cases of great brutality in the treatment of helpless unfortunates, which were a shocking revelation of what might be hidden, here and there, beneath the pleasant aspect of our New England villages.

Even now, when so much wiser and more humane methods are employed, there is occasionally a similar shock given to the public by the discovery of similar evils; and it is not surprising that in those remoter times and more isolated ways of living even the best communities should have harbored them unawares. Miss Dix's fearless researches and exposures bore lasting good fruit; and to our parents it was a delightful privilege to have had her with us, and to hear from her own lips some of her thrilling experiences. Having found our large family in the midst

of Christmas preparations, she sent afterwards the following verses for the occasion: —

Peace be within these walls,
  God's blessing here abide:
Be every heart attuned to love,
  And health o'er all preside.

Instruction fall like dew
  Upon the opening flower,
And piety move hand in hand
  With duty, hour by hour.

No sorrows come to grieve,
  No pains to bring unrest,
Temptation firmly be withstood,
  And all through goodness blest.

So shall no fatal shade,
  No storm of grief, no blight,
The soul's clear sky e'er overspread,
  To veil its heavenly light.

We now come to the last year of this experience, which proved so great a strain upon the strength and resources of both our parents.

To C. T. MARCH, 1844.

I have been sorry to let Mr. Lincoln go home without a letter for you, but I have not felt energy enough to write when I felt otherwise pretty well. It is not till this week that I have fairly settled to my needle, and sat down to my work with a real interest. Now I can sew all day, and am glad to. I have given up my housekeeping affairs into Elizabeth's hands. She felt ambitious of the honor; and truly, when the household affairs have gone on so long without me, it does make me feel as if I was not so necessary a part of the machinery as I am apt to flatter myself I am when I am about, and taking an active part.

But it is rather a miserable way of getting along, to be tied hand and foot to one's bed, and feeling all the while how many duties must be neglected or half done, which, even when I am about every moment myself, I find so hard to have performed as they ought to be; and, when my second pair of hands is tied at the same time, it is doubly hard. I wonder, when I think how much there is to do,—E.'s and my share in addition to all the rest,—that the girls could have done it, and especially with the cheerfulness they did. I shall always love them for it. Mr. Allen got almost worn out with the confinement, as the whole care of the boys at all times came upon him; but a week's recreation has quite recruited him. It was this last, in addition to the earnest solicitations of our children, which finally determined us upon giving up our school,—an event which I know you congratulate us upon. We shall retain two or three little boys, whom E. or I can attend to. I think it will be much more desirable for the little ones who stay to be alone than with older boys.

I suppose you can hardly sympathize with me in the delight with which I look forward to Mary's being so near us.* It seems almost too much to think of, that, after having been separated for so many years, we should be permitted at last to spend our last days together. You will not wonder that I am continually laying all sorts of plans for our future intercourse, especially looking forward to so much comparative leisure as I shall enjoy. I only hope I shall improve my leisure as well as enjoy it. One thing I intend to do is to assist Mr. Allen a good deal in the garden. It will be rather new work for me, but I always had a great *hankering* for it. I think it is very healthy, and hope I shall enjoy it as much as I expect to. The boys have just filed off to bed, the bell has just rung for nine o'clock, and they are just coming

* Her sister, Mrs. Lincoln, was about to move to Northborough.

in from Lyceum. I have written the whole of this amidst the din and confusion of tongues.

To C. T. APRIL 18, 1844.

We are looking forward, to be sure, as you appear to think, to a season of comparative rest, but it is not to live an idle or even an easy life that we have concluded to do as we have. I think the strength of neither of us is equal now to the cares we have had; but there are many duties which I have been (as I thought) obliged to neglect, which I now hope I shall be able to perform, both towards my family and towards society.

As to enjoying life *once more*, as you say, I always have enjoyed it. Very few probably have enjoyed so much. Very few, I fear, have had so much to enjoy. I have even enjoyed my seasons of sickness; for they have given me rest of a certain kind, and have been, I hope, profitable as seasons of meditation, and by turning my mind and thoughts from the petty daily cares of life, which necessarily engross so much of my time when I am well. If it were not for this, I fear sometimes that I should become entirely worldly-minded, and wedded to the things of earth. But I think I have found sickness to be a blessing, though for the time not joyous, but grievous; and I know it must be a heavy burden to the family. In that point of view, it is a great trial to me.

The circumstance you mention respecting Miss Parsons [mind-reading in letters, etc.] is very astonishing. I have seen something similar related in the paper. It seems to be something different from anything we have heard of before, and, were it not testified to by such people, would be more than we could believe. I have always thought there was more in magnetism than was believed, but I have never been willing to hear any of the itinerant lecturers or see any of those experiments in

public. I think there is so much room for imposition that I never thought I should be satisfied; but I am ready to believe anything properly attested, as much as if I saw it myself. It appears to me that it may be made subject to too great abuse ever to be very extensively useful, but we have a great deal to learn yet.

To C. T. OCTOBER, 1844.

. . . The accounts [of Miss Parsons's mind or letter reading] are very astonishing, and I should like to see and try for myself. As the next to that, I will send down to you some letters in envelopes, numbered, which you may present; and, if it is necessary to take off the envelopes, use every precaution that no one may know the author of them. Then please let me know the result in each particular case.

I should like to have her state the characteristics of the *letter* itself, as well as of the person who wrote it. Take down, if you can, what she says, at the time she says it. Ask her if there is more than one written by the same person, and which. I will send several by different persons on different subjects. I feel a great interest in it. Perhaps I have asked too much in requesting you to take so many letters; but I will send them all, and you may select. I should like to have No. 5 read first. I will tell you why some time. You may read yourself all that she examines. No, upon the whole, you had better return them unopened. I will show them to you some time. Be very careful of them, for they are some of my most valuable letters.

To C. T. DECEMBER, 1844.

I am very glad to hear so good accounts of Miss Martineau. I am sure it must convince the most skeptical, and a person must be prejudiced indeed who would not

rejoice to have a friend restored to health and usefulness by whatever means not immoral. Even if it should not prove permanent, it is a great gain to have added a brief season of enjoyment to her painful existence. As you say, I think the world is yet in its infancy. We have much yet to learn in every department, and in none more than in that of the mind.

When we see what wonders are performed by magnetism and the electric telegraph, beyond what we can comprehend, how shall we dare to place limits to the functions of the mind, when we *know* that we can, at will, recall to our minds the exact image of anything which we wish to remember? We cannot understand the other any more than we can this, but yet we do not and cannot question that it is so. As to the character which you sent me, I am not at all more convinced by that. It has no individuality. There must be some faults peculiar to the person for that. As J. H. says, a person's faults make his character; and one rather glories in his faults, for it gives him something to do to correct them. I do not know what Mr. Allen thought. I tore it from the other part before Mary read it. She said she did not know who it could be. It seemed as if it might be some one of our family, but she thought the same things would apply to a good many. Now, certainly, every one has his or her individual faults, and they ought to be mentioned. It was that which made Mr. Adams's character so striking, though, to be sure, very few have so strong points of character as Mr. Adams; and it is that which makes it so difficult to believe that it could have been done without a knowledge of the person, that every point in the character was so fully brought out.

No picture of the home would be complete without that of the Christmas celebrations, which were so important a part of its customs. From the time

when Dr. Follen introduced the Christmas tree into America, our mother saw the use she might make of it in her own peculiar family, where she felt it specially important to lose no opportunity of cultivating kind and affectionate feelings. There should be not only giving and receiving in common, but all the ingenuity and contrivance needed to supplement a narrow purse, with all that wit could supply of entertainment.

She was very watchful lest a mercenary or envious spirit should be fostered by exchange of gifts, and her own were chiefly valuable as the work of her own hands or for the lively verses which accompanied them. Her example set others to writing; and so the Christmas rhymes made quite a volume, as well as a pleasant record for many years.

Something specially amusing was always expected to accompany her gifts for our father; and we give one of the least personal, written to accompany the gift of a needle and thread.

With a Needle and Thread.—L. C. A. to J. A.

I have sometimes been asked did I help make your sermons:
Yes, as I'm your helpmeet through all kinds of weather,
In this as in all things we both join our forces,—
You find the ideas to fill your discourses,
And I find the thread that connects them together.
Were it not for my thread, they'd be put to the rout,
Every light wind of doctrine would blow them about,—
Down the aisles, through the pews, with their freaks and vagaries,
And hitting at random both Marthas and Marys.
Like Friend Hopper, the children would be almost frantic
At seeing loose pieces of paper so antic.

One would soar up above us till quite out of sight:
Bewildered, we gaze at its perilous flight;
But, seeing it harmlessly float through the air,
We suppose 'twas intended for some higher sphere,
So complacently sink to our former repose,
And patiently wait for the sermon to close.
If by some stray leaf we should chance to be hit,
'Twas not meant for us, surely! the coat does not fit!
And when you've prepared one with much pains and labor,
We think it don't fit us so well as our neighbor.
But, now I've supplied you with needle and thread,
Those calamities dire you no longer will dread.
No more vaguely floating about in the dark,
Wherever you aim, they'll go straight to the mark,
And, together combined in one beautiful whole,
They will reach to the heart and sink into the soul.

It was a great pleasure to our father to observe and encourage a love of learning in any of the scholars of the public schools; and, when the town in later years voted him a sum of money in acknowledgment of his unpaid services to the schools for many years, he set it aside as a loan fund to be advanced to young persons who might need it in getting an education, and, when one repaid it, it went to another.

But before that time, in his visits to the schools as committee man, in 1840 he had remarked a boy of fine intelligent face and manner,— Augustus Warren Whipple,— who was evidently a stranger in town. On inquiry he found that he was an orphan, who had come to town as an apprentice. After some conversation with him, finding that he had a real desire for an education,— which then meant *going to college*,— our father proposed that he should come and take

the place of his own sons, who had left home; and in return for such services as he could render he would fit him for college in his own school. For several years he was a pleasant member of the family, and, after an interval of time spent in Hingham, entered college, where he was able to support himself by teaching throughout his course, partly in public schools and partly as private tutor in the family of President Everett.

After graduation (in 1849) he was for some time in doubt as to a profession, fearing to disappoint our father if he did not enter the ministry, yet not feeling himself specially called to that office. On finding that our father wished him to be perfectly free as to his decision, his mind became clearer, and he finally decided upon the study of divinity. At the close of this course he received and accepted a call to a vacant parish, but, before being settled, wished to look up some relatives he had heard of in Lansingburg, N.Y. He took passage from New York on the Hudson River steamboat "Reindeer," and was one of the victims of the fatal explosion of that vessel, in 1852.

As it was his educational work, especially in relation to the public schools, by which our father was most widely known, it is interesting to turn to his annual school reports, to learn his ideas on the subject. Of these none are preserved before the year 1845. An opportunity to influence the citizens of the town in behalf of wise and far-reachng plans was given at that time by the custom of reading the school reports at the annual town meeting. Now,

the reports are printed beforehand, and those only read them who are already interested. Then, at a favorable hour, in full town meeting, all listened, and were able to discuss, with approval or otherwise, the ideas or plans suggested. All these things contributed towards forming an enlightened public opinion, which raised Northborough to a rank among the very highest in the State in matters of education. Constant intercourse was kept up with such men as Horace Mann and other educational leaders; and the fresh and earnest spirit which glowed through the State Reports of the Board of Education of that period kindled a similar interest in their readers, and our father circulated them as far as he was able among the people.

His own town reports discuss particularly methods of discipline, avoidance of harsh or extreme measures, and appeal to what is best in a child's nature, by kindness and sympathy. Expulsion with consent of the committee rather than corporal punishment should be used towards incorrigible offenders.

He writes to one of his sons, on his first teaching, 1845: "You must not expect too much from your scholars at first. Seek to gain their good will, and show them that you wish and intend to do them all the good you can."

And again: "It will require a good deal of wisdom and energy to succeed well in such a place; but I trust you will not be found wanting. Be gentle and patient, as well as firm, and seek to gain the confidence of your pupils and to bring them into subjection to the law of love. I have always regretted

that in my first attempt at school-keeping, in which I was tolerably successful, I punished two very bad boys with too much severity. I think now that I might have subdued them without a blow; but I was young and inexperienced."

Among other things he early advocated a better system of primary teaching, and the introduction of the elements of natural history, which, strange as it seems to us now, had been almost unknown in the public school system. A lady now living in a distant city writes: "Your father was in advance of his age. He was known by every child in town. When about seven years old, I went to the town hall, where he gave the children a lesson in botany. He held in his hand a sorrel-blossom, and allowed us children to look through a magnifying-glass, when we saw a beautiful flower, as large as a single rose." This was about the year 1826.

At one time he invited the scholars from the public schools to his house for an hour or two on Saturday afternoons, for a familiar and practical talk on botany, teaching them how to examine and identify (by the Linnæan system then, of course) the flowers they brought in, and to look at them in the microscope,—a great enjoyment, which they do not forget.

In September, 1843, occurred the death of our mother's brother, Henry Ware, Jr. The Memoir prepared by his brother John has fully told the story of his devoted and beautiful life. From similarity of work and of interests, he had always been in very intimate relationship with both our parents. To us

there remains a vivid memory of the genial spirit, which was never more in its element than when surrounded by nephews and nieces, charming them all by his playful sallies or little songs composed for their amusement.

A few weeks later, our mother wrote the following verses for the ordination of her eldest son, who was settled as minister in Jamaica Plain, October 18, 1843:—

When on the brink of Jordan's flood
The youthful prophet mourning stood,
And saw his Master borne above
In clouds of fire, on wings of love,—

In answer to his earnest prayer,
Elijah cast his mantle there,
And of the heavenly spirit shed
A double portion on his head.

Our prophets, Lord, are failing fast;
Their mantles to the earth they cast:
Triumphant, they ascend on high,
And fiery chariots fill the sky.

When they are numbered with the dead,
Oh, raise up others in their stead!
On others let their spirit rest,
To do the work which Christ hath blessed.

And this, thy youthful servant, Lord,
Whom thou hast spared to preach thy word,
Lest heart be faint and faith grow dim,
A double portion rest on him!

V.

AUTUMN DAYS.—1844-1857.

Their green spring then, their autumn now, so golden and serene,
And many a long, bright, sultry summer working-day between.
Those years have laid their hand upon the bridegroom and the bride,
Frosty, but kindly; and, with days, their joys are multiplied.
Gray hairs fringe scantily where lay the locks of sunny brown,
The white beard gathers round the face then smooth with boyish down,
The ruddy cheeks are furrowed with the lines of time and care,
The wide brow shows the histories that Life has written there;
But eye, lip, voice, and hand have kept the dear old mother-tongue:
True love is never out of date, the heart is always young!

THE close of the school released our parents from a weight of care, which seemed to leave them with new zeal for whatever work remained for them to do. Although the house was never without pupils, sometimes one or two, sometimes increasing to the size of a small school (generally of little boys and girls, but occasionally classes of older girls), the care and teaching fell into the hands of their children.

Character does not stand still, and there were times when that of the parish or the town seemed retrograding. Any lukewarmness or indifference in the parish seems, to a conscientious pastor, to indicate some lack of faithfulness or efficiency on his own part; and this the following letter to his wife, who was visiting her friends in Hingham, expresses;

My dear Wife,— I hope you will return quite well, so that you can go to work with me for the intellectual and spiritual wants of my people. I want to do more for them than I have done for the last ten years, and more than I ever have done. . . . There is a great backwardness and lukewarmness in regard to the subject of personal religion. You can do much to help me, and I cherish the hope that our labors will not be ineffectual. Good-by, and peace be with you.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.

His preaching had always been earnest and practical. The personal religion he enforced was a cheerful self-consecration to the highest ideal, inseparable from the plainest every-day duties. It was a very simple, straightforward adaptation of New Testament teaching to every aspect of life as it came up; and those trained up under it could never feel that religion was a thing apart from any most ordinary experience of life. As he says in the New Year sermon printed by request of his people, on the text "What is your Life?" he dwelt "on the value, not the vanity of life."

The following letters were written on a journey taken to the West in 1845, provided for him by his sons, who felt that the change and refreshment were much needed by him. Though never ill, the records show that he often suffered from the effects of long-continued cares. Headaches became frequent, and Mondays were liable to be days of entire lassitude, if not of suffering. He gradually took up the habit of spending them, as far as possible, in his garden or otherwise out of doors,— a practice he recommended to other ministers.

J. A. to L. C. A. LAKE HURON, June 19, 1845.

My dear Daughter,— We have just breakfasted; and, although it is difficult to write with the motion of the boat, yet, as I have so much to say and so little to do, I will make the attempt. . . . We have now passed three nights on board, and are approaching Mackinaw, which we hope to reach by noon, and where we shall stop to take in wood, etc. As soon as the supper table is cleared away, the chairs and ottomans are removed from the centre of the saloon, and the band that accompanies the boat comes forward and plays, and the young folks dance till about ten, when we retire. I have seen more dancing since I came on board than ever before in my life. And even Dr. Beecher, who sat beside me, seemed to enjoy it highly, beating the time with his foot, as I did, because we could not help it. . . . I expect to reach Milwaukee to-morrow evening, to preach there one Sabbath and the next at Chicago, and then to set my face towards the East, and to reach home by the middle of July. . . . Stopped two hours at Mackinaw, a most romantic, wild-looking place. Indians encamped in wigwams at the foot of the precipitous rocks.

To Mr. Allen, on his journey West.

NORTHBOROUGH, June 22, 1845.

My dear Husband,— We were made very light-hearted and happy by the nice packet of letters which Mrs. D. handed me at meeting to-day,— the more so as there were so many to share with us. We went to meeting this morning,— eleven grown women, five men, besides Mrs. E.'s family and the boys. . . . As we wish to make the letter as long as possible, and each will want to tell his own story in his own way, I will not take up the paper by any sentimental ejaculations as to the lonely hours I pass, and how much we miss you night and morning and when we

have company, and how everybody is saying, "How I miss Mr. Allen, and how glad I shall be when he gets home!" but proceed to tell a plain, unvarnished tale of our doings since you left home. . . .

How I wish I could have seen you heading that procession to the Falls! I suppose one little girl in your arms, and three or four tugging at the skirts of your coat: the boys can always take care of themselves.

. . . I have to try a great deal not to think how I should like to be with you. I should not be surprised at all if you should want to turn emigrant or missionary, and then I should have an opportunity; but, wherever I am, I am your affectionate wife.

To Mrs. Allen. CUBA, N.Y., July 7, 1845.

Your letter, my dear, did me good like a medicine. . . . I reached Cuba at sunset, after a ride of fifty-three miles in one of the finest days of summer, over a hilly region, roads excellent and free from dust, much of the country wild and picturesque. . . . The Erie Railroad is laid out, and the grading partly done through this valley, as is also the canal from the Genesee to the Alleghany, so that it must be in time a thriving village. At present, the works are discontinued for want of funds; and in consequence the people are disappointed, and many have left and are leaving for the West. . . . I preached for my brother Asa all day yesterday to a full house and an attentive congregation, addressed the Sunday-school, and at the third service spoke to the young men and had a good audience. You will judge what sort of a congregation I had, when I inform you that it was composed of persons of six different nations and eight different religious sects; and such, I understand, is the case with many of the churches of the West. My brother has a pretty little cottage just out of the village, a few rods from the road, with

a nice garden, bordered with flowers in front, which looks charming, as many of the richest flowers are now in their glory. The flowers are on both sides of a broad walk leading from the road to the house. A little creek (which we have concluded to call Allen's creek) runs alongside of the garden, which, when swollen by the rains, becomes a furious torrent, overflowing the yard, garden, etc., and which in the dryest season is a fine mountain stream, in some places four or five feet deep. I would give $100 in a moment for such a water privilege so near my house. The water is used for washing, and is scarcely a rod from the kitchen. There is also a spring a few rods distant, which, as they have no well, is used for drinking and culinary purposes. My brother has a very interesting family of pretty children, who are already on good terms with their new uncle, the little ones especially hanging on his knees, and saying they should like to go home with him. . . . With unchanging affection, I am, etc.,

J. ALLEN.

To his Son. SARATOGA SPRINGS, July 18, 1845.

Dear Prentiss,—I hope you have not been subjected to great inconvenience by my absence. I am sure I ought to be, I hope I am, thankful that I have children able and willing to help their father. . . . I have had much enjoyment and, I hope, received much profit and done some good during these seven weeks of absence, and hope to return strengthened and fitted for the toils and trials that await me. I have seen much that is beautiful and grand. I have made some pleasant acquaintances, formed some strong attachments, gained some good friends from whom it was hard to part; but I feel that I shall love home better than ever, and I hope in a very few days to see you face to face, and rejoice together.

I have just learned of the death of your grandfather*

* Henry Ware, Senior.

from the Boston paper of Wednesday, and want to hear the particulars. We cannot, however, mourn for his death, which is only the emancipation of the spirit from the bondage of the flesh into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. But I wish I could have accompanied your mother to the funeral. It would have been a revival of the emotions which were awakened on a similar occasion two years since, when we met to pay our last tribute of affection to the memory of your uncle. What a blessed privilege to have such friends to love! to have enjoyed their society so long, and to entertain the confident hope of a reunion in a higher state! . . .

As I was walking last evening, whom should I meet but Dr. Dewey and Miss Sedgwick; and this morning we met at the Congress Spring, and took a stroll together for half an hour. There are many pleasant walks, and all sorts of amusements for the grave and the gay. Some make excursions to Saratoga Lake and the battle-ground in the vicinity, some dozen or fifteen miles from the Springs. . . .

I found Mr. Emmons in a more favorable situation than I had supposed. Vernon is a pleasant place, and he has a good church and a very respectable-looking congregation. The church was built for the Oneida Indians, and stood about four miles from Vernon, at a place called Oneida Castle. As most of the tribe had removed to Green Bay, in Wisconsin, the church was sold; and some strong and zealous Unitarians purchased it, took it to pieces, and removed it to the spot where it now stands. He preaches a third service at Oneida Castle, where they intend soon to build a small church, and have preaching half of the time, as some of his parishioners live in that neighborhood; and it is hoped that many will join them if they have preaching there. . . .

Your affectionate father, J. ALLEN.

L. C. A. to her Daughter L. C. A. NORTHBOROUGH, July 20, 1845.

I suppose E. told you I had gone to your grandfather's funeral. He has at last gone to his rest and his reward,—to his rest from a long life of arduous and active exertion, and to his reward for all the various and manifold duties faithfully performed. I doubt if there was ever a more sincere, devoted, self-sacrificing man. No one knew him but to venerate and love him. I am glad that you have seen and known him enough to be able to remember him; and I hope you will always cherish the remembrance of his placid and serene countenance and manner, and, as far as you can, endeavor to imitate his example. There was no change in him, but he became gradually weaker, and finally ceased to breathe.

When I was there a week before, he had not spoken for several days, and I was satisfied I should never again look upon his living face. We feel very differently about this event from what we should if it had happened some years ago. The sad state he has been in for so long a time makes us look upon it as only a happy release. It was what he always dreaded. He could never bear the idea of living after his usefulness was over; but it was his fate, and no one in that state could have been less trouble than he was.

Among the letters which follow many are to their children, some of whom now had homes of their own, while the others by turns were away from home studying or teaching. They show how faithfully and lovingly they were followed in whatever interested or concerned them, and how full and happy was the intercourse which now made up so large a part of their lives. Vacation, or any other opportunity, gathered them again at the home which remained

the centre for all. An open house was kept for their young friends as well as for those of many years, with a cheerful fellowship of young and old which made it attractive, however simple the hospitality offered. "Without partiality and without hypocrisy" our mother gave to all a cordial welcome; and, while this of course caused her many busy hours, she did not burden herself or them with elaborate provisions for their entertainment. To do this would have compelled her to forego entirely this delightful freedom.

To L. C. A. NORTHBOROUGH, November 4, 1845.

My dear Girl,— I hope it will not be long before you will return among us. I feel less and less reconciled to your being away from us in this way. I do not like it. It is bad enough to part with my boys, who must go abroad and seek their living and bear their part in the toil and burden of life; but I do want to keep my girls about me as long as I can. I want you to be together more: it is not right to live separated, as you do. . . . I am sorry you find your school so uncomfortable; but I hope you are able to possess your soul in patience, and that it will prove a good discipline, as everything will that you pass through if you improve it aright. In order to be able to answer the puzzling questions of the girls, it would be a good thing for you to pay some attention to these subjects yourself, and read something upon the subject. In that your father can instruct you better than I can, and I will get him to write to you. I should hardly know how to explain this doctrine myself; for, though I am perfectly clear in my own mind, yet I fear I should not be able to make it so to others. You had better study the lesson your class have to recite, and inform yourself, so as to give

them some idea of it. As a teacher, it is your duty; and it is one way in which you can do your pupils a great deal of good. The state of the religious world is such that it is of more consequence now than it has ever been before for every one to know and understand the grounds of his religious belief. . . .

To L. C. A. NORTHBOROUGH, November 6, 1845.

My dear Lucy,— . . . Your time is always so frittered away at home that I am glad to have you so situated as to acquire more regular and quiet habits. I want, above all, that you should make it a principle not to *waste* any time, not even a minute, if you can help it. Always have some book or little piece of work to take up at odd minutes. You say that you rise late and there is not time for much before school. I hope you do not rise so late as to be an inconvenience to the family. There is no greater ill manners, I think, than to rise habitually so late as to put your landlady to inconvenience. I should be very much mortified to have you do it; and, if you find you are commonly too late, find some means of being earlier. Get the girl or some one to call you, if you cannot wake of yourself; and, if you have but little time before school, do not waste it nor fritter it away, but have some particular occupation for that hour,—for you must have as much as an hour. I should say take a walk; but, if not, take something else.

I hope you are very careful in everything to give as little trouble and make yourself as agreeable and useful as you can. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to hear that you are acceptable as a member of the family; and I hope that it is a place where you can feel like one, and not a mere boarder. I should be very glad to have you do little kindnesses for the people you are with or for the girls in the kitchen, such as I do not doubt

would often come in your way, and would be a real benefit to yourself, besides gaining their good will. It is one of the greatest objections to boarding among strangers, in the way you do, that it gets a person out of the habit of performing the little domestic offices which one does at home. I fear more than anything your losing your domestic habits, and that is one great reason why I should be glad to have you at home,—not on account of the services which you would render me, half as much as the service which I think it would be to yourself in the practice of those duties which you will one day feel the need of knowing. . . .

L. C. A. to her Daughter. NORTHBOROUGH, January 8, 1846.

We have been preparing a few things to send you from the Christmas tree. . . . As we had only about a fortnight for preparation, we could not do much, so that we did not anticipate much; but the tree far surpassed our expectations, though we missed Prentiss and those who have in former years made it pass so pleasantly. The doctor, however, is always in so good spirits that all passed off very well, though we could not expect to equal the merriment of former times. . . . My presents were of no great account, being principally made of nothing, as they usually are. Indeed, I pride myself so much upon this kind of creation that I should be quite disturbed if I were obliged to go with a full purse and lay out as much of it as I pleased. I should not feel as if I had done anything at all, though very likely other people would be better satisfied. . . . The children had many things,—among others a little box of furniture. As the chairs looked rather empty, I caused Eliza to cut out some paper dolls to put in them, for want of better. They were rather frightful, but H. thought they were the prettiest of any-

thing on the tree! which proves how much more interesting anything in the human form is, if ever so mean, than anything else.

To Mrs. Mary L. Ware. JANUARY 21, 1846.

My dear Mary,— I wanted to be writing to you all the while I was reading the Memoir,* or, still better, I should have delighted to read it with you. We all feel satisfied, and more than satisfied, with it. It seems incredible to me that he could have performed such a labor in so short a time. The mere selecting and arranging such a mass of materials is no small undertaking.

I should think, dear Mary, that it would seem like living your life over again. If it seems so to us, how much more must it to you! and now, seeing the whole spread before us at once, I was never so sensible before what a crowded life Henry's was. There seems no room for anything more; and, when we see how much of his time was spent in a sick-chamber, our only wonder is how there could be room for so much. And yet he reproached himself for neglecting his duties, when many a one would think a life well filled that did not contain half so much. I have only read it hastily, in order to let Mary have it. I want very much to read it more thoroughly. It seemed from such a hasty perusal as if every trait of his character was brought out fairly, as it ought to be; but his cheerfulness and sportiveness, which I think were remarkable, did not appear so prominent as it appeared to me they really were. Perhaps I am mistaken. It may appear different to me on a second reading; and I know it would not be right to devote too large a part of the book to any one thing. But you know, we all know, that he was the life, the soul, of the party, that our circle never seemed complete without him; and it was so much the more to be remarked in him, because his mind, we

* Of Henry Ware, Jr. By his brother, Dr. John Ware.

knew, was always filled with great and engrossing subjects. But he was always ready to lay all aside, and join in any gayety, especially for the amusement of children, that was going on, and do more than his share. How many beautiful little pieces have been brought out in this way, — his Thanksgiving songs, for instance, and many more, out of the fulness of his heart, to gratify others! and he did it so spontaneously, with so much ease, as if he could not help it. O Mary, Mary, when I think of all this, and the happy hours we have all passed together, it seems like a dream. We can live it over again, it is true, in memory and in this beautiful book; but, when we lay it aside, the present returns with the more bitterness.

From Joseph Allen to Mary L. Ware. JANUARY 23, 1846.

I want to tell you, in my own person, how entirely the Memoir satisfies me, and more than fulfils my highest hopes. I have lived over again the early part of my ministry, when my intercourse with your husband was constant, and our intimacy very close and very sweet. Of the subsequent part of his life I have learned more from the Memoir than I supposed I had to learn. And all the facts and circumstances that are new to me give him a stronger hold on my admiration and affectionate respect. What a privilege to have been connected with such a friend! . . . My ministry has not been wholly unfruitful, and on portions of it I look back with some degree of satisfaction; but I feel rebuked when I think how much more I might have done, had I brought to the work as much singleness of purpose and devotedness of heart as dear Brother Ware. I think I see manifestations of an awakened interest in my people, which I hope will not prove fallacious. We have a religious social meeting every Friday evening at our house, which is well attended, and I think will do good. I feel that I have

much to encourage me, and a multitude of blessings to be thankful for, and among them I reckon that of being so intimately connected with the wise and excellent.

To L. C. A. NORTHBOROUGH, June 1, 1846.

The week before the centennial [of the parish] was so very wet and unpleasant that it seemed impossible to make any preparations for trimming the church, but by dint of great perseverance the young folks succeeded in getting together quite a respectable quantity of evergreens and trimming it quite prettily. . . . After the service at the church, all the present assembly was invited to go down and partake of the collation. They formed quite a procession, and marched to the hall. Tables were spread for two hundred in the hall, and fifty below. And there was another company of seventy-five which came afterwards, which made some delay, as the speeches could not begin till the mouths were filled. All said it was one of the very pleasantest occasions of the kind they ever attended, the speaking so animated and free and everything so well managed. Mr. Davis presided with a good deal of dignity and ease, and Mr. Blake performed the part of host to admiration.

NOVEMBER 19, 1846.

My dear Catharine,— You reminded me last summer that I had never left a sick-chamber without first writing to you. As it is a pleasant custom which I do not wish to have done away with, I will endeavor that you shall not again have occasion to remind me of it; and here I am seated, after a season of as much happiness and excitement as a mother can well feel, as you will imagine when you know, if you do not already, that Prentiss was married on Tuesday evening and ordained yesterday. It seems almost too much to bring two such occasions so near together.

According to my usual custom, I was confined to my chamber for about a fortnight before, and E. the week before; and we both of us recovered just in season to attend the occasions, but not so as to be able to take any part in the arrangements beforehand, which all thought, or pretended to think, was a very curious and well-contrived plan of ours. The day was so fine that E. and I thought the ride to Sterling would do us good, but we had no expectation of attending the services. After we arrived, however, we could not resist going with the rest, and were none the worse for it. Several of us went in private carriages, and twenty-eight in a large omnibus. It is a most delightful ride to Sterling, and all enjoyed it highly. It will be delightful in summer, and I hope to have the pleasure of taking you there some day. . . . And, then, he has gone to a place and people who will value him and feel interested in him on his father's account.

Altogether, so far as we short-sighted mortals can judge, it seems impossible that he could have been settled more entirely to our satisfaction; and, unless something should occur which we do not now foresee, we hope to have him there many years. They are not a changing people, but an old, established society, who, I know, would not lightly set aside a young man.

In 1847 our mother was invited by her brother, Dr. John Ware, with her sister, Mrs. Lincoln, and her brother, William Ware, to accompany him and his wife in a journey to the White Mountains. They went by private conveyance, driving themselves in carryall and buggy, and changing about as they felt inclined. The journey was taken leisurely, sometimes turning aside to call on a friend, and making their stops as they pleased. There was time for few letters, but it was a very delightful trip to her.

L. C. A. to J. A. CENTRE HARBOR, July 2, 1847.

We arrived here about nine o'clock last evening, after a very pleasant ride in some respects from Concord, which we left at about half-past ten. The road was rather dreary and uncultivated, and in some parts rather rough; but the day was perfect, and the horses excellent travellers. Several miles of the way were through the woods, which are very different from ours. When they have cut away the trees, they pile the trunks and brush by the side of the road to decay, which gives the road a rough and slovenly appearance, and I always felt as if I wanted to get out and clear it away. We passed through but few villages, and those were small; and, altogether, everything looks quite different from Massachusetts,— as if they were fifty years behind us in improvements. . . . We got to Concord just before nine, just as the cars were arranging for the President to leave. The hotel was nearly opposite the depot, so that we could see people disperse and hear the cheers, which we thought were not very loud nor hearty for the capital of a Democratic State.

To Mrs. Mary L. Ware. DECEMBER, 1847.

My dear Mary,— You will not find that you escape care and thought for your children by their leaving you, though you may the immediate hurry of supplying their constant wants. There are different anxieties for different ones, and even the more, in some respects, as they enter upon the responsibilities of life, and you feel how much of their future success in their callings may depend upon what you have done for them. There is a trembling anxiety lest they should fail in any way, and the least mistake or any blame affects you more almost than if it was your own. You feel standing on the brink of a precipice, where you watch one after another perhaps of your hopes and expectations falling from beneath you,

or stand fearing that they will. But I know it is wrong to indulge such feelings, therefore I do not; but sometimes I get very sensitive. I do not wish or expect for them worldly aggrandizement; but I do hope they will have strength of mind and purpose to withstand the dangers, and be able in time to act out their whole duty.

Affectionately, your sister,

L. C. ALLEN.

J. A. to his Son. NOVEMBER, 1848.

My dear Son,— After all the instructions you may receive from books or *vivâ voce*, I can assure you that you will learn more from experience than from any other source. And that experience will sometimes, in the case of those who finally succeed well, be a painful and mortifying one. I shall be glad, however, to put you on your guard against some mistakes into which young teachers are apt to fall, and to point out some of the best methods of teaching and governing a school. . . . Convince your scholars, and the conviction will extend to the parents, that you feel a strong interest in their improvement, and wish to do them all the good you can. Students from Cambridge lost credit in many places many years ago, in some towns in this vicinity, by neglecting the schools for parties of pleasure. The consequence was that they were no longer employed. Thirty years ago and more, some of the best scholars from Cambridge, such as Sparks, Emerson, etc., gained the highest reputation as teachers in our neighboring towns; and the schools flourished under their care. After them came some students whose chief concern was to pass a merry vacation; and the schools were reduced to a low state. Now I hope you will have a good social time at ——; but you will not, I trust, suffer anything to interfere with your duties as a teacher. YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

To the Same. DECEMBER, 1848.

My dear Son,—We were glad to hear that you had made a beginning in your new employment. It must require a good deal of patience to get along smoothly with so many children of all ages and characters; but I believe you have a pretty good stock, which, I hope, will not be easily exhausted. Gain the affection of your scholars, and you will easily govern them. You must be master, and they must be kept in subordination; but this can be done without threats or violence, by gentleness and firmness, dignity and suavity. You will find it more difficult some days than others to preserve order. This may be owing to the weather, which has a great influence upon the temper of most persons. When you find them getting weary and troublesome, you will do well to let them rest awhile from their studies, while you read or relate to them some interesting story from history or do something else to amuse them. I should sometimes give them an additional recess, a short one, so that they might recover the elasticity of their minds by inhaling the fresh air and taking a short run to stir their blood. . . .

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

Among other things must not be forgotten one often affectionately referred to since by those who shared it. For several years at about this time our mother used to gather the little girls of the parish, and sometimes others with them, to her house on Saturday afternoons, where she superintended their sewing on charity work, for which their friends provided materials, and made it pleasant for them by singing or the reading aloud of something interesting. Our father often came in to volunteer this service for a half-hour; and, when the number present

was too large for mother alone, her own children assisted. In hot weather she would take them to the cool garden-house, shaded by vines and trees, where the work ended by a run in the garden and the ever-ready gift of flowers from father's hands.

In the spring of 1849 our mother was called to Washington by the illness of a daughter who was spending the season there with her brother. As all anxiety was soon removed, the journey and visit proved very beneficial and interesting. It was during her absence that the invitation was given to our father which is spoken of in the following letters: —

To L. C. A. at Washington. NORTHBOROUGH, May 22, 1849.

. . . You would not readily guess what sort of a proposal and request was made to me yesterday by one of my parishioners. What do you think it was? Are you enough of a Yankee to guess? Set your wits to work. Ask E. what she thinks. Call the whole family together, and let there be silence and deep meditation for half an hour. Are you puzzled? Do you all give up? Well, then, I suppose I must disclose the secret. Was it that I should ask a dismission? No. That I should sell my house for a boarding-house? No. That I should go to Washington to bring you home? No. Was it that I should go to France? Yes!!! Our friend, Cyrus Gale, Esq., called to see me yesterday, with a letter in his pocket from Amasa Walker, urging him to go as a delegate to the Congress of Peace to be held in Paris, August next, and, in case he could not go, to send his minister, Dr. A. Mr. Gale says it is entirely out of the question, his going in person; but he is willing to send his proxy, and assures me that my expenses shall be paid. It is expected that there will be a large delegation, and a

steamer is chartered to carry and bring back two hundred delegates at the moderate rate of $100 for each. Another hundred dollars will be sufficient to meet all necessary expenses while absent, making $200, which Captain Gale says shall be furnished. The proposal, as you might suppose, struck me all aback, not to say aghast. What do you all think of it? Send me word soon.

Yours as ever, JOSEPH ALLEN.

WASHINGTON, May 26, 1849.

My dear Husband,— . . . The angels of our Paradise kept silence, as you requested,— not, perhaps, half an hour, but until silence was irksome; and then they began to guess, and at length, after I had helped them along by sundry hints, etc., they arrived at the truth. And then there was great rejoicing for the space of more than half an hour; and we all do conclude that it is the very best thing that could possibly happen, and we hope nothing will prevent the pleasant accomplishment. What a fine opportunity to go in so much pleasant company, ministers and others! I am very glad you get along so well at home without me; and I have concluded, instead of feeling mortified at it, to consider it only as a proof of my excellent system, which has brought everything into such order that it goes of itself when I am absent.

Our father sailed early in July, in the sailing packet "Plymouth Rock," one of a pleasant company, among whom many were delegates to the Peace Convention to be held in Paris, as well as personal friends, including James Freeman Clarke, John Cordner, Dr. William Allen, and others. An association for evening discussions was formed among the passengers,— meetings to be held from 8 to 10;

and Resolutions on War and Peace, Arbitration, Non-resistance, and kindred topics, were duly passed and recorded. The voyage passed delightfully, and apparently without marked incidents. The report by the Secretary (Rev. J. F. Clarke) closes thus: —

In submitting the foregoing Digest of the results of the P.R.P. Association, the Committee desire to impress on the minds of the members the necessity of keeping those results in distinct remembrance. The design of the various discussions in which we have been engaged has been (if the Committee understand the matter aright) not only to obtain increased light on the great question of War and Peace, but more particularly to ascertain on what points of the main topic we could all harmonize. And, this being the case, it becomes highly important that all the delegates to the Convention should hold themselves ready to sustain those results by their votes and influence, if such should be called for in the course of the proceedings of that body.

A few letters which follow will give a hint of the scenes and new impressions of the journey: —

LONDON, July 29, 1849.

. . . I have just returned from service at the Temple Church (connected with Temple Bar), where I heard a good sermon and grand music. . . . We reached Liverpool on Thursday, after a most delightful voyage. Remained in L. till Friday P.M., took the cars for Birmingham, which we reached at a little past ten. As B. is a smoky, uncomfortable-looking place, we concluded to leave at eight for Coventry and Leamington, which latter place is only about two miles from Warwick Castle, to which we were conveyed by carriage for sixpence apiece. I do not know

that we were wise to see the best things first; but we wanted to make sure of Warwick and Kenilworth, and found we could see them and reach London in the afternoon. . . . We reached London at about nine o'clock, and took lodgings at Fitzroy Square, near the Regent's Park. . . . Mr. Bancroft was in Paris; but his secretary prepared our passports and gave Dr. Allen and myself tickets of admission to the House of Lords, which was to be opened for the last time this season in the P.M., as the Parliament is to be prorogued to-day. . . .

We took a steamer up the Thames from Southwark Bridge to Westminster Bridge, passed through the Hall (the largest in the world unsupported by pillars), then up a flight of steps leading through a blind passage to the House of Lords, recently finished in regal style. I sat directly in front in the gallery, and directly opposite to me sat the famous "Iron Duke," the hero of Waterloo, who, though infirm, looks remarkably well, and whom we saw just as he dismounted at the door, and recognized at once from his striking resemblance to the prints which we see. He is a fine-looking old man, now over eighty, and appeared dignified and benignant. We heard several noted members, among the rest Earl Grey and Lord Brougham, the latter of whom made a good deal of sport, jumping up a dozen times to correct the person addressing the House, and sometimes speaking without rising from his seat. The most accomplished and sensible speaker was the Earl of Radnor. Lord Grey appeared quite well, though there was nothing striking in his looks or remarks. Lord Brougham twisted his queer-looking phiz into the oddest shapes imaginable, especially when he had something pithy or sarcastic to say. He speaks with great vehemence, somewhat after the manner of President Quincy, when he is much in earnest. . . . He is very impulsive, and lacks dignity, and cuts all sorts of

antics, like a harlequin. . . . It spoiled him to go into the House of Lords: he was made for a commoner.

After breakfast this morning, we went to view St. Paul's; and you may judge of my agility when I say that I mounted the six hundred steps that lead to the golden ball without fatigue, though I stopped ten minutes in the whispering gallery to look down upon the vast platform beneath and the glorious dome above, and to hear, as I did distinctly, the attendant on the opposite side of the gallery, one hundred and thirty feet distant, giving some account of the cost of the cathedral, which was 1,500,000 pounds sterling, or more than seven millions of our currency. We then mounted flight after flight till we came to a gallery on the outside of the dome, enclosed by a strong iron parapet, where we again stopped and took a view of the city. Then the stairs grew narrower and steeper till we had to climb up iron ladders almost perpendicular, till we came to the foot of the lantern, where is another outside gallery and parapet, where we breathed the fresh air again. Then the ascent became more difficult till finally we reached the golden ball. I just put my head out at the neck, but did not venture into it, as some of the younger ones did. It made me dizzy to look from such a vast height,—more than four hundred feet. . . . We are making arrangements to leave London for the continent to-morrow, so that you may not hear from me again till I get back to Paris, about the 18th of August. There is to be a great peace demonstration in London after the delegates return.

COLOGNE, August 5, 1849.

. . . We left London for Ostend in a steamer Wednesday at eleven, and, after being on the water eleven hours, sea as smooth as a summer lake, reached Ostend at ten, where, on setting foot on the Belgian territory, we had to

deliver up our passports and trunks, to be called for at the custom-house the next morning. It was a lovely evening, and I enjoyed the trip keenly. Such a Babel of sounds as greeted us on landing I never heard before. None of us could understand a word, and one hauled us one way and another a different way; and one actually forced my valise out of my hands, in his eagerness to serve me. We succeeded at last in getting safe to a hotel where the lady could speak English, and where we found good lodgings. Thursday, took the cars at 7.30, passed through Bruges, once a populous and thriving city, to the famous city of Ghent, which contains a population of 100-000, and has some very ancient churches, which we visited, seeing for the first time some of the fine paintings of Rubens, Van Dyke, and other great masters. We next went on to Antwerp, and had time before dark to visit some of the lions of this large and beautiful city. . . . Friday, the morning being rainy, we concluded to go by first train to Brussels. On looking out of the window of my room, which was on the first floor, and the most magnificent bedchamber I ever slept in, a novel sight greeted my eyes.

The market-place is an open oblong directly in front of the hotel where we were, and we left it empty and clean when we retired at night. Very early I heard a confused mingling of sounds, and, looking out, saw the whole space filled with market women, sitting on benches, sheltered by umbrellas, and dressed in the strangest, outlandish garbs you can conceive of. Many had no bonnets, but instead odd-looking caps, the lappets hanging over their shoulders like capes, and most of them having on wooden shoes. . . . We reached Brussels by eleven, long before which it had cleared away, giving us a fine day and an opportunity to see one of the finest countries in the world. I will only say that it is all like a richly cultivated garden, perfectly level and rich as the Western prairies.

Soleure.— We have just reached this place, where we pass the night, hoping to reach Berne by ten to-morrow. The day has been perfectly beautiful, and we have passed through a most wonderful region, and seen something to admire and astonish every hour. The road is excellent, and leads through romantic valleys encompassed by lofty and precipitous hills, some of bare rock and others cultivated to the very summits. In one place we took a fresh horse to assist us up a very high hill, which we ascend so gradually by the path winding around it that it seems almost level. Then we descend into a pleasant valley, shut in by steep hills, which seemed like impenetrable barriers. At length we came to one of the most romantic spots we have seen,— a rich valley in which lies ensconced a pretty little village. At the entrance and exit of the valley, on the summits of perpendicular rocks two hundred feet high, are the ruins of two strong castles, one in a state of good preservation and almost projecting over the road, which must have afforded complete protection to the village against an enemy. . . . We had not gone far before we passed out of this valley through a narrow opening, when, lo! the most magnificent spectacle I ever expect to see in this world burst on our view. The sun was hid from us by the mountains on the right, but shone with his full rays upon a grand panorama of mountains rising to the clouds, and covered with everlasting snow and glaciers. It was a cloudless sky and a transparent atmosphere, and the mountains appeared like burnished gold. We gazed on them for an hour, feeling that words were wholly inadequate to express all that we felt. . . .

To L. C. A. VEVEY, Friday, August 10.

We see something to amuse and interest us continually: . . . the clumsy, unwieldy ploughs, probably of the same kind that were in use among the Helvetii in Cæsar's time;

plough and wagon drawn by cows yoked together or sometimes by a cow and an ox or a horse,— the cows the finest I ever saw, large and strong as oxen; women and girls driving the team or handling the hoe, the rake, the sickle, and the scythe with as much skill and vigor as the men. . . .

I learned many of the facts I have stated from a young Pole, who, with two younger brothers, was accompanying their father to explore the mountains. He conversed well in French, a very little in English; and, finding I could not understand his French, he politely asked if I knew Latin, and then we got along much better, though his pronunciation was so different from ours that I sometimes had to ask him to write down what he wished to communicate. Thus, on reaching Coppet, another beautiful village, finding that I could not easily take his meaning, he wrote the following, which I copy that I may preserve it: *Hic habitabat Domina Stael et ejus pater Neckar. Dominus de Broglie possidet nunc domum: uxorem duxit filiam Dominæ de Stael.* I was sorry to part with this fine young man, so intelligent, so modest, so very kind. I have rarely met with one to whom, after so short an interview, I felt more attached.

I have been struck ever since I landed on the continent with the kind, gentlemanly, obliging manners I have invariably witnessed among my fellow-passengers. I was often astonished to see how patiently they bore our blundering and teasing questions, and how much pains they took to make us understand their broken English or to understand our attempts at French. I fear that our manners at home would present a sad contrast. . . .

We have had the finest of weather, have seen everything to the best advantage, and have not been disappointed in a single particular. What do you think of a thunder-storm in the midst of the Alps? It came on just

after we had taken possession of our rooms at the London Hotel in the exquisitely beautiful vale of Chamounix. And what do you think of your old husband mounted on a mule and riding up in a zigzag line the side of a mountain in many parts much steeper than the roof of our house, and 3,000 feet from the valley, 6,000 from the sea, in order that we might reach the *Mer de Glace*, and after walking half an hour over ice 150 or 200 feet thick, two miles wide, and fifty long, returning by the way we came down, in places so steep that stones were laid for steps?

August 15.— Amidst what glorious scenes have I entered the sixtieth year of my life! I can hardly realize it. I cannot now pretend to describe it. Enough that in the vale of Chamounix I saw the sun rise and shine this morning on the summit of Mt. Blanc, and I have just returned in safety to Geneva,— fifty miles. To-morrow we start in the diligence for Paris.

Tuesday, August 21.— Here we are in Paris, and in good quarters. Arrived Sunday morning at five, having rode three days and nights, from Geneva,— four hundred miles,— through Lyons, most of the way by the diligence. . . . Convention opens to-morrow morning. Yesterday we spent at Versailles. To-day we go to the Tuileries.

PARIS, August 25, 1849.

I have just returned from a soirée given by M. de Tocqueville, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and his lady, specially on account of the members of the Convention from England and America. It was a splendid affair. He lives in a magnificent house on one of the boulevards, which was crowded with guests. . . . The rooms and gardens were brilliantly illuminated, and we were regaled by a band of as many as forty or fifty musicians, who made glorious music; while refreshments were passed around, served in silver cups with golden spoons. . . . I

introduced myself by my letter from Mr. Brooks to Pastor Coquerel, who invited me to call on him some morning next week. He was one of the vice-presidents of the Congress, and did as much as any one to give interest to the meeting.

Well, the Congress has been held and dissolved; and it has passed off, everybody says, most gloriously. I had not anticipated nor dreamed of such a result. Six or seven hundred delegates came over from England on Tuesday; and, to do them honor, the Minister of Foreign Affairs had sent word to the proper authorities at the place of their landing to dispense with the practice of examining trunks, etc., which was quite an unprecedented thing.

Nor is this all. By the suggestion, as we understand, of M. de Tocqueville, the Minister of the Public Works has given direction to have all the public buildings, gardens, etc., open at all times to the delegates while they remain in the city; and as the water-works at Versailles, according to established usage, are put in operation only four times in the year, and that on Sunday, out of respect for the principles and habits of the English and American delegates, he has directed that the fountains should play on Monday as well as Sunday, and the delegates are all invited to visit them on that day. And I have just learned that the English delegates have sent tickets to their American brethren to a *déjeuner* at Versailles at twelve o'clock on that day. After this we are to visit the palace and gardens, and then go to St. Cloud, where the President resides, whose palace and grounds will be thrown open for our inspection. Such is the welcome we receive in this city, which has been the scene of so much violence and blood!

But I must give you an account of the sittings of the Congress. The first session was on Wednesday, and I can now say that they have increased in interest up to

the very last moment, and that the closing address of the president was superlatively good. . . . One or two things I will, however, mention, as they may not be in print. At the close of M. Coquerel's speech Thursday, in which he alluded to the fact that the President was supported by a Roman Catholic priest on the one hand and by a Protestant minister on the other, as he returned to his seat, the Abbé Duguerrin, who is a fine-looking man, reached over to take M. Coquerel by the hand, which he grasped and shook heartily, amidst thunders of applause. The same was done the next day after a most eloquent and thrilling speech by the Abbé, who was pronounced the most elegant and effective of all the speakers; and it was repeated amidst tremendous cheering after a short but very good speech by Rev. Mr. Pennington, the colored preacher from Massachusetts, who, as well as our friend, W. W. Brown, was a delegate to the Congress. There were speeches on the second and third days which lifted me off my seat; and the whole immense audience again and again rose from their seats and made the air ring with the bravos and hurrahs, and waved their hats, and the ladies their handkerchiefs. . . .

I like Cobden much. What he says is just the thing that ought to be said,— nothing more, nothing less. He reminds me of the late Richard H. Bailey, only his countenance is more cheerful, his eye brighter and keener. Hugo reminds me of Waterston, only his head is larger, his forehead broader, more open, and fairer. He is one of the handsomest men I have seen. Coquerel reminds me of Judge Putnam, as I used to see him thirty years ago, and yet is not like him. His face is nearly as broad as Judge Shaw's, and indicates great benignity and benevolence as well as talent. I sat where I could see him and the other officers of the Convention to the best advantage, and improved the opportunity so well that

their images are inscribed on my memory not soon to be effaced. I think I should know them anywhere at a glance. M. Coquerel has two sons in the ministry, one a fine-looking young man, who came forward to the Tribune and read, by request, a very sensible address in French by Burritt, which the latter did not feel strong enough to deliver.

I am glad to know something of the French style of speaking. It is vehement, the voice rising at times to its highest pitch, the speaker rising on tiptoe, raising his hands to the utmost extent of his arms, brandishing them with a motion as rapid as lightning, at one time thrusting them forward, and then cutting the air with one while the other is on his bosom or under his coat behind. We had one specimen of that kind of eloquence that stirs up the passions of the multitude and moves them to sedition and violence. It was from one of the *ouvriers* of Paris, "a carpenter and the son of a carpenter," as he said of himself. He is, I understand, one of the radical socialists, although I believe he said nothing on this occasion that was out of the way. But he said it with such tones and gestures as made it seem to us sober Americans truly awful. . . . Poor man, I pitied him; and my heart bled for that unfortunate class to which he belongs. . . .

August 28.—We returned from Versailles and St. Cloud at ten last evening, after a long and most exciting day. All passed off grandly. An immense crowd filled the cars. We started at nine. I rode on the top to see the country, which is beautiful. We were first directed to the palace, where we passed two and a half hours in examining the pictures and rooms. We then repaired to the Tennis Court, famous in Revolutionary times, where Mirabeau and others used to declaim and deliberate and influence one another and the people, sixty years ago. . . . We then repaired to the gardens to see the fountains play.

The view was grand. At five we left for St. Cloud, where we were conducted through every part of the palace, which is occupied by the President of the Republic, and which was the favorite retreat and home of Napoleon. I do not wonder at his preference. It seems made for comfort more than for show; and yet the apartments are fitted up with regal splendor and magnificence, and the grounds laid out on a scale of grandeur which astonishes our unpractised eyes. But the cascades, the enchanting, illuminated cascades in the evening! Oh, how I wish you could have seen them! They mock the powers of description. I could compare them to nothing I had seen, and was continually reminded of the descriptions in the "Arabian Nights." We were conducted through beautiful grounds, ornamented with shrubbery and flowers, and trees formed into Gothic arches, and *jets d'eau*, till we came to the *jet d'eaux*, which throws up a stream of water one hundred and forty feet, five thousand gallons in a minute; then to the *chef-d'œuvre*, the great cascade, which I will try, though in vain, to describe. . . .

The French are, taken together, the most healthy people in the world, if one may judge from their looks, especially the young women and children, among whom you hardly meet with a pale-faced or deformed individual. It is pleasant to look at them, they seem so good-natured and are so becoming in their dress and whole demeanor. The longer I stay, the more I feel the deprivation of being shut out from all intercourse with children. I tried to tell a pretty little girl who sat opposite to me in the cars this afternoon that I had a little grand-daughter about her age, and by the help of her mother I succeeded in making myself understood, but could do little more than take her by the hand and say *bon soir* as we left the cars. Do tell all the children you see how much I long to see their pleasant faces and to hear the sound of their familiar voices.

Of a visit in Hampstead, early in September, he gives the following interesting reminiscence: —

I found a most hospitable reception. Mr. Kinder is about sixty-five,— a kind-hearted, genial old man; and his wife, who was a daughter of the celebrated Dr. Enfield and an associate and friend of the Barbaulds and Aikins, is a meet companion. . . . They offered to show me the beauties of this lovely village; and having spoken of the Misses Baillie as their near neighbors, and finding that I was very desirous of seeing them, they kindly offered to introduce me to them. So we called on our way, and I soon found myself seated by the side of Joanna Baillie, whose name and writings I had been familiar with for more than thirty years, conversing about America, in whose fortunes she seemed to take great interest, inquiring about her American friends. She talks beautifully of Channing and the influence of his writings and his life, which she has lately been reading, and of which she spoke in terms of high commendation. . . . She was uncommonly bright, Miss Kinder said, that day, so that I may consider myself as doubly favored, first in seeing her at all, and then in finding her in so much health and in so good spirits. I was fortunate, too, in meeting there and having a pleasant interview with Dr. Carpenter, a son of Dr. Lant Carpenter. He is a fine, talented young man, and has a high reputation as a scholar. . . .

Again, of a visit to Dr. Lee, at Hartwell House, near Aylesbury. Dr. Lee was a delegate to the Peace Congress, and had invited several of the American delegates to be present at a ratification held at Aylesbury.

LONDON, September 11.

We arrived just in season for the public meeting, which we attended, and where we were all called on to address the meeting. . . . After returning in carriages to his house and partaking of refreshments, as the evening was fair, we were invited to go to the observatory, which is connected with the house and furnished with a fine apparatus, to look at the moon and Saturn through his large telescope. After spending half an hour in this way, we returned and chatted till twelve, when we retired to our rooms. Mine was the "King's Room," so called from its having been occupied by Louis XVIII. before his restoration, as this was the royal residence for eight or ten years previous to 1814. Dr. Lee is a magistrate and Doctor of Laws, a great scholar and antiquarian, as well as philanthropist and reformer. . . . He is a very benevolent-looking man of about sixty-five, and seems to lead a very quiet, happy life. The estate once belonged to the Hampdens; and he is related to the famous John Hampden, who was born in the neighborhood.

LIVERPOOL, September 19, 1849.

My dear Wife,— I write once more to send by the steamer that leaves on Saturday, the same day that our vessel sails.

I long to be on my way back to my dear friends and my loved home, and to resume the duties of my vocation. I feel that I have gained much in every way by the experience of the last few months; and I hope I may use it for the benefit of others, especially of the flock of which I have so long been the overseer.

We found that the ship would not sail before Saturday, the 22d. So we must of necessity submit, and make the most of the time that is left on our hands. What use we make of it I will let you know.

Yours very lovingly, JOS. ALLEN.

AMBLESIDE, WHITE LION INN,
September 20, 1849.

Is it not a pleasant thing to be able to date from this place, on the borders of Windermere and within two miles of Rydal Mount? We made the tour of the lake, stopping at several places and having a fine view of the exquisitely beautiful scenery, with the elegant country-seats of gentlemen who spend the summer here. We passed a delightful retired spot, where stands in a sunny nook, on the south side of a high hill, the house where Mrs. Hemans formerly lived; also the house where Walter Scott and the renowned men of his day used to be entertained. Directly opposite Mrs. Hemans's house, on an island, I believe, stands a beautiful house, in the form of an old castle, but looking quite modern. Towards the north the upper end of the lake affords most delightful prospects, and at the very northern extremity is Ambleside, one of the loveliest little villages I have seen, the summer rendezvous of many from the crowded cities, and the home of Miss Martineau and some others of the gifted and honored. We called on Miss Martineau after tea, but, unfortunately, she had left home about a week before; and Mrs. Follen, who had been with her some weeks, had previously left. But we met a very cordial reception by a young lady who remains there, who invited us in, and said she would report us as Americans and friends of some whom she knew and loved.

On our return we undertook to visit a romantic fall, or cascade, in a deep, dark ravine, although it was growing dark and threatening rain. We walked on the edge of a precipice down which a man fell yesterday, barely escaping with his life, till at the distance of a mile we reached the spot whence we had a good view of the fall, which in the spring floods must be terrific, and then set out on our return just as it began to sprinkle. . . . However, we reached

home in safety, and are now comfortably seated around the table, while a fire is being kindled in the chimney for other travellers who have just arrived.

Saturday morning, September 22.— We returned last night from a delightful trip, having accomplished all we intended except calling on Wordsworth, which I was prevented from doing by the rain. . . . I, however, took my umbrella and walked to Rydal Mount, through a romantic region, two miles, but found I had not time to call and get back in time for the omnibus to take us to the railroad station. So I turned back, and had half an hour to spare, after all. . . .

We copy nearly the entire journal of his home voyage, which being in a sailing ship, with a large number of emigrants on board, made a chapter of experience widely different from what it would be possible to find at the present day: —

SHIP "R. C. WINTHROP," September 22, 1849.

September 23.— As so many of the passengers were suffering from sea-sickness, we concluded not to have a morning service. In the P.M. I preached on the main deck to a large congregation. . . . A little child was taken sick this morning, and put under the doctor's care. . . .

Tuesday, 25th.— Fine morning. The sick child died last night; and I performed the funeral service at half-past ten, when the little body was committed to the deep. It was an affecting scene. The mother was going with two children to join her husband, who had gone before to America. Many of the passengers attended the service, and the children crowded around, to whom I addressed a few words suited to the occasion. Another child sick. . . .

Wednesday, September 26.— We had a boisterous night, a true New England storm, with copious rains, wind in-

creasing, preparations making for a gale. The little child died this morning, and was buried after tea, Mr. Miller performing the service. . . .

September 28.— Was wakened from my sleep at midnight by a great clattering overhead and loud voices of the master and mate, the roaring of the wind, and the heaving of the ship, which seemed to be "at her wits' end." Among other confused sounds, I heard something of *shipwreck*, which startled me at first. I arose and looked out of the bull's-eye window, but could see nothing but the dashing waves; and, finding that the ship moved steadily on, I made my way to my bed, but could not get any more sleep during the night. It seems that the top mizzen-mast was broken off at about ten, and at twelve the captain found that the mercury was rapidly falling, indicating the approach of a gale, for which preparations were made at once. All hands were called on deck; and such a clattering, hallooing, and creaking of ropes and masts, roaring and dashing of waves, rocking and pitching and rolling of the ship, I had never experienced before. I did not suppose there was any imminent danger; but it was impossible to sleep, and I was glad enough to see the light of the morning. . . . We had an amusing time at breakfast: the captain's arm-chair, mine, and Mr. Miller's, which were not fixed, kept sliding from the table, carrying us along with them; and we had to eat with one hand and grasp the table with the other, and drink our tea as soon as it came to secure any part of it. We succeeded, however, in eating a good breakfast, which was taken with a good relish, notwithstanding the motion of the ship.

Sunday, September 30.— A rain came on in the afternoon, which prevented our holding a meeting. After the rain was over, I read to the children.

October 2.— We had a most uncomfortable night, with

very little sleep, and that disturbed by dreams, owing to the rocking of the ship. A sudden squall about midnight caused a good deal of confusion and noise. The chain of the mizzen-mast was broken, and fell with a tremendous crash on the deck over our heads. After this there was but little sleep, as the wind was very high and contrary, and we were tossed from one side to the other continually. One of the yards, too, was broken. It was no easy matter to keep our places at table at breakfast, or to get our food to our mouths, especially tea or coffee, without spilling.... After it cleared away, I went on deck, and, sheltered by the wall, sat on the floor and read aloud to Miss W. who is almost sick to-day in consequence of the disturbance of the night.

October 4.—The morning was rainy, but it cleared up in the afternoon, and the captain concluded to make a thorough clearing out of the steerage passengers; and it was an interesting spectacle when all came on deck. Mr. Williams and myself made some remarks to them on emigration and the way to secure an honest living in the country to which they were going, and many seemed to listen with interest.... The waves ran very high this morning, and dashed completely over the sides of the vessel, completely drenching those who were standing on the windward side of the deck, which seemed to be taken very coolly by all, and was capital fun to the little Irish boys and girls.

Friday, October 5.—Waves still run very high. As the day advanced, the wind increased and the sea broke over the vessel, pouring down in sheets, to the great amusement of sundry Irish boys and girls, who waded about in the water, ankle deep, much to the benefit of their feet and ankles.... Not many of the passengers remained on deck during this day, and towards evening the surface of the ocean was more rough than I had before seen it,

the noble vessel now plunging into the depths and now mounting aloft. It was worse as evening closed in, the wind coming in gusts, bending the masts and making a great rent in one of the sails, and obliging the captain reluctantly — for we were going ahead ten or twelve miles an hour — to reef some of the sails. We passed during the day a brig which danced, rocked, and plunged at a fearful rate, although, I suppose, there was really no great danger. . . . I retired at ten, when the wind was at its height, and the vessel tossing and plunging to such a degree that I found it difficult to undress and get fairly to bed, where, having had the precaution to tuck in my great-coat to prevent myself from rolling, I slept and dreamed.

Another dear little child, two years old, we learn is very sick in the steerage,— her name Ellen Berkler. She has been a favorite with the passengers,— the prettiest, cleanest, and best-behaved child on board.

Saturday, October 6.— The violence of the wind did not begin to abate till midnight. . . . The sick child thought to be better in the morning, but worse at night, so that there is little hope of her recovery.

Sunday, October 7.— A day not to be forgotten for its heart-rending scenes. It was a dark, gloomy, foggy morning, ending in a north-western storm, amounting almost to a gale, which continued to increase till late in the evening, dashing the mountain waves against the sides of the ship and occasionally over the bulwarks. In one instance, while we were at dinner, we shipped a sea which flooded the main deck, and washed one poor girl two or three rods from where she was standing, from which she was dragged half-drowned; and others escaped by springing up the sides of the vessel or holding on by the ropes. . . . In the midst of all this commotion and confusion, I was sent for by the mother of the sick child in the steerage to come and

pray with her, as her child was dying. I went, and found her weeping bitterly, sitting on the bed of the dying child. I tried to comfort her by such considerations as I could suggest, and, having prayed with her, left her with the conviction that she would soon be left childless. The beautiful little child opened her eyes upon me, but they were glazed and staring, and it was evident that her spirit would soon take its flight. The child died at noon, and just before ten its body was committed to the deep with the usual funeral rites. Such was the violence of the wind and the rolling of the vessel that I was obliged to be supported by one man on each side of me while I stood and offered the funeral prayer, the mother sitting in the doorway of the cabin, sobbing as if her heart would break. After the funeral we took her down into the cabin to warm her by the stove, where she soon fainted from exhaustion and grief, aided by the heat of the stove. After she had revived, two strong men helped her to her dismal lodging, where she was supplied with all the help that could be given by her sympathizing companions. She is going to meet her husband in Medford, Mass.* It had been our intention to have a final religious service this day, but the tempestuous weather prevented, and it was a day of the greatest confusion I have yet experienced at sea. How different from the quiet Sabbaths I have enjoyed at home with my family and flock!

Monday, October 8.— We are now on the Grand Banks, — the region of storms. There now come running in several of our companions over whom the sea broke as they were standing on the deck, falling in torrents on their heads. They are dripping wet, and laughing at the fun. A dull gloomy, uncomfortable day; a thick fog towards night.

October 10.— Had a miserable day, but was encouraged

* She found on her arrival that he had recently died, and she returned to Cork.

by the thought that we were approaching "Sweet Home." Lounged about and lay in my berth, without taking any food.

Sunday, October 14.— . . . The storm continued with unabated violence through last night, and the sea this morning is in greater commotion than on any previous day of our voyage, foaming and tossing furiously, breaking over the sides of the ship, and rocking her to and fro, much to the peril of our heads and limbs.

October 15.— The wind abated late in the evening, and it became quite calm before morning. . . .

October 16.— In the course of the day came in sight of Cape Ann, which we should have passed in a few hours, had the wind been favorable. Our course was directly towards Portsmouth; and we soon had a distinct view of the mountains in Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. We then changed our course, and sailed, till late at night, in a southerly direction, going out of sight of land, which was very discouraging. We all felt disappointed, but determined to make the best of what we could not help. So we got the captain's leave to invite some of the second cabin passengers to join us in a merry-making, some of them being good singers. We had a succession of capital songs and stories, which occupied the evening.

October 17.— . . . After the fog had cleared away, we found that we were approaching the Boston lights; and before breakfast we were boarded by the pilot, from whom I received the first tidings I have gained from home since the last of August. . . . It is difficult for any one without experience to conceive how welcome to the traveller is such intelligence. I felt at once relieved of a burden of anxiety, which had been growing more heavy as we approached home. . . . In about half an hour we went on shore, and stood once more on solid ground and were walking through the streets of our own metropolis, which

seemed to us, however, quite Lilliputian after leaving the great cities of the Old World. . . . After calling at Dr. Ware's, I went out to Cambridge, where I passed the night.

Thursday, October 18.— This morning I hastened back to Boston to obtain my trunks, and found that the ship was still at anchor. . . . I now found unexpected hindrances in my endeavors to assist some of the poor women who had no friends to help them, which made me too late for the four o'clock train. Reached the depot just two minutes late, quite tired and out of breath. Called on the superintendent, Mr. Twitchell, who kindly allowed me to go in the steamboat train, which he ordered to stop at Westborough for my accommodation. Hired a buggy and wagon, with two men to drive, to bring us (Edward and myself, with two Irishwomen who had been my fellow-passengers) to Northborough, reaching home in safety after nearly four months' absence.

The day our father was to arrive at home, the family were gathered to receive him. The time for arrival of the railroad stage passed, and reluctantly we sat down to the table which had been kept waiting for him; but mother said, "Oh, he will come yet, and bring an emigrant in each hand!" Just then the sound of wheels was heard, then father's cheery voice; and there he was, truly, with the emigrant in each hand in the shape of two goodly young Irishwomen, who had failed to meet the friends on their arrival as they expected, and so he had brought them home with him,— not an unwelcome addition to the family joy. The delay had been caused by his finding, when he went to bid the steerage passengers good-by, that several appeared to need the aid

of a guide. So he left his own baggage till he had seen theirs examined and landed, and had found a wagon for the party to convey them to the railroad, purchased their tickets for them to prevent imposition, and started them on their way.

It may be added that the two girls soon found places; and several years after, when he went to another town on an exchange, he found one of them living at the place where he stayed. She was delighted to see him, and insisted on repaying the money he had spent for her railroad fare, which the other had already done also.

There was now a period of some years, which may be called a golden harvest time, when our parents, released from many cares, began to gather in the fruits of their labors and to enjoy the happiness of seeing many who had grown up under their eye take responsible places in the town, or go out to other parts of the country to contribute New England habits and principles to the larger national life; for it was no inconsiderable element which went from even this small town.

It was during the summer of 1849 that our father received the degree of D.D. from Harvard College, since which time he has been more familiarly known as Dr. Allen.

L. C. A. to L. C. A. NORTHBOROUGH, January 6, 1850.

My dear Lucy,— I think I cannot better begin the morning on which I enter my sixtieth year than by writing to one of my dear absent children. How much rather I would have you all here! but, as that cannot be, let us be thankful that we can communicate so easily. You see,

my dear L., that I have almost completed my threescore years, and every year makes it more uncertain whether another will be added. Life is very dear to me, and I can only hope to be spared as long as I can be of service to any one and to be ready and willing to go when my work is done. I should dread to live to be a burden to my friends, and hope I shall be spared that sad fate; but, if it should be my lot, I hope to be resigned.

To C. T. FEBRUARY, 1851.

The truth is, Catharine, I am growing old. There is no denying it, and I do not feel any wish to deny it. I feel very well satisfied with the share of good things which has fallen to my lot in this life, and as if I ought to be willing to move on and leave my place to be filled by those who can fill it better. . . . I am sensible of my many deficiencies and shortcomings, and hope that in some things my children will succeed where I have been found wanting. . . . It is a stirring time of the world in which they are called to take their part. I hope they are armed for the contest, and will act well their parts. Even my *little Willie* will soon have to choose his part. We had the children (L., E., and W.) at home from Friday to Monday. They came and went nearly at the same time, so that it seems more like a pleasant dream than a reality.

We read many newspapers and many sermons on the Fugitive Slave Law,— some on both sides,— and many fine articles on the same subject in divers periodicals. How much that is good and noble has been written on this subject, which seems inexhaustible!

Do not fear but that the *heart* of the Commonwealth is sound yet. We are all ready to aid the fugitive. There is a very respectable fugitive in Worcester, who is expecting the kidnappers, and goes armed. They came after him some weeks ago; but he had gone to New

York, and his friends sent word to him to keep away. He will, I suppose, have to sacrifice the property he has acquired, and flee to Canada.

APRIL, 1852.

My dear Catharine,— . . . I thank you for speaking as you did of my dear brother.* How happy it is for us that all our recollections of him are pleasant! and, although there was so much inexpressible sadness in the last few years, yet even that has more than anything else served to reconcile us to this last parting. It was such a comfort, too, that he was at home. Dear Catharine, we feel sometimes almost more than reconciled. As M. herself said, "It is all comfort,—there is nothing but comfort."

It is probable that our father's many cares and occupations not only made him require rest, but led him to feel that he could no longer do the full service which he thought due from a parish minister. In more than thirty-six years, it is to be remembered, he had only once taken so much as a single month's vacation, excepting the foreign journey of 1849; and in the spring of 1853, rather than ask a season of respite for travel, which he needed, he proposed to relinquish all claim upon his parish, in the following letter:—

To the Legal Voters of the First Parish:

Gentlemen and Friends,—It is known to you that a legal contract exists between the minister and the members of the First Parish, by which the former is expected to discharge the duties of a parish minister, and the latter are bound to pay him an annual salary of $600. This contract was made more than

* This refers to the death of her brother William, on the 19th of February, 1852.

thirty-six years ago, and the conditions have been honorably fulfilled on their part up to the present time. By the terms of this contract the minister is entitled to his salary during his natural life, no provision having been made for dissolving the connection between him and the people of his charge, even should circumstances render such a measure desirable. It would not have been difficult, however, at any stage of his ministry, for either of the contracting parties to have brought about a dissolution of the connection, had it been deemed advisable, as no minister who has the spirit of a man would consent to remain after he was convinced that his services were no longer acceptable, and no parish would find it difficult at the present day to compel an unworthy incumbent, or one who had lost the confidence and esteem of his people, to retire from his office.

While your minister has no cause for complaint, and while his interest in his pastoral charge is as strong now as in any former part of his ministry, and while he is willing to continue in your service as long as he is capable of serving you acceptably, he has, after mature deliberation, come to the conclusion that it is his duty to release the parish, *by his own free act*, from its legal obligation to make provision hereafter for the payment of his annual salary, leaving it to the members of the parish to take such measures as they may think proper for the supply of the pulpit, either by the present incumbent or by some other person. He does not cease by this act to be the pastor of this Church and the minister of this religious society. He hopes to be allowed to retain these relations so dear to him, so intimately associated with his highest satisfactions and purest joys, as also with the labors of his life, till he shall have finished his course. But he wishes it to be distinctly understood that he expects his salary to cease, whenever provision shall be made for supplying his place by another; and that it is his desire that the parish should consult in this matter, not for *his* benefit, but for their own highest good, and look out in season for some suitable person to be their minister and the shepherd of this flock.

It is not unlikely that your present pastor may wish, during the heat of summer, to recruit his health by a distant jour-

ney. In that case he will submit it to your choice whether he shall procure a supply for the pulpit during his absence or leave the supply in your hands, in that case relinquishing such a portion of his salary as shall correspond with the time of such supply.

With this exposition of his views and wishes, he subscribes himself, Your affectionate pastor,

JOSEPH ALLEN.

The proposition had no immediate result. The summer journey was taken, as far west as to Cincinnati and Louisville, to his great refreshment and benefit. Three years later Mr. Trowbridge B. Forbush was installed as his colleague, and after this date (January 1, 1857) he relinquished all pecuniary claim upon the parish.

L. C. A. to C. T. JULY, 1853.

I have been to meeting to-day with two little granddaughters. How little while it seems, and yet how long, since my own were the same! I do not know whether I wish those days back again or not, but I live them over in memory a great deal, and would be glad to live them over in reality if I could be sure of correcting the errors I committed then. But how fast the years roll round and bring new claimants for my love! Joseph will bring another little Richard to take the place of the darling we have lost [her daughter's child]. I hope we may love him as well. Every year, too, I am sensible, brings me nearer to my final home, where I shall find so many dear ones, and where I hope all the dear ones I leave will follow. I do not *now* think with any dread of the separation. I may feel differently when it arrives. Mr. Allen sets off next week on a journey, and the people are to invite a candi-

date with a view to settling a colleague when they can meet with a suitable person. Mr. Allen thought it better to do it in this way, so as to have plenty of time to make a judicious choice, than to wait till they are *obliged* to settle some one and run the risk of dissension and disunion. It may be some time, perhaps a year or two, before they find the right man; and meantime he will feel more at liberty in his old age.

My eyes have been very weak during the hot and dry weather, but the shower the other day completely and instantaneously restored them.

FEBRUARY, 1854.

Have you ever read Humboldt's "Religious Thoughts and Opinions"? They are letters to a lady; and some of those, written a very short time before his death, give the most beautiful picture of a serene and happy old age. It seems just like what my father would have written and said in his last days if he had been able to do it. There is the same calm, quiet way of looking at life and all its surroundings. The whole book is pervaded with this serene, gentle spirit, and is particularly suited to us, I think, who are growing old. I think I begin to feel a good deal the *coming on* of the infirmities of age, and I am sensible that I am moving on and others are crowding on after me; but I feel content, and am but too thankful that my place will be so much better filled by others. I shall be glad to stay where I have been so happy as long as it is good for myself and others. When my work is done, I hope I shall be willing to go. I pray that I may not live to become a burden to my friends; but, if I should be, though I probably should not realize it myself, I pray to be resigned to that heaviest of all earthly trials, and that others may not be worn out in my service.

A distinguished agent of the French government, who was seeking statistics as to educational matters in this country, consulted our father (in 1857) through a friend, and his answer showed that there was hardly a Western State where the children of this town had not carried as teachers the culture they obtained here. In fact, the town has been remarkable for the number of teachers, many of them of the first order, which it has sent out.

Other fruit came in the affectionate and cordial relationships which so many years of active service had brought among his people, and also in the neighboring towns, where his frequent exchanges and occasional services had made him well acquainted.

Our father's proposal to release the parish from obligation for his support and to appoint a colleague had at first been set aside, but three years later he renewed it as a more decided request. After the settlement of Mr. Forbush, who undertook the supply of the pulpit and the parish duties, our father retained the title of senior pastor without salary, performing occasional services as might be desired. In his young colleague he felt a fatherly interest, and rejoiced in every indication of his ability and the regard the people showed for him.

The following shows our mother's interest in the little school we had had since 1854:—

To her Daughter at Home. BANGOR, May, 1856.

Dear E.,—I hope you are getting letters ready for me to-night, for I should like to hear every day. You don't know how interesting to me it is to hear of all your doings. You cannot be too particular. I never stayed

away from home with less feeling of uneasiness. I have enjoyed every moment; and, as I know I am of no earthly use at home, I enjoy myself without any lurking feeling that I am deserting my duty. Blessed feeling of independence! and how much of it is owing to our good M. and B. [the domestics] I am not unmindful. Still, I do not any less yearn to hear from home. I am so glad your father is coming for me. I thought it would be just a nice little journey for him. . . . How nice it is to have those dear little girls with you! I am glad the boys are so good, too. I dread their going. Give my love to all the children, and say I shall be very glad to get home and see them all again. Tell M. and B., too, that the pleasantness of my visit is very much owing to them.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

NOVEMBER, 1856.

My dear Friend Catharine,— Your last letter was dated July 5. Is it possible I have not answered it? If not, I will try to make amends now for my neglect; and, if I have, it is better to do my duty over again than not at all. I have so much to say that I hardly know where to begin; but, as we probably feel very much alike on the stirring topics of the times, it is not worth while to spend any time in saying to you what you will find much better expressed in any newspaper or speech. You will rather, I know, that I should tell you of our own affairs. I will just tell you, however, that *we* think we have done pretty well for Kansas in this town, considering its size, having raised about $400, besides holding meetings of the ladies of the whole town, at which were prepared three barrels of clothing, valued at about $180, which were sent three weeks ago; and I am happy to see that the clothing, etc., is arriving safely. From the last accounts I begin to feel that Governor Geary is a better friend to them than ap-

peared at one time. It would not do for him to be exclusively friendly to them: his life would not be safe.

I let this lie from Sunday to Sunday, because, although I have plenty of time, I have very little courage to write. So you must not expect many more letters from me.

The children were all at home at their father's celebration, of which you have seen an account in the *Register*. One of the pleasantest things was seeing so many of the old neighboring ministers. And the people were so engaged,— more than we had any idea of. Two beautiful chairs and footstools were sent up in the morning for the repose of our old age, and carried up to the vestry in the evening for the people to try. . . . We have six little girls this winter, no boys. It requires all the girls' skill and patience. . . .

Mr. Allen is very glad to have the people so well united on so promising a young man, and I hope they will show a steady attachment, as they always have done; and, as this is a *free* pulpit, I hope he may say what he has to say without let or hindrance, and, what is more, I hope he will have a good word to say.

VI.

THE LAST YEARS.

Take them, O Death! and bear away
  Whatever thou canst call thine own.
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
  Doth give thee that, but that alone.

Take them, O great Eternity!
  Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
  And trails its blossoms in the dust.*

TOWARDS the end of the period now closed, the first marked symptoms began to appear of the infirmity under which our mother suffered in her last years. The first symptoms were a trembling and weakness of her hands. She was not only a constant correspondent, but a rapid and skilful knitter, some of her most valued gifts being mantles, or the like, wrought in the fancy stitch she delighted to study out and practise; so that to her this disability was very depressing, and brought with it a painful apprehension of becoming a burden upon the care of others. She was persuaded a little reluctantly to make a visit in the spring of 1856 to her eldest son, then in Bangor, Me.; and was greatly refreshed and gladdened by the experience. It was the time of one of the serious crises of the Free

* These verses from Longfellow's "Suspiria" were among the last to which our mother listened.

Soil movement,—the time of the invasion of Kansas and the assault upon Charles Sumner; and her whole heart was in the stirring controversy of the day.

During the early summer of 1857 she seemed to be in her usual health, and was looking cheerfully forward to the marriage of her youngest daughter, Lucy, in the autumn. But on the 20th of August, as she rose from the table at noon, she was seized with a great trembling, and was about to fall. Her daughter-in-law Anna, who with a young child chanced to be alone with her, supported her, and she was soon conveyed to the bed from which it seemed likely that she would never rise. She thought the end had come,—that she would be spared the years of suffering, or the helplessness worse than suffering, which she had (it is likely) looked forward to with dread; and this thought gave her a singular contentment and serenity of spirit. For about six weeks her strength seemed gradually to fail; and after her daughter's marriage, which took place at her bedside, she appeared to compose herself for her departure.

But her strength slowly rallied; and for about two months, it is probable, she suffered the most painful struggle of her life in view of the long trial that still lay before her. Early in the winter she was able to be taken out in bright weather to drive; and, returning from one of these occasions, as she turned to remark on the beauty of the drive, the neck of the thigh-bone parted, and then followed the weeks of slow recovery. The local shock appeared, however,

to relieve the nervous distress which was hardest to bear, and she regained a general tone of cheerfulness which never quite deserted her. We are able to give here the letter of a dear relative, our cousin Ruth, who was with her in many of these hours of weariness: —

APRIL, 1858.

Dear E.,— Your letter arrived this evening, to the great satisfaction of your mother.

We have been having a rainy day, but not a dull one, as we have all been in high spirits, singing, laughing, etc. Even your mother has been singing some of her old songs with your aunt Mary, and Ellen [Livingston] has read aloud some of the most amusing parts of "Ruth." Your mother insists on Ellen's taking air and exercise, and you cannot imagine how much she has improved.

Sunday evening we sang a little in your mother's room, your mother joining with us. She sends word that she is very cheerful and happy to think that you are having a visit and rest, and hopes you will enjoy all you can.

Your COUSIN RUTH.

To this place belongs also the following record from a journey taken by our father in 1860,— a letter written on his birthday: —

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, August 15, 1860.

My dearest Wife,— I shall write to you and no one else to-day, as you have the first claim to be remembered on my birthday, the seventieth of my long and prosperous and happy life. It does not seem possible that so many years have passed over me, or that others should look upon me as a septuagenarian. But so it is: I have reached the age beyond which there must be weakness

and decay. It is all right, and I submit to it without reluctance or regret; for such is the appointment of Infinite Wisdom and perfect Love. Is it not strange that I should write from this remote region? But I am not sorry that I came. It has been, since I left my brother Asa's (at Black Earth), as well as before, a rich experience, abounding in pleasant incidents and full of enjoyment. On entering the steamboat at Prairie du Chien Monday evening, whom should I meet but my good friends Mr. and Mrs. Barry, with their two daughters and sons-in-law, who came that day from Chicago, with an excursion party of one hundred, on their way to this place! We secured berths, and then the tables were removed, and five black fiddlers all in a row paraded themselves in front, and a party of young folks joined in the dance, which was kept up till about eleven, when we retired to our berths, but not in my case to sleep, as the noise of the wheel and engine, the puffing and wheezing and shrieking of the huge monster, kept me awake most of the night.

Early in the morning we passed La Crosse, where I mean to stop to-morrow on my return and take the cars for Milwaukee, where I may preach on Sunday. We reached this city at half-past eight; and I immediately inquired my way to Mr. Newell's, and, on calling at his office, found that his little boy was then just going home with provisions from the market. I went with him, met Mr. Newell on the way, who was expecting me, and soon I reached the house, where I was welcomed by our good friend Mrs. Newell. They had received this very morning a note I forwarded from Black Earth five days ago, so irregular are the mails in this place.

Mr. Newell is to take me after dinner to the Falls of St. Anthony and Minnehaha, and I shall return by the same boat I came in.

Little M. is now a great girl of nine or ten, and has just been conducting me over the city, which is larger and handsomer than I expected to find it. It stands on a bluff and looks finely, contains 7,000 inhabitants. As I was walking by the hotel, some one ran across the street to greet me; and who should it be but Mr. Wheeler, who lives at Little Falls, one hundred miles still further north! Very glad we were to meet, and he urged me strongly to go home with him, and said it should not cost me a cent to go and return.

What should you think if I should accept the invitation, and go on further still to the Red River, and so on to Lake Winnipeg and the arctic regions!

Farewell, with love to all.

The days of her infirmity were, in all, eight years and a half. During most of these years the household went on as before, a few pupils being still under the charge of our father and the remaining sister. But the slow decline was broken, at intervals not far from three years apart, by a series of shocks, each beginning with extreme feebleness and trembling; then a condition lasting about six weeks, when no food whatever could be taken except at intervals a spoonful of madeira, diluted and sweetened; and then slow recovery to a state of health nearly uniform, but on a lower level. Thus there were three steps in the long decline, broad and sharply marked.

Nothing in all these years, except in those seasons of extreme infirmity, disturbed the absolute serenity and clearness of her mind, or the precision of her memory and judgment. To the last there was not a single silver thread in her hair, which was of a dark chestnut brown; and, what may be noted here,

she never in her life had an hour of headache or spinal weakness. Her nervous system gave way, it would appear, solely under the heavy strain put upon it through middle life. Sometimes with the help of crutches, sometimes by support of a loving hand, she could go pretty easily about the house; often, in the summer days, she would ride into the bright air on a low "chariot" constructed by her son Edward, drawn by young members of the household; and no great change in the family arrangements was necessary, till a shock severer than the rest, in the spring of 1863, rendered her wholly helpless under that rare and obscure form of paralysis, which leaves the nerves of sensation keenly alive, while wholly benumbing those of motion. For the remaining years — a little less than three — hardly a voluntary movement of hand or foot could be made, so much as an inch; and the speech, from palsied lips and faltering tongue, became to most persons quite unintelligible: only her nearest attendants could interpret it to others; and almost the only impression really painful, remaining from the memory of those days, is of the fruitless effort she would make at times to express in words what was so clear in her thought, or what it lay upon her heart to say.

In the course of this summer, of 1863, her eldest son, with his family, removed to the homestead, taking the care of the little estate, receiving a few students from college as day-pupils, and, for something more than two years, succeeding to his father's parish charge. Most of these days were in the dreadful years of the Civil War; and it was noticeable that for

any half-forgotten incident, before or during the war, our mother's unerring memory, as it could be gathered from her broken utterance, was our last tribunal of appeal. The sunny south parlor, to which she was now confined, shaded by a broad piazza towards the east, and with the western glare fenced off by a little roof of vines, made, as of old, the gathering-place of family and friends.

The end came in the month of February, 1866. The symptoms of the final shock came on the morning of her wedding anniversary, the third of the month; and on the tenth, after thirty-six hours of unconscious slumber,— patience having now done its perfect work,— she passed quietly away in sleep. During the days that intervened, she neither moved nor spoke "except with her eyes, but she seemed to retain her mind perfectly, and said as plainly as words how glad she was the end had come, and how she thanked every one for their attention and all they had done during her long sad illness."

In the spring of 1862 her sister Mary (Mrs. Lincoln) — her "earliest and best friend" as she playfully introduced her in a letter of 1818 — died, after an illness of several months. Their close neighborhood during the later years of their lives had been a great comfort to both; but they were able to meet only once or twice during the long cold winter preceding the death of the younger. Two years later her brother Dr. John Ware, the merry-maker of their early years, a constant and generous friend through life, also passed away; and she, the eldest, was now the only one remaining of the six

children left motherless at so early an age. Henry had died in 1843, William in 1852, Harriet in 1838.

Eight months before our mother's death, on the 10th of June, 1865, a grandchild Gertrude, daughter of our brother Thomas Prentiss, a girl of seventeen, of singular energy, courage, and intelligence, had died, suddenly, of the climate fever, in Charleston, S.C. She had gone there to accompany a just-widowed uncle, our youngest brother, William, who was called to reorganize the schools of Charleston after the war; had entered eagerly and loyally into his plans, devoting herself to a large class of negro children; and, lingering into the summer heats, had died, passionately lamented by her pupils, who saw her in vision as a celestial saint, and heaped her grave with roses. At our mother's burial, on the 14th of February, it was felt that the first two deaths of grown members of the household should be commemorated together; and, before the public service which was held at the general desire in the meeting-house,* we joined in singing to their common memory the following hymn: —

O Thou, whose love hath reconciled
  The hearts that bled beneath thy rod,
  Thine everlasting arms, dear God,
Receive our Mother and our Child!

The weary, wasted, broken frame,
  The trembling hands, the faltering tongue,
  The patient heart that waited long,
Till in the night the Master came; —

* Friends will remember the funeral discourse preached by Rev. Dr. Hill, of Worcester, from a very favorite text of our mother's, "The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me."

These now are gathered to their rest;
  She laid her heavy burden down;
  The grief, the joy,—the cross, the crown,—
He gave them; and His name be blessed!

The beauty and the hope of youth;
  The free, glad heart; the eager will;
  The steadfast purpose to fulfil
One perfect work of love and truth,—

Our Daughter gave them all to Him —
  A service pleasing in His eyes:
  Thou didst accept the sacrifice;—
Our hearts are sore, our eyes are dim.

Calm is their rest, their peace is deep;
  Our love shall consecrate their dust;
  We look to God in grateful trust:
He giveth his beloved sleep!

Shortly after our mother's death, the eldest brother removed with his family to Jamaica Plain, and subsequently to Cambridge; and the eldest sister, with her daughter, her husband (Dr. Johnson), and his aged mother, came from Keene, N.H., to occupy the homestead. These changes made the least possible break in the traditions of the household; but, as they brought some confusion and disturbance of its quiet habit, it was decided that our father should visit his son William, then professor in Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio. The journey was extended by a few days, first in Washington and Baltimore, and, after visiting Yellow Springs, a trip to Cincinnati and Louisville, then returning to Yellow Springs for another week. He reached

home in season to attend the installation of Rev. H. L. Myrick as his colleague, in the end of June. We subjoin a few extracts from his letters: –

To his Daughter. YELLOW SPRINGS, May 20, 1866.

My dear E.,— I have had a superb time since I last wrote. I left Washington Tuesday, spent a couple of days at Baltimore, and set out on my way hither Thursday morning in the midst of a rain-storm, which at Baltimore continued through most of the day, but from which we soon emerged as we approached the mountains. We dined at Harper's Ferry, and then up the valley of the Shenandoah thirty or forty miles, till we came again to the Potomac, which we followed till we reached Cumberland, one hundred and seventy-five miles from Baltimore, where I concluded to pass the night, so that I might cross the mountains by daylight. Friday, which was a most propitious day, I passed through one of the most picturesque regions I have ever seen, coming to the river Ohio, near Wheeling, two hundred miles from Cumberland, and now the capital of Western Virginia, at about five o'clock. Crossing the river in a steam ferry, dining on the boat, we took the train for Xenia at about six, and reached Columbus at midnight, where we had to wait two mortal hours for the train from Pittsburg. At half-past four we reached Xenia, making full three hundred miles from Cumberland in one day, and after breakfast took the train for this place,— nine miles,— which I reached at half-past nine A.M. William was at the station, waiting to receive me, and took me to the college, introducing me to the pleasant family of Mr. Tiffany. After dinner I accompanied Mrs. Tiffany with the children and some of the lady teachers to the Glen, a charming, shady walk.

YELLOW SPRINGS, June 10, 1866.

Dear E.,— I returned to this place last evening, after an absence of ten days, spent in Cincinnati and Louisville. I went to Cincinnati Wednesday, and stayed till Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Kebler taking me out to ride to several beautiful places in the vicinity. On Friday her Sunday-school had a picnic in a fine grove not far from Clifton, about four or five miles from the city. It was dusty, but not hot, as the sun was obscured by clouds. Mrs. K. with part of the children took me in their carriage: the rest went in an omnibus. The children had a nice time, and we all had a pleasant ride. . . . Monday a beautiful day. At noon I went on board a splendid steamer, bound for Louisville. There I met Rev. Mr. Waterston of Boston, who was going to the same place; and, taking our seats on the forward deck, we watched the windings of the stream and the shores on either side, the water unruffled as a lake. . . . We reached Louisville at about daybreak. We met with a most cordial welcome at Mr. Heywood's, and while there their kindness was unbounded. They invited eight or ten of his leading parishioners to spend the evening with us, and we had invitations to ride and to take tea with them during our visit. One day we spent the forenoon in visiting the schools, accompanied by Mr. Danforth, the President of the Board of Education for the city. In the afternoon, Mr. B., a wealthy manufacturer, took us in his barouche to the artesian well, two thousand feet deep, which throws up a column of strong mineral water to the height of fifty or sixty feet. He then took us to the falls or rapids, below the city, where there is a canal for boats when the water is low. We then went to the water-works above the city, where on a high hill is the reservoir which supplies the city with water, pumped by steam-power from the river. Friday I went on board another fine steamer

at twelve o'clock, having taken leave of my good friends, whose kindness I shall never forget. It was extremely hot, and I was glad to turn my face homeward, as the summer has now fairly set in. Reached Yellow Springs, finding William and Mr. T. waiting to welcome me back, as they had begun to feel anxious about me. I shall have a great deal to relate of my experiences when I get home, where I shall hope to meet you all in health and peace.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

On August 22 of the same year occurred the celebration of the Town Centennial, for which he was invited to prepare the historical address. This was afterwards printed with a full account of all the festivities. The occasion was of great interest, and drew together a large concourse of people.

On October 30 the semi-centennial of his own ordination and settlement was celebrated with interesting exercises and a gathering of many friends. An interesting episode of the occasion was the gathering at the Centre School-house the day before of the children from all the schools, who there presented him with a valuable fur coat, purchased by their united contributions. No gift ever gave him more pleasure, especially as it came from all without distinction. In the evening, while holding a general reception at his house, he was surprised by another gift of a silver ice pitcher, brought by a delegation of Good Templars, of which organization he was an honorary member.

We here give extracts from his address on that occasion, as the most appropriate summing up, at the age of seventy-six, of his life work:—

My choice of a profession, so far as a mere child is capable of choice, dates back to my school-boy days; and when, at the age of seventeen, I experienced the fulfilment in part of my cherished hopes, by being admitted as a student in Harvard College, the purpose and the desire to become a minister never died out of my bosom. Accordingly, having completed my college course, I was ready to enter at once on a course of professional studies, assisted and guided by men of enlarged views and a catholic spirit, whom I shall ever remember with gratitude and affection, as my benefactors in the truest and highest sense.

Before I had completed my course, however, my health broke down; and for many months I was incapable of much mental effort, so that the time for entering on the duties of the ministry seemed to be indefinitely postponed. It was a season of great bodily weakness and mental depression. It seemed as if I was destined to confirmed invalidism or to an early grave; as if the object of my chiefest solicitude, that for which I had so longed and waited for, the preparation for which had cost me so much time and study, would never be reached, and that the outlay which my education had cost would bring no adequate return. I had entered into an engagement to supply a vacant pulpit, as a candidate for settlement, in a parish which held out many attractions to a young candidate; but after waiting many weary months, in a state of mind which can be better conceived than described, I was compelled at length to abandon the hope I had so fondly cherished, and to wait still longer before I was able to resume my studies or to offer my services as a candidate for settlement in the Christian ministry.

After testing my strength and ability by occasional services in the pulpits of several of my friends, and preaching as a candidate in one or two places, the summer of 1815 brought me into Worcester County, and made me an in-

mate of the family of the excellent Dr. Bancroft, of Worcester, whose pulpit I supplied in his absence. This was followed by an engagement to preach in West Boylston during the winter of 1815–16. It was during my term of service in that pleasant village — namely, the 29th of February, 1816 — that my respected predecessor in the ministry, Rev. Peter Whitney, whom I had called upon a few weeks before, suddenly, instantaneously, departed this life, in a good old age, after a peaceful and useful ministry of nearly half a century.

At his funeral, as I was afterwards informed, two of the ministers present, Drs. Bancroft and Thayer, with whom I had formed an acquaintance which ripened into a friendship that lasted through life, recommended me to some of the citizens of this town as a suitable person to fill the vacant place, and advised that, if the candidate gave general satisfaction, they should hear no other, but invite him to become their minister.

After a probation of eight Sundays, beginning with the first Sunday in July, such an invitation, with great unanimity, was given, and in due time accepted; and the 30th of October was appointed for the ordination services. The day was propitious, one of the finest and loveliest days of late autumn,— the New England Indian summer; and the occasion brought together a great company from this and the neighboring towns. An ordination was then a rare occasion. There had not been one in Northborough since that of Rev. Mr. Whitney, half a century before, nor one in any of the adjoining towns for the last ten years. The interest pervaded the whole community, and extended into neighboring towns. Preparations were made for it on a scale of liberality which seemed to imply that trouble and expense were of no account. To the inhabitants of Northborough it was a day of jubilee such as had not occurred among them for nearly fifty years;

and, as might well be supposed, it was anticipated and welcomed with great joy. The church was filled in every part, and great numbers were unable to obtain admittance. A large choir, consisting of as many as thirty or forty in all,— young women, dressed in a uniform of white, with white turbans and blue badges,— a well-drilled choir, under a skilful leader, discoursed excellent music; venerable men, members of the ordaining council, performed the parts assigned them; and so passed the day which we now commemorate. After the services are over, the great assembly disperses, and all find a welcome at the well-furnished tables that are spread for them in the houses of the inhabitants. The eagerness with which the invitations are given and pressed even upon the strangers reminds one of Eastern hospitality.

To him on whose account these preparations are made, and who in the presence of this great assembly receives the seals of office and assumes the solemn responsibilities of the Christian ministry, the occasion is one of thrilling and almost overpowering interest. It forms a new and most important era in his life. It assigns him his field of labor. It establishes new and interesting relations. According to Congregational usage it gives him authority to administer the Christian ordinances, and by the laws of the land it empowers him to solemnize marriages. It gives him access to the chamber of sickness and to the house of mourning, to administer the counsels and consolations of religion to the children of suffering and sorrow. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the responsibilities of the pastoral office press upon the young and inexperienced minister with a great weight, and lead him to feel how utterly insufficient he is for meeting them in his own strength. Not without many misgivings and fears,— arising partly from the state of my health, and partly from a painful sense of the greatness and sacred-

ness of the charge I had accepted and the work I had undertaken,— I came before my people on the following Sunday with a discourse on the text, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

It was a pleasant and well-cultivated field in which I was called to labor, and the reception I met with was sufficiently cordial and kind to satisfy the desires of any reasonable man. My parish was *the town;* and, with very few exceptions, all the inhabitants of the town, to the number of about eight hundred, were under my pastoral care, and looked upon me as their minister. I was expected to visit every family as often as once a year, and in case of sickness or affliction to make as frequent calls as circumstances seemed to require.

Preparation for the regular services of the Sabbath costs a young minister severe and wearing toil, especially when his resources are limited, his interruptions many, and his stock of written sermons scanty and soon exhausted. Yet such was the task demanded or assumed by him who entered the ministry fifty years ago, and who, as was then the common experience, remained in one place for a succession of years. And, then, the nature of the office; the duties and responsibilities it involves; the influence, for good or for evil, which a minister of the gospel wields; the consequences, for time and for untold ages, that may result, that *must* result, from his ministry, — these considerations might well justify the misgivings and fears with which the young minister began his work. Well might he exclaim, as he contemplated the field he was entering and the work he was expected to do, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

But I feel that I was privileged above the common lot. My people were considerate and forbearing. Had it been otherwise, I should not have seen this day, nor experienced the satisfactions and joys which have accompanied

my steps all the way from the commencement of my ministry even until now.

Every minister, it is true,—nay, every man, whatever his calling,—has his rubs and his crosses. I have not been exempted from the common lot. I have seen seasons of depression and discouragement, when it seemed as if I must abandon the work I had undertaken and which I loved so well, or seek some other field, where I could labor to better advantage and with better results. And here let me say, for the benefit of young ministers whose experience may be similar to my own, that such seasons of depression and discouragement are no good evidence of an unprofitable ministry, and may arise, and are quite as likely to arise, from overwork, or too much confinement, or some other violation of the laws of health, as from any apparent coldness or indifference or disaffection on the part of the people, or any apparent want of success on the part of the minister. And the best remedy for this disordered state of the nerves, and one that has commonly proved efficacious in my own case, is to put aside pen and books, and all sedentary and *especially* all *solitary* employment, and either join the family in some healthy recreation, or (what I would particularly recommend to my younger brothers in the ministry) to go the rounds of the parish, to engage in cheerful conversation with those whom they may meet in the home or on the way, and let their people see, as they will be glad to know, that they can take an affectionate interest in all that concerns them, and can sympathize with them in all their sorrows and joys. Believe me, my brothers, you will return from such excursions with brighter visions and lighter hearts.

Surely, *I* have no cause to complain. I have had a peaceful and pleasant ministry; and I know that some, and I hope that many, have profited by it. I recall with profound gratitude scenes of moral sublimity which I have

been privileged to witness in my visits to the sick and the bereaved, or when standing by the bedside of those whose spirits were about to take their flight,—scenes illustrative of the power of Christian faith to inspire a true peace and a serene and joyful hope.

As to the general character of the preaching that has been heard from this pulpit during this protracted ministry, I trust I may, without arrogance, claim that it has been *evangelical*, in the proper sense of that term; that is, founded on the *evangelists*, in substantial accordance with the teachings of the evangelists, and especially of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. I hope I have always been open to conviction; ready in practice, as well as in theory, to receive new light from study and observation and the experience of life, and deeming it a high privilege, no less than a religious duty, to sit with a docile and reverent spirit at the feet of Him whom I gladly receive and honor as an infallible teacher, one who taught with authority, and not as the scribes.

But I also recognize with deep gratitude my obligations to other teachers. From Channing I learned to reverence human nature, to regard all men as the children of one Father, and therefore brethren,—a doctrine more important in its practical bearings, it has seemed to me, than any other. That doctrine, as set forth in an eloquent discourse, contained in his printed works, on the text, "Honor all men,"—that doctrine I gladly received in the early part of my ministry, and have steadily maintained; and, throughout my ministry, it has held a prominent place in the teachings of this pulpit. I saw at once its application to many customs and practices prevalent in society. Others saw it in the same light. It could not fail to lead to practical results. In the spirit of this great and glorious doctrine, Tuckerman, the friend of Channing, instituted the ministry to the poor. Noah Worcester

showed its inconsistency, its utter incompatibility, with the custom of war, and became "the Apostle of Peace." Others still saw the degradation and wretchedness caused by intemperance, and banded themselves in a holy warfare against the use of intoxicating drinks. In all these philanthropic enterprises I felt a deep interest, and in most of them I took an early and active part. They formed the staple of many of my discourses, and they led to the formation of societies among my people for the removal or the alleviation of the evils which we witnessed and deplored.

At length it was seen and felt by many that the doctrine of the brotherhood of man was opposed and should be applied to human *slavery* as it existed in these United States. It was so applied; and by various instrumentalities, among which the work undertaken and carried on with such unflinching courage and such marked ability by Garrison and his associates, must be acknowledged to hold a high, if not the highest place,— by various instrumentalities, I say, *all* over-ruled by a wise and beneficent Providence,— the axe was finally laid at the root of the tree, and it received a death-blow from which it can never recover. On these and other kindred topics I have often spoken with great freedom, sometimes, it may be, with undue asperity, but always, I insist, with a right purpose and aim,— always "speaking the truth in love," seeking only the elevation and highest good of the victims of oppression and injustice or of their own weakness or depravity, wherever they may be found.

The last half-century has been a period of great agitation and change in our New England churches. Though a lover of peace and an enemy of discord and strife, I early enlisted on the side of what is commonly styled *liberal Christianity*, the essence of which is not the belief in a well-defined system of doctrinal opinion, but in the ut-

most freedom of inquiry and in *the liberty of prophesying*, by which is meant claiming for one's self, and according to others, the free expression or utterance of the views which one is led to entertain on the subject of religion. Accordingly, I have not felt bound by any implied promise or engagement to retain and to hold fast the identical views of Christian truth which I held at the time I completed my theological studies, or at the commencement of my ministry, or at any time before or since. I believe in progress. I hold, I have ever held, with Robinson of Leyden, who "was very confident that the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy Word," and who charged his hearers, "before God and his blessed angels, to follow him no farther than he followed Christ, and, if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of his, to be as ready to receive it as ever we were to receive any truth by his ministry."

From first to last, in my youth and in my age, I have never consciously deserted this great Protestant principle. I have lived to learn. I still live, and hope to learn more and more while life and reason last,—for truth is infinite, like its Author; and "who by searching can find out God (or Truth) unto perfection"?

For the first sixteen years of my ministry, I remained the minister of the Town. I drew my support from the town as a corporation, and nearly all the families of the place were under my pastoral charge. During most of this period, the same state of things existed in the neighboring churches, and indeed throughout New England. Each town had its one church and its one minister; and exchanges of pulpits were not *exclusive*, but free, and without asking for pledges or requiring any other conditions than a fair character and good standing in the ministry. Thus, while I was known as a Unitarian minister, there was not one of the neighboring pulpits shut

against me; and with most of the ministers in this neighborhood, however they might differ from me in belief, I lived on the most friendly terms, and was welcomed to their pulpits as well as to their homes.

My most intimate and endearing intercourse, however, as might be supposed, was with those ministers whose theological views coincided more nearly with my own, the number of whom was not inconsiderable within a circuit of twenty miles. Some of them were especially dear to me, and the memory of all of them is precious. There was one brother without the bounds of the Association with whom I sympathized more fully in doctrine and spirit, and to whom I feel that I am more indebted for whatever success I have had in my ministry, than to any other. I mean Henry Ware, Junior. Entering the ministry nearly at the same time, and having been educated under influences not very dissimilar, and soon brought into very near social and domestic relations, it is not strange that an intimate friendship should grow up between us, and that we should try to help each other in the work we had undertaken. To me his suggestions and criticisms and recommendations were of great service, and I look back upon our intercourse and intimacy with satisfaction and gratitude. It was after consultation with him that I undertook to prepare a series of Question-books for the use of Sunday-schools. Those little books cost me the labor of my leisure hours for several successive winters; but I have been amply repaid by the testimony that has been borne to their value in their extensive use in the churches of our faith. They were the result of a conviction that was strengthened by every year's experience,— that Sunday-school teachers needed just the aid furnished by such questions, the answers to which were not furnished to hand, as in the case of most catechisms, but could be easily found by the pupil, with

some help from the mother or teacher, by referring to the chapter and verse designated in the book The Sunday-school was organized in 1824; but for several years before this date, even from the commencement of my ministry, religious instruction had been given to the children and youth of the town, at first in the use of the catechism and afterwards by written questions on portions of the Gospels, by our encouraging success in which I was induced to prepare the series of Question-books to which reference has been made.

The most laborious and, on the whole, the most satisfactory part of my ministry embraces the period of twenty or twenty-five years commencing with 1824 or thereabouts. I had passed a novitiate of seven years, in which I had much to learn and some things to unlearn, in which my labors, though abundant, were, as I now think, not always judicious or attended with much profit. From this time my discourses became more practical and, I think, more earnest and impressive, and my preaching was attended with more satisfactory results. During much of this period, I held a third service on Sunday evenings in the winter months, at first in private houses, and afterwards in the town hall, and at length in the basement under the town hall, which was built for a vestry by voluntary subscription. These meetings were commonly well attended, so that the third service became an institution, and was looked upon, I believe, with general favor.

It was during this part of my ministry that my extra labors — labors out of my profession — were most abundant. I prepared my Question-books for Sunday-schools; gave several courses of lectures before the Northborough Lyceum, and many single lectures, on various subjects, before similar institutions in neighboring towns; conducted, with an assistant, *a family school for boys*, besides fitting several young men for college or the ministry, and

giving classical instruction to a large number of private pupils, who were preparing themselves for other professions.

At the completion of the fortieth year of my pastorate, — namely, on the 30th of October, 1856,— agreeably to a purpose and a determination deliberately formed some years before, I relinquished the whole care of the pulpit and parish, thus voluntarily and cheerfully and trustfully laying down the burden I had so long borne, and which I found my strength inadequate to bear. I have never regretted for an instant the step I then took. It seemed to give me a new lease of life. I felt younger and stronger and happier. My intercourse with my people has been uniformly pleasant, and I think mutually so; and I have been the recipient of many substantial favors. I have nothing to complain of; much, very much, to be thankful for. For their sympathy and proffered aid during the long and tedious illness of the partner of my joys and griefs; for the testimony they bore, in her lifetime and at her death, to her worth; and especially for the action of the parish in passing those resolutions tendering their sympathy and services, after her departure,—for these and all the marks of confidence and esteem which my people have shown me, from the first day even until now, they have my cordial thanks.

For myself, I can truly say, I have been greatly blessed. For more than forty-eight years, the angel of death came not into the house over which I presided, and then only with friendly hand to unloose the bands which fastened to the earth one who was already weaned from earth and who longed to be free. During all this time I have not been confined to my bed by sickness for a single day. Our children have been spared to us, our house has been the home, for a longer or shorter period, of some who were homeless and of many who were placed under our

care for guidance and instruction, and many others have experienced our care and shared our hospitality. My relations to the parish and to the town have been uniformly friendly and pleasant. I have been welcomed to the homes and (I doubt not) to the hearts, not only of my parishioners, but of very many outside of our own communion. Their children, the children of the parish and of the town, all know that I am their friend; and I believe that they love me in return. And I thank them for the proofs they have given recently, or at former periods, of their affectionate remembrance. What more could I reasonably desire? Why might I not say with the aged Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace"? But I confess that life is still dear to me. Why should it not be so? For it is full of satisfaction and heart-felt joys, and I hope and trust I may yet do some good service to my fellow-men before I quit the stage. When our Master calls, may I, may we, my aged friends, may we all, be found ready to obey the summons, and to enter into the joy of our Lord!

The old life of change and variety in the household continued, a new element being added in a succession of invalids during several years, placed under the care of Dr. Johnson. Afterwards, for two years, a school for girls, conducted by his daughter-in-law, Sarah, made a part of the family. These gave great interest to our father, whose relations with the young people were always cordial and affectionate. For several seasons, he volunteered to hear the recitations of the higher Latin classes in the high school. They came to his study to recite; and it was a very congenial occupation for his leisure hours, as well as a welcome assistance to the teacher.

In 1867, he completed a History of the "Worcester Association of Ministers,"—a labor of love which gave him the opportunity he delighted in,—to pay his tribute of love and respect to the brother ministers with whom he had had so many years of friendly intercourse. To delineate the characters, and to recall the faithful work of so many who had passed on before him, gave him many pleasant hours; and no less pleasant was it to him to express his warm appreciation of those who were working in newer ways.

In 1869, he published a brief "Genealogy of the Allen Family of Medfield," dating from 1649,—a task which had given him months of interesting occupation and research.

In 1868, Rev. Mr. Myrick resigned; and on Oct. 30, 1869, Mr. Frederick L. Hosmer (now of Cleveland, Ohio) was ordained as colleague. The services on this occasion were unusual. Instead of an ordaining council, Mr. Hosmer received his office from the congregation through their representative, Mr. George Davis, thus following out the Congregational idea, our father giving the right hand of fellowship.

During these years, since the great refreshment of spirit by the long journey of 1866, little change could be noticed in his health or his habits of cheerful activity. His eightieth birthday was celebrated by a gathering of many neighbors and friends, by whose greeting he was warmly moved. He spoke on this occasion of the last ten years, since seventy, as among the happiest of his life: they were, he said, his best years.

The first marked decline came on gradually, almost imperceptibly, about two years later. For some months, we noticed that he was becoming more and more feeble, although we did not feel specially anxious, as he was usually bright and cheery; and the change, though sure, was very gradual. In the summer, some of the family went to the seashore, and sent for him to stay a few days. He was at some meeting in Salem, and went home before joining us. We were all shocked to see him look so tired and worn; but the trip did him good, and he was always cheerful and pleasant.

On the first of October, he attended in Cambridge the marriage of a grandchild, Lucy,—the last social gathering he witnessed, and a time of great enjoyment to him. But he was already so feeble that it gave us serious anxiety when (on account of the strange disease that just then disabled almost every horse in or near the city) he had to be attended, on foot, to the railway station in Cambridge, and then, by short stages, walk the whole breadth of Boston. On the twelfth of October, he attended a Sunday School Convention in Lowell, finding a home there, as an honored guest, in the family of Mr. Anderson, a companion of his voyage in 1849. In November, he went to West Newton, to christen a grandson and namesake,—the last service of the kind he ever performed. It happened to be the day of the Boston fire, which was a matter of great and painful interest. After that, he only went once to Boston, where he seemed almost lost as he passed among the smouldering ruins: it was

his last journey from home, and the places so familiar had lost their familiar look. As we thought of him afterwards, it was always as growing weaker, though at the time we hardly realized it. Early in January, he planned to go to a conference which was held in Leominster, where he had promised to stay with a friend. As the weather was not very pleasant, and he had a cold, he reluctantly gave up going, and wrote his last letter, expressing his regret.

About a week after, he went out in the afternoon, on foot, without the knowledge of the family, to make a few calls. He went last to visit his very old friend, Captain Cyrus Gale, who, thinking he did not seem very well, sent him home in his sleigh with a young man, who left him at the door, saying nothing of his illness. Our father came in, and seemed quite tired; and we said to him how glad we were that he could have a ride home, though we gently reproached him for going out without our knowledge. He appeared much the same as usual, only very quiet, even refusing to be read to.

After this time, he failed gradually till the third of February, his wedding-day. He was reminded of the day, and replied, "I have had a long and happy life," to which one said, "And a very useful one." He replied, "I have tried to make it so." The next morning, February 4, as he was eating his breakfast, he became unconscious. The look that then passed over his face was full of majesty and peace. He partially recovered from the attack, and was able to

go from room to room, wandering as in a dream among the familiar indoor scenes. During this time, he was always glad to see his friends; and on Sunday evenings we gathered in his room to sing our accustomed hymns, in which his voice sounded full and clear among the others. The last Sunday, a week before he died, we sang, and he tried to join us; but, finding him so feeble, we ceased after two or three hymns.

Through his whole sickness, he was like a little child in the sweetness with which he yielded to any of our suggestions. "Just as you say," "Just as you please," were his frequent answers to us when we suggested anything. So it was to the very last. Never was a sweeter, more serene close to a pure, good life. The last night he was soothed by singing; and, when one of his children repeated the psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," and stopped when partly through, fearing he did not hear it, he took it up, repeating, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." They were his last words. He breathed his life slowly away, till at four o'clock on Sunday morning, February 23, his breathing ceased, and he was at rest.

His funeral service on the following Thursday, before the congregation he had served for more than fifty-six years, was conducted by three near friends and associates of his ministry, Edward Everett Hale of Boston, Samuel May of Leicester, and George Bartol of Lancaster. A plain tablet of white marble near the pulpit, bearing an inscription in common memory of both our parents, was unveiled on Sun-

day, the 30th of October, 1887, being the seventy-first anniversary of his ordination. The following details are taken from the local papers: —

The funeral services took place at the old church on February 27. The house was crowded to overflowing. Even the vestry below was full. It seemed as if the whole population had come out; and the representation from neighboring towns was large.* The services were fully two hours long; but not a person seemed to stir, so great was the interest. They were opened with prayer by Rev. B. H. Bailey, whose father and grandfather were members of the society when Dr. Allen was ordained. The hymn, "Servant of God, well done," was then sung; and reading from the Scriptures followed, by Rev. Mr. Bartol, of Lancaster. Then the hymn,

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,"

was sung, followed by prayer from Rev. E. E. Hale, and by the hymn, "O Father, in whose mighty hands." Rev. Mr. Hale stated that it was expected Rev. Calvin Lincoln, one of the oldest and dearest friends of Dr. Allen, would be present to take the chief part in the services; but, as he was not able to come, he called on Rev. Samuel May, of Leicester. Mr. May said he could not speak as a mourner among mourners. "If anything is a cause of profound and grateful satisfaction, it is such a life as Dr. Allen's, and such a close of it. While we reverently lay the worn-out body in the ground, our thoughts and wishes mount up with the ascending spirit. The youngest person here can look back over the few

* The bearers were fourteen in number, representing the oldest families of the town, who were members of the church when Dr. Allen was ordained. They were George C. Davis, Cyrus Gale, Jr., John Rice, F. D. Bartlett, George H. Williams, Samuel Seaver, Denna Eager, William Maynard, Stephen H. Hunt, Charles Brigham, H. G. Colburn, Nathaniel F. Brigham, Abel Ball, John Crawford.

years since the great wickedness of human slavery perished under the condemning voices of millions throughout the land. But in the earlier time the anti-slavery movement was everywhere spoken against, was dreaded and denounced. Not more than one or two in the Association had a good word for it, but Dr. Allen was one of those. No matter who spoke coldly of it, he did not. He maintained that we had a duty to it, not to be put by. And he did that duty, at times and in circumstances of no little difficulty, even when he must stand in opposition to most of his associates, some of them his seniors. Beautiful was his spirit of gentleness, yet of fidelity." Mr. May also spoke of Dr. Allen as the most incessant and indefatigable worker he had ever known.

Mr. Bartol spoke of his readiness to carry out all new, progressive plans and ideas. Mr. Hale spoke of his being among the last of those ministers who were settled by vote of the town, not by any particular company or sect, and of the broad influence which had gone out into all parts of the country from his work.

Rev. Mr. Lamson, Baptist minister in Northborough, wrote as follows in the local paper a few days later: —

Dr. Allen had his intelligent and deep convictions as a religious man and a theologian, but this did not prevent him from recognizing what was good in men of all creeds. Widely as his sentiments differed in some repects from those of the writer, the latter never felt for a moment debarred by this circumstance from a share in his kindly regard. Though seeming in his later years to belong to a former generation, Dr. Allen was never blindly wedded to the past. By nature a conservative, he yet yielded gracefully to the inevitable changes wrought in a half-

century in the parish and town. He could see younger men take the place which he once occupied without jealousy or envy. He was singularly free from everything like misanthropy and selfishness. He retained in a remarkable degree his interest in contemporary opinions and events. He kept abreast of the movements of the age. He did not allow the tide to rush past him. Thus he never grew old, never became superannuated. The beautiful freshness of his simple and childlike nature was preserved to the last.

> "Death his sacred seal hath set
> On bright and bygone hours."

VII.

MEMORIES.

They passed away from sight and hand,
  A slow, successive train:
To memory's heart, a gathered band,
  Our lost ones come again.

N. L. Frothingham.

TWO deeply painful events had interrupted the placid flow of these seven last years. On the 26th of November, 1868, Thanksgiving Day, died our second brother, Thomas Prentiss, at the age of forty-six. He had been educated to his father's profession; was settled as minister in Sterling, Mass., in 1846; had gradually relinquished the service of the ministry for the charge of boys, in which vocation a singular energy of character, vigor of self-assertion, a tact in discipline of mingled firmness and trust amounting to a form of moral genius, with excellent though modest scholarship, had made him extraordinarily successful; and had in time been established as teacher in New Bedford in 1855, and in West Newton in 1864. His fatal illness was a violent return of that dreadful malady, *peritonitis*, brought on by exposure in returning from our Aunt Abigail's golden wedding in Medfield, on the 14th of November.

By native temperament strong-willed, eager, full

of venture and fun, he had come by habit and discipline — partly, also, by the sudden blow of domestic sorrow which sank deep, and by severe self-control — to be unusually grave and gentle: the passion and energy of his boyhood had all passed into the firm moral ascendency in which he held his charge. But he could unbend, as in his last Thanksgiving here, the year before his death, for the sake of the children, and be the gayest of all. "When I think," writes one of the family, "how his fun and nonsense used to enliven our gatherings, I feel sorry that the only later memory of him is of gravity, however sweet and gentle, and hardly at all of cheerfulness." From those who knew his seven years' ministry in Sterling, and his work afterwards in New Bedford, we have received most grateful testimony of the enduring impression he has left. One of his college classmates writes of him: —

HONOLULU, January 16, 1869.

It is more than thirty-four years since we first came together; and from that time until I left the United States — we frequently met, to say nothing of our four years together at Cambridge — I remember no unkind words or ungenerous actions. Nor can I recall the name of any friend with whom I have more invariably maintained friendly relations. We sympathized much in our intellectual tastes and in our views of men and things, and I sincerely deplore his loss.

S. H. PHILLIPS.

The following are from among the grateful letters received from his former pupils: —

NEW YORK, October 20, 1890.

Your brother's manliness was education in itself for all of us,— boys growing into men. His high sense of honor and his quiet earnestness did everything for each of us personally,— what many of us may be we owe to him. He showed us new paths for lives of usefulness. He stimulated us by means so simple as to be unobserved. If he had lived, he would have become a renowned teacher of men,— for he was cut down long before his prime,— much as he had done before he died.

I could fill pages about him, but I think one of the finest traits of his noble character was his simple and unaffected delight in the pleasant things which sometimes came to him and his expression of his satisfaction. I remember his surprise and pleasure at his election into the Hasty Pudding Club in the year 1860 or 1861. He so thoroughly enjoyed anything connected with Harvard University that his enrolment comparatively late in life in a new way among its students made this little honor very pleasant to him. His eyes filled with tears as he spoke to me of it; for, as secretary, I had the pleasure of telling him.

His leaving New Bedford was deeply regretted. He left behind none but warm friends and sincere admirers, and his name is a household word still in many and many a home in the city he benefited so much.

Of the warmth of my own feelings about him, and of the debt of gratitude I still pay him, you know. There are many who feel as I do, but not one more deeply than,

Yours very truly,

E. D. LINDSAY.

NEW BEDFORD, October 24, 1890.

To very few persons in this world do I owe so much of gratitude and love as to him who at one of the most important periods of my life was my guide, my teacher, and

in the truest sense my friend. Faithful to his charge, patient beyond expression, learned and with the happiest faculty of making his learning so simple and intelligible that the untutored mind could grasp his meaning, he led us along the pathway of knowledge, making all the rough places smooth and urging our lagging steps with kindly incentives to better and more thorough work. And yet *his work* was thorough, too. Many and many a time since we parted as teacher and pupil at the entrance to the University has the thought of something he taught me, outside of books and the regular curriculum of study, helped me to bridge over some hard place and opened new possibilities to my endeavors. I cannot remember Mr. Allen as only the teacher in the school-room. He was so much more than that to me. He shared in all the varied activities of his scholars, and was always one with us. It was only thus that he could have acquired that complete knowledge of what each boy needed which enabled him to meet with such entire success every requirement. Sincerely yours,

CHARLES W. CLIFFORD.

BOSTON, January, 1891.

I remember how I felt, at eight years old, his impatience of and indignation at anything mean or dishonest. I think the boys all loved him, and felt that he was their friend. I remember the intense interest that he showed all through the war, and how he used time of the school freely in explaining to us the important movements or battles. Everything connected with the war seemed sacred to him, and our school drill and flag-raisings were important with him, and clearly considered as a valuable part of our training. You remember, probably, his closing the school for some weeks, on account of the Sanitary

Fair [in St. Louis]. I believe that he was a great and lasting influence for good in the lives of all his scholars.

CHARLES ALMY.

His daughter Gertrude had (as just related) died in Charleston, S.C., in 1865; and almost on the anniversary of that day, June 8, 1872, his only son, Otis Everett,—a young man of twenty-two, who had left his college class three months before for a post of service on a Western railroad,—came to an instantaneous death while riding in front of the engine, in a task of inspection (after a freshet) of a newly built bridge. In college, with a very winning temper, he had the manner of boyish light-heartedness; but the temper grew manly and grave under the pressure of graver cares, and he seemed fast ripening to a vigorous manhood. "The great exuberance of his spirits," writes a classmate, "made it difficult for him to engage in any prolonged mental work. He was always open, frank, and generous, somewhat rash and impulsive in judgment, and warmly devoted to his friends,"—a generous and manly nature, whose best traits unfolded, somewhat suddenly, at the last. A gathering of his classmates at the Northborough homestead joined us in singing the following hymn in the burial service on the 14th of June:—

The sweet June day is almost done;
  The shadows lengthening fall;
And tenderly the setting sun
  Shines in on bier and pall.

And shadows gather on the heart,
  And eyes with tears are dim,
While sadly now, before we part,
  We sing his funeral hymn.

No more, in thronging college halls,
  Our brother's face is seen;
No more that vigorous footstep falls
  On pleasant college green;
The voice is still, and cold the hand,
  The strong free life is fled;
And kindred, classmates, friends, we stand
  In presence of the dead.

The work is done he did so well;
  Closed is the swift career;
At duty's chosen post he fell,
  Without a pain or fear.
Amid the forms he loved the best,
  Beneath the springing sod,
We lay the broken frame to rest:
  The life is hid in God.

There remain some personal memories of our father and mother to be gathered up before we close this record of their lives. Our childhood was a happy time, not hampered by unnecessary restraint, though we all had our little duties, and were under watchful discipline. Our father had usually little time left from his parish and other duties to attend to us. But he never wished to go anywhere without taking one or more of us with him, if possible, in the large, old-fashioned chaise, or, when he had a carryall, filling it with as many as it would hold (and there were generally others besides ourselves to be considered); and then we were expected to get out and walk up the hills, both to "save the horse" and

to give us a change. As most of his travelling then was done with his own horse, and as he had exchanges far and near with brother ministers, which served as vacation outings, we had many a drive about the town and the neighboring towns, and became familiar with various localities. "A man he was to all the country dear," and to him became known the history of almost every home.

At intervals he took longer journeys, with mother and some of us in turn,— up the Connecticut River into New Hampshire or Vermont, or down as far as Springfield, his brother's house in Northfield or her cousins in Deerfield making the prospective point or headquarters of the trip. These were delightful journeys, through towns more primitive than our own, of large territory but small population, beautiful scenery, and beset by no terrors of railway crossings or sturdy beggars. Everywhere were friends only too glad to welcome them to a meal or lodging, whose hospitality would be wounded if not accepted "as freely as it was freely given." Then there were drives to Medfield and Cambridge, which we made a good day's journey, very slowly, to favor the horse, who must also have his dinner with us on the way. At both places were the uncles, aunts, and cousins, who made everything delightful to us.

It was one of our father's most characteristic qualities that he could never enjoy anything alone. He must find some one to enjoy with him; and this was especially the case in reading. Whatever interested him, he must read aloud. This was a great boon to our mother, who could listen when her hands

were busy; and together they followed all the movements of the time, especially the progress of educational and benevolent enterprises, whose leaders and ideas became household words. His people also shared in this advantage. A part of the afternoon meetings of the Sewing Circle was spent in listening to whatever he might select, and no one will forget it who heard "Uncle Tom's Cabin" read in this way as it first came out. His sympathies were very quick and responsive. Those who knew him could tell by a glance at his face if he brought ill news or were feeling less well than usual, while his cheerful, cordial greeting did any one good at other times.

We remember some instances which specially called out these sympathies. On his return from Europe, he was just in season to attend the funeral of a dear little girl of ten years, who had been the last person to bid him good-by, as she ran out when he passed her house in starting on his journey. Coming after the similar incidents of his voyage home, already related, and being the only shadow that had come over his parish during his absence, it affected him deeply.

During the years of the Civil War, also, when Northborough shared in the tragedies which came to almost every village and home, our father felt the griefs of his people as his own. Many times he was called to perform the last services over the lifeless forms of young men whom he had known from childhood, who went with so much hope and patriotic feeling.

As our father had so little time to be with us, our

mother, who had us almost constantly with her in our early days, understood our special needs better than he. She observed our faults, saw the root of the matter, and took some quiet time to lead us to self-correction. A transient burst of naughtiness had its prompt rebuke, but very few words. Generally, she talked very little with children. She had not the gift of story-telling; but she sang a great deal to them. Many little precepts were given in song, often lively impromptus called forth by the emergency, and easily diverting by the jingle of the rhyme. The following pleasant reminiscence of these days was received by our father, shortly after her death: —

From Rev. J. F. W. Ware to J. A. FEBRUARY, 1866.

It took me some time to rouse myself to the consciousness that all the brothers and sisters, whose pleasant love for each other I so well remember, are in the New Home, — together again. I can only rejoice that Aunt Lucy is at rest. There have been many memories coming up the past few days of the old time, which seems to me so very, very far away. Faces, looks, movements, incidents out of that great storehouse of childhood's memory,— the guitar, the old "Robinson Crusoe" song, Saturday night and Sunday, the bathing-house,— a very motley host, in which she appears to me, the Aunt Lucy that was. I have carried through life very pleasant recollections of her, and the memory of some rebukes which I needed. . . . You have had a long life together, and its only shade has been that of protracted suffering. The other life will be longer, and upon that no shade. There are many there who loved us here,— a goodly company of one name, worthy to bear the name of the Lamb.

Her way of getting recreation while we were small was to take us with her in the old-fashioned chaise, which would hold three or four of us, and drive with us about the town, generally on some errand,—often to carry something to a sick person. One whose work was afterwards the care of the sick remembered as a little girl seeing mother go by in this way, and wished she could be sick so as to have some of her nice things. To entertain us at home, her guitar, the old English guitar (or zither), was in requisition, with all the songs she could command, said to include eighty Scottish songs, besides several English and French.

We early learned that her yea meant yea, and her nay, nay; and it did not occur to us that teasing would have any effect, as she did not refuse hastily or unkindly. Severe words were only for wilful naughtiness; for, though she never petted any weakness, she had a tender regard for sensitive natures. In any matter which to her involved a personal responsibility, it made no difference to her what custom or the usage of any one else might be: she simply did what seemed right to her. She feared nothing so much as our being tempted to value what was not of intrinsic worth, and never spoke of people except for their personal qualities, not their position, wealth, or name, unless incidentally; although she valued what these might add to one's influence. Her letters show how carefully she would guard the simplicity of heart in a little child.

Her love of justice made her very scrupulous in regard to the rights of others, and led to her respect

for each individual nature, and her belief that there is no quality which may not be trained to good as well as develop in evil. This made her incessant contact with young people in so many relations full of interest to her and an inspiration to them. Her careful regard for the opinions of others, especially religious opinions or ideas which she did not share, but saw were dear to them, did not allow any one in her presence to speak of them with slight or scorn.

With her habitual gentleness and reserve of manner was mingled a vein of Puritan severity, at times quite strongly marked. Her keen moral sensibility shrank from an appearance of evil that to others may have looked quite innocent. Thus she was intolerant of many a form of literature or art which the easier temper of our day passes without blame, but which she was sharp and quick to resent as an affront. A hint of immodesty, meanness, cruelty, or injustice struck her like a blow. And that culture of Art for its own sake, to which a more indulgent time pays its chief honor, was what she could hardly have understood, or perhaps have even pardoned.

When the overwhelming cares of the family school left her too little time for the intercourse with her own children which she so much wished, she would often write off for us some verse which would remind us of her teachings, and show that she still watched over our peculiar needs, however busy she might be. But it was the "wholesome neglect" she knew how to mingle with watchfulness which made home a free and happy place. Of course she thought, in looking back, that she had made many mistakes;

but her own counsel to others was that, though mistakes are inevitable, they are of small consequence, if the purpose is kept steadily in view, and if that is done which seems right at the time.

Her sympathy with the young was surprising to many, who saw it in the midst of her most perplexing cares, when their effervescence of spirits might well have been annoying. So long as it did not transgress the limits of good feeling and propriety, she allowed it full vent; and they looked to her, indeed, as the helper of their mirth. Sometimes, during the school period, the boys would return from vacation with a store of "goodies," to contribute for a general feast; and she would write off all sorts of amusing toasts to follow it, that there might be something to enjoy besides the feasting.

The two following extracts show the method of our parents in influencing their children as they grew older: —

Remember, it is for yourself to correct your own faults. All any one else can do is to open your eyes to them; for people are generally blind to their own, and I do not wish you to think that I see nothing but your faults. I take a great deal more pleasure in thinking of your excellences; and I wish you to be altogether perfect, not only in the great essentials of character, but in all little things. Your loving mother,

L. C. A.

Do what you can without doing violence to nature, and let your college rank take care of itself. Find out what are the best ways of study, so as to accomplish the greatest amount of work with the least expenditure of time

and strength. And never lose sight of the object of an education,—to qualify yourself for some sphere of usefulness. YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

On the day of our father's funeral, a gathering of his parishioners and friends united in the following testimonial: —

The life of our friend and pastor, the Rev. Dr. Allen, has ceased in the midst of venerable old age; and, while some of us can recall his earlier days of labor,—working faithfully in the cause of humanity,—we now bear him in sorrow, yet in triumph, to the peaceful grave, for his was the life of a good man,—the Christian minister, the faithful servant of God. His works will outlive all words of panegyric; but, as a parish and people, we desire to bear testimony of respect and affection for one who has been pastor, father, and friend to us all. Therefore,

Resolved, That these few words be entered upon our parish records, and that a copy of the same be transmitted to the family.

GEO. C. DAVIS,
S. CLARK,
J. B. DAVIS,
Committee for the Parish.

February 27, 1873.

To these words we add a few of the many expressions of remembrance and affection which came to us in the days that followed: —

From J. F. W. Ware. FEBRUARY 24.

Threescore years, at least, of active, well-done work! I don't know any man I think to have more fully lived out life, to have made the best of all that was given him,

—not the ten talents, but of the five making more than most men out of ten. Two, almost three, generations to call him blessed,—a town interpenetrated by his spirit, and a cordial respect, wide as our faith at least. I felt after I came away sorry that I had not said a word of the old past and the boy memory of him; but I remembered that I had once said somewhat of it to him years ago, for I wanted he should know my feeling toward him.

From Mrs. Dr. Hill. WORCESTER, March 2, 1873.

I thank you for your kind note, telling me of your dear father's last days. They were just what I should have expected from the whole tenor of his life,—calm, sweet, childlike.

It was ever a joy to me to see such a trustful, steadfast soul, always moving on, but so quietly and unostentatiously that many would not realize the power which was at work or the good which was wrought. He has been so associated with nearly my whole life that I can scarcely realize that he has passed out of it bodily. When I went to Princeton, a very little child, he came there. Then at Dr. Bancroft's he was a frequent and much valued friend and guest. And when I came here, a young and inexperienced girl, he was always encouraging and friendly. No one who came to our fireside was more welcome; and no one's conversation—so candid, charitable, content, and grateful—could do more to help in every-day duty and care. And nothing could rouse one up to the use of all their opportunities more than his unselfish, active devotion to every good work which he could by any possibility lay his hand upon. I never knew any one more desirous of doing good. It was more than meat or drink or raiment to him. His mind was full of it, and of plans of the how and when. And it seemed to me that he grew

more earnest, active, and thoughtful as the years passed on and the shadow deepened. Instead of an excuse for rest, they were a spur: time was short, and there was much to be done. It has astonished me, within the last three or four years, to see him, frail and feeble as he was, walk from one end of the city to the other to see some old friend or sick person, all as a matter of course, forgetting himself, his age, and his weakness,— only thinking of being useful to or pleasing others.

But he, too, has gone,— the last of the old set (except Mr. Lincoln); and the thanks and the blessings and the love and respect of many are with him, and will be to him a crown of rejoicing through endless ages.

From a Member of the Family. MARCH 5.

It seems to be all one feeling with those who speak of it, that father was especially privileged and happy in the time and manner of his death. Considering what he might naturally expect of suffering or infirmity, I suppose the first thought must be something like thankfulness and relief that that anxiety is forever spared. It reminds me so much of the gladness that mother seemed to feel in the first of her serious sickness, that her time had come to lie down and rest — and then of the great burden that came when it seemed that she might have the long infirmity that did come afterwards. And then came the feeling, more strongly, of what a great loss it is, that what has made so large a part of our life these fifty years, almost (at least in some ways) without our knowing it, has passed out of our sight. It seems as if I had never felt so much drawing of the heart to him, or desire to speak with him, or so sensible of what his great affection has been all these years. It seems to me a remarkable thing that he should have had so much practical and visible success

with so little of what would be called an energetic and self-asserting will. And it was part of the same thing, that I cannot look back to the time when he seemed to want to constrain the will of any of his children — or even, unless when we were very little children, find fault with anything we said or did. I wonder how it would have been for us, if this had been different in him.

From Mrs. M. Le B. Goddard. MARCH 13.

I did not know him well; but it used to be charming to me, when I did see him, to find him so full of sympathy, and never in any way a restraint upon the freedom and happiness of young people. And when I read the affectionate and appreciative words of friends, about him, I wished somebody would tell about the garden, with the abundance of sweet, old-fashioned flowers, and how the school-children used to gather summer mornings, while he gave them bouquets for their teacher. That is one of the pictures I have in my memory, and that I think I shall never forget. . . . I am sure it is good and helpful to know of men who have reached the end of long and active lives, and who have grown in beauty of soul to the very end.

Real character grows more and more wonderful to me: how some people are shaped to grace and strength and beauty by ceaseless toil, by heavy responsibility, by studious economy, how limited means make them grow in generosity, and narrow accommodations seem to cultivate hospitality; and how other people, with a fair start and easy life, dwindle and grow crooked! I can't understand it at all. But the brave, beautiful lives lived in quiet retirement all over the world fill me with admiration, and are inexpressibly touching to me; and, when they come to an end, I feel a sorrow that my acquaintance with them cannot explain.

From Rev. W. O. White. MARCH 19.

Your father's name was a household name in our old Salem in my boyhood. When as a graduate I was casting about to see how my cherished purpose to become a minister would take with my friends, I remember that a good lady of the North Church expressed the thought that, if I could ever be "such a minister as Dr. Allen of Northborough," it might be worth trying for. His scholarly skill and pastoral fidelity leave me far in the rear; but, for all that, to beckon me forward in the race at the start, his name was no mean one to conjure by. For a star may be a good mark for an arrow, though the arrow do not precisely get to it.

From his Colleague, Mr. Forbush. CLEVELAND, March 20, 1873.

My dear Miss Allen,— As soon as I heard of your father's departure, I wanted to write you; but I was away from home and sick, and since my return I have been wholly absorbed in work. But to-night I have a few minutes to spare,—not enough to say all that I wish about his great kindness to me and the profound respect in which I hold his character, but enough for me to say how deeply I sympathize with you all in your loss. To think of Northborough, and him gone, seems almost impossible. To think of your home without him is like thinking of the house of life with the master of life departed. I cannot realize at all that the accustomed places will know him no more. I cannot realize that, when I come to Northborough in the summer, I shall not see him in the garden or about the village street, going to and from the post-office or stepping into Mr. Bartlett's for a call. Never have I known till now how much he was to me a large part of Northborough, how much his spirit and presence pervaded the whole place. He had

faithfully done his duty. Whoever failed, he had not kept his talent hid in a napkin. And I feel like celebrating such a life more than that of one whom the world calls famous. He had a busy, faithful life, and a sunny, happy old age. I only hope the death angel touched him gently, and that he "slept in peace to wake in God."

How cheery he was, and how kind! He was like a father to me during the years of my ministry in Northborough, always so wise, always so genial, always so sympathetic. And, when he could not quite agree with me, he was lenient and gentle, and did not expect the new time to be like the old time. As I look back, I have not a single unpleasant recollection in connection with our intercourse during the six and a half years I was in Northborough. I only wish I could feel sure that he could say as much for me. He gave me the first welcome I had into the ranks of men of thought; and he was always more than kind in his appreciation of my crude early efforts. He encouraged me when encouragement was worth everything; he guided me when I did not know how to walk. Dear, kind old man! I only hope, when I die, some younger man may have the same gratitude towards me that I feel towards him.

Forgive these rambling words. They come from a full heart, and will convey to you better than any set phrases the sympathy with your loss, which is not so much a loss as the translation of care into perennial reverence and immortal love. Always yours,

T. B. FORBUSH.

From Rev. George S. Ball, Upton.

To me, who had to enter the ministry under every disadvantage of culture, he has been a father, kindly advising and helping me, and severely criticising when he saw

this was needed, but always in such a way that I could only love him the more for being so true a friend as to state my faults.

From Rev. F. L. Hosmer. QUINCY, ILL., March 9.

It was last Friday week that I received word that the spirit had broken its bonds (the day after the funeral). I have thought of you all daily and almost hourly, and of the one who has gone. But I have not felt like writing. I have found myself often falling into a sort of reverie and living again in the old associations; for your father's going calls up so much to us all, and seems to make such a break to me and to the people I love. But in these moods I have not had resolution to take the pen. His work was done and faithfully done, and a far-reaching work it was. When we think of the lives that one life has touched, who can say how far-reaching? *Minister* he was, in the word's inmost sense. What are all the stated arguments for our immortality compared with the power of this life upon our faith and feeling? This is a beautiful and springlike day,— snow vanished, bluebirds in the air, and the maple blossoms opening. The ice has broken up in the river, and is fast passing down. I had the largest congregation this morning for many weeks, and I was glad. My text was these three words, "A faithful minister" (Col. iv. 7). What would follow from that text and at this time, you know. If it lacked, as compared with other tributes, it at least was not in heart. I made it the occasion of picturing some features of the old New England life and the position of the church and the minister, spoke of the "division," and wove this all in with the life that in so great a measure linked us to the past. I had close attention from beginning to end. At the close, a lady spending the winter here, a resident of Georgia for many years past, a native of Stow, Mass., and

to whom isolation has only made her old Unitarian faith more dear, came to me, expressed much interest in my review, and said she had heard "Dr. Allen" many times. So another lady, from Galesburg in this State, visiting with one of my good families, came and said she had heard "Dr. A. preach." Other New England people seemed particularly to enjoy the old-time associations called up. Wasn't it pleasant to find these people who knew him whom I was speaking of? This I have written because I know it will interest you.

From Rev. B. H. Bailey.

I think you need not any words of mine, heartfelt though they would be, to impress you more than you now feel with the exceeding worth and beauty of his life. Whom of us has he not touched on every side, with helpful beneficent influence? Did I only undertake to tell what he had done for *me*, where should I begin, or where end? And I am but one of thousands who gladly rise up to bless his name. I shall, of course, come up to the funeral. I hope the "elders" of our household of faith will take charge of the services on that day: it is their place,— the fulness of knowledge of what he was, the fulness of faith of what he *is*, are theirs. It will be one of those rare funerals, when the central figure and most impressive preacher is the dead, lying before us calm and still, and speaking to us out of the wise, deep silence of God, with no mortal voice. The testimonies of that great hour will be of long fidelities reaching far back into the shadowed years, of trials nobly endured, of work thoroughly done, of patience that outran tribulations and brought the fruit of righteousness unto many souls, of lives on every hand turned from the weak and shattering things of earth, by his word and example, to seek for the

enduring verities of God and the rewards of heaven. His life was a verity: it affirms the great things by which we hold and hope to be everlastingly true,— good for the life that now is and for that which is to come.

From a Former Pupil.

There is hardly a day of my life that my thoughts do not turn back to those days passed under the roof of your honored parents, and always with pleasure. To them both I am indebted for much good counsel and example that has served me in life. How much better I might have been, had I followed these more closely, I will not confess. It is to such men and women that not only New England, but the entire country, owes the stability of character which, in spite of the manifold corruptions that have crept in, still acts as a mighty leaven. For one, I desire to offer all honor and praise to those who have left us such legacies.

At a family gathering held in August, 1890, several letters were read, from which the following extracts (by a nephew and a grandson) are taken, as completing this personal record: —

This house was my home for nearly three years, as it was also the home of many others who had no ties of kinship by which they could even remotely lay claim to the large-hearted generosity that could entitle them to a home in his family.

My recollection of my stay under his roof is very vivid and pleasant. There was also delightful companionship there. One winter there were five or six besides myself, — all together we did not earn for him the price of board for *one* able-bodied boy or girl; yet we were there, sat at

his table, listened to his reading, and all at times joined in the merry-making, under the guidance of Aunt Lucy, in which your father joined with great zest. I really feel that I had no claim on him for all I received. If there is any good in me, or if I have been saved from many ruinous ways, I owe it more to him, and to the spirit of his pleasant home, than to any other thing. I delight to honor his memory, to think of him and his pleasant ways, and his generous deeds.

CHARLES E. ADAMS.

. . . I should like to be with you to honor grandfather's memory. As you have said I was fortunate in having known him better than most of my cousins did; for during my long visits to you, back in the sixties, I was with him a good share of the time. I remember his sonorous voice reading the Scriptures after breakfast, till Uncle Doctor relieved him; and in the parlor singing in the family circle, when upon one occasion an extra powerful quaver caused suppressed merriment in me. But he enjoyed it as a joke.

At the brick school-house I used often to look up from deep application to my sum, and see him enter with cane and hat in hand, take a chair on the platform, and visit for a while, perhaps asking some questions.

Everybody of that time remembers grandfather in his garden or orchard, with his variety of tools and implements that kept such perfect order, that made the garden a thing of beauty. One day he called my attention to a black speck of an eagle away up in the sky, showing that his mind and faculties were not entirely concentrated upon the bank of pinks or the box-lined path without a weed.

I have a vivid recollection of that Sunday drive to

Westborough,—how the telegraph poles, if there were any, flitted past faster than we could count them, and how, after many a dusty mile, a corner was turned, and we were thrown out. I never had sense enough to be afraid of danger, so I dare say that episode was a delightful novelty to me; but with grandfather it was most serious,—not far from fatal,—no doubt producing disabilities that he never got rid of.

But the crowning characteristic picture of grandfather —as real as if I had seen it yesterday—is of him going down town, bending over a stone, and throwing it from the road, out of the way. This has been so indelibly impressed upon my memory that, whenever I see an obstruction, I remove it, thinking of him. It is a little thing, but I have done it hundreds of times, thinking of him.

The memory of grandfather as a minister, a good citizen, and a personal friend, has had more influence than I can appreciate in establishing my faith in the goodness of human nature, in the dignity of man.

H. W. ALLEN.

Lastly, while we are completing these pages, come to us these words of encouragement in our task:—

From Rev. W. J. Potter. NEW BEDFORD, January 20, 1891.

. . . His was too fine and rare a life to be left without some permanent printed memorial. It is true that he made an excellent memorial for himself elsewhere, which is to be found in the impress of his life on the community for which he labored, and on the characters of the young men whom he helped to educate. But the present and coming generations should also have some lasting literary testimonial of the kind of worth and power possessed

by a minister of that old New England type, of which he, perhaps, was the last example in Massachusetts.

I count it among the special privileges of my earlier years that I came into contact, though slight, with two honored ministers of the older time, who were settled, according to the original Congregational method, for life; and both of them had, I believe, in the first part of their ministry whole townships for parishes. These men were Dr. Kendall, of Plymouth, and Dr. Allen, of Northborough. Dr. Kendall, when I saw him, had already ceased to preach. But he was a venerable and unique figure sitting in the pulpit, as I remember him. Dr. Allen at that time was still in active service. I recall seeing him frequently at Cambridge and Boston in collegiate and Unitarian gatherings, where, if he spoke, his words were always listened to with reverent esteem, and his counsels usually followed for their wisdom. Even if he was silent, his face and form were so expressive of sound judgment and sanctity of character that his very presence lent weight to any meeting of which he was a part. Once I saw him in his own house, when I was the speaker in the Northborough meeting-house for a Sunday, and he drove to a neighboring town to preach. Such devoted life-pastorates as his, and such well-equipped ministerial minds, wise and benevolent, self-sustained, yet self-sacrificing, constituted one of the powerful factors in making our New England what it has been in itself and in its influence on the country at large.

The new and varied religious conditions of our time will not allow the reappearance of just this type of minister. Yet what a boon it might be to many of our country towns if a similar type were to appear, with only such modifications as the new aspects of religious thought and work could naturally produce! And sometimes I have even thought of the possibility of such a ministry coming

in the future, when the era of doctrinal divisions and sectarian strifes and jealousies shall have happily passed. I have spent two summers in sparsely settled country towns of New England, where the spirit of sectarianism has made a religious desert, and the people generally are living a very arid kind of existence. So far as I had opportunity to learn, the greater part of these people appeared to have become quite indifferent to dogmas of one kind or another, and might be induced without much difficulty to come together in a union church enterprise on an undoctrinal basis, provided they had a wise and morally earnest leader. Under the guidance of a man not only wise and good, but with an enthusiasm for good works, and with a genius for drawing other people to such works,—a man unselfish, sympathetic, humane, and thoroughly alive to the vital questions and needs of human society to-day,—under such leadership, what might not be done for the educational, social, moral, and spiritual interests of these stagnant country towns! For their *spiritual* interests, let me add, in the large, true sense, in distinction from the merely material interests and cares which now so absorbingly engross the minds of the people. Such a minister would find his supreme satisfaction in devoting his life to the one object of enlarging and elevating the lives of his fellow-townsmen.

If this kind of ministry for country districts, of which I have sometimes dreamed, shall ever come to pass, some future searcher among the annals of New England townships, on coming across this memoir of Dr. Allen, and reading it, will exclaim: "Why, here was a man in the town of Northborough, whose ministry began in the early part of the nineteenth century, who was settled as the minister of the town, and who by the unsectarian character of his preaching, by his beneficent counsels and deeds, and by the good he was continually doing for all

his townsmen, almost anticipated by a hundred years the type of religious ministration which is now recognized as one of the most valuable and indispensable factors of modern society!"

In the year 1887, the children of the household made preparations to commemorate the anniversary of their father's ordination, October 30, which this year fell on Sunday. A plain tablet of white marble, with an inscription, which will be found below, had been designed and provided; and the members of his former congregation entered cordially into the celebration of the day. By their request, a commemorative discourse was given by the eldest son, J. H. Allen, now of Cambridge, which, as summing up in brief many of the conditions of our father's long ministry, is here presented: —

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Your Committee have asked me to address you this morning, which is the anniversary of the day of my father's ordination here. This anniversary he always kept very gratefully and thoughtfully in his heart. For, after long looking forward to this as his own particular work in life, and after going studiously through the full usual course of preparation for it, he found himself, at the age of twenty-four, crippled by an illness which he thought would disable him from ever undertaking a man's work in the world, and for nearly two years must have had a heavy heart in thinking how to reconcile himself to that grievous disappointment. Happily, a course of vigorous and wholesome regimen built him up to that measure of health — even and active, but never robust — which, by

scrupulous care and prudence, he kept up beyond the age of eighty.

These were, in brief, the antecedents of his coming here, in the summer of 1816, and of his ordination as minister of this town, seventy-one years ago to-day. I take the phrase, "minister of this town," to date from, in what I may have to say this morning. It not only tells the exact fact of the case, which was something entirely different from what the present generation have any experience of or can easily understand; but it also defines, better than any other words, just what was his own idea of the work he was called to, the feeling about it which he always had, and the relation it put him in, subsisting for nearly sixty years, towards all the homes, all the souls, all the interests, material as well as spiritual, of this community. So far as lay in his thought or choice or will, there was never a person or thing that belonged to the life of this place which he did not somehow connect with the sense of that responsibility which he undertook when, at the age of twenty-six, he became the minister of this town.

In speaking from these words, I shall try very briefly indeed to bring back and make fresh to your minds some of the points which seem to me worth remembering, among the things that have passed away in the changes of the last fifty years. I should like, if I can, partly by what I remember of the years of my own childhood, and partly by what I have learned to understand better since, to lead the minds, especially of those younger than I am, to know and value more nearly at its true worth what has gone into their own inheritance, and has helped shape out our New England country life. In some ways, as I honestly think,— and I have tried to understand something of past history, and something of the life of other lands,— it is the very best inheritance into which any one can be born. Certainly, there is no other that can begin to compare with

it for the number or the quality of the men and women, whose work I have known about with any degree of intimacy, who have put their mark for good upon the life of our country in our time. This is no small thing to say, with the deliberateness and the conviction with which I say it now. There is no lesson which the younger men and women, who have the good fortune to share in that inheritance, should take more deeply to heart than how they may be worthy of it, and improve upon it, and pass it on in its fulness to the generation that will take their place. It is for the sake of this that they should try to understand it better; and, to help in this, I shall try to say now the few words that I have to say.

And here a particular remark occurs. For, if you will look back upon the date I have recalled to you, you will notice that it was in the year following the end of the War of 1812. This public date is significant of two things: first, that that war is understood to have done very much to confirm the national sentiment of our people at large, giving them the strong and proud feeling of a common country, in a way it had never been felt before; and, second, that it bore very hard upon the enterprise and prosperity of New England, where it had been angrily resisted, and even led to a scheme of secession which (as many think) was only checked from coming to a fatal open struggle by the return of peace. Put this and that together, and you see that in this whole community it was a critical time of rebuilding and restoring. Education of mind, discipline of character, guidance of life, are always fundamental needs. In a marked way, they make the practical religion of a community. All the more, then, because in the train of war there always come vices and dangers. I have heard my father say, more than once, that intemperance, which was a general vice after the Revolution, but very much outgrown before the War of

1812, had come in again as a consequence of that war; and some of you are old enough to know, in your own recollection, of the many names of strong, substantial, and prosperous men in this very town who, in the generation next following that war, drank themselves to poverty, their farms into debt, and their families to distress. That particular vice, more than any other in this community, "hath undone many of good estate"; and it was one danger, among others, that lurked in the condition of things I speak of, which was in general so sound and wholesome.

In coming here, he had a good practical understanding of the sort of community he came among. He had not only been trained in country life and country schools, but had entered very fully into the traditions that give force and character to the life he found here. His early home was on the farm that for five generations — from about 1650 — had been owned and tilled by his ancestors; and, as you know, there was no sort of farm-work that he could not turn his own hand to. With these traditions and antecedents,— farmer and citizen first, minister and theologian afterward,— he found here that strong foundation on which to build: a town life formally established upon and wrought in with the institutions of the old New-England congregation. Just fifty years before, Northborough had been set off — what was till then the second parish of Westborough — and incorporated as an independent town. Those fifty years had been almost exactly covered by the ministry of Peter Whitney, of whom I never heard any other testimony than as of a faithful, sincere, beloved, and devoted instructor of his people. The choice of his successor was a matter not of sectarian opinion, not even of narrow parish interest, but of public responsibility and concern. It was discussed as a town affair, and ratified by the vote of the entire public in

town meeting. Quite within my recollection, this state of things continued without change: the amount of salary had been fixed by public appropriation, and it was drawn by a regular printed form of draft upon the town treasury. Furthermore, it was the one office in town which was perpetual: it gave the incumbent the assurance of a fixed residence, and enabled him, in his first months of service, to fix the spot and lay the foundations of his home for life. The changes that have come since have brought with them a prosperity, a beauty, and an intelligence in these country towns that could hardly have been dreamed of then. But, so far as concerns the opportunity offered to the man who is fit for that particular work and devoted to it, I doubt whether they have brought anything half so good as what they have taken away,— the *fixity of tenure*, which identified him as part of the very life of the community he lived in, which wove in his thought and affection life-long with every interest of those he served, and made their church his home.

Of course, this state of things could not have existed except in a community where there was a sort of family likeness among its members,— so that, on the whole, with such neighborly differences, even sharp differences, as there might be, they worked easily and kindly together, in their ways of thinking as well as in their daily walks of life. This family likeness was very strongly marked at the period I speak of. It has been said that the New England population of that day — that is, sixty or seventy years ago — were the purest blood, or had most of this family likeness, of any community speaking the English tongue. They had grown into it by nearly two hundred years of close association here and wide separation from the rest of the world; and nothing, certainly, could do more to bring out and invigorate that quality than the independence of the town life, and the habit of acting

together in their own little public, to decide all matters of common interest or duty. This way of living developed a stock of men of great independence of character and strong individual characteristics. How well we remember the grave and solid rank of elders that used to gather of a Sunday beneath this roof, and governed the town affairs on week-days! A person of foreign blood was rarely seen among them: I recall in the recollections of my childhood only one such, a Dutchman, a sort of tramp, who drifted this way once or twice a year. A person of different form of Christian faith was a rarer spectacle then than a heathen Chinaman or Japanese would be to-day. A poor vagrant asking food, I remember once, was known for a Roman Catholic because he refused meat on a Friday; but what the name meant I knew so little, that it stood in my mind for a deformity that came of having part of his hand shot away. I think that until within fifty years it was rather uncommon to know a family that was not born and bred and married within the town boundaries: the two or three exceptions only made the general fact stand out more sharply. There was none of the easy and frequent shifting of residence that we find now. The population was much more evenly distributed, a large proportion living on their own broad farms; the five — or at a remoter time the six — school districts had nearly an equal number of pupils each to each; now, I suppose, considerably more than half are gathered about the centre. There was far more equality of condition, fewer miscellaneous occupations; small trades were only beginning to be outgrown by the large manufactories of Waltham, Lowell, and Worcester; the town raised more of what it actually consumed and sent less to market; farming held a larger place in the town's prosperity, and the common luxuries, which add so much to the beauty and comfort of everybody's life now, were hardly known.

It is about sixty years since the first stove was set up in the meeting-house: till then the winter was only tempered by hot bricks, or little tin boxes of a few live coals, or, in extreme cases, by running down through the snow to the minister's fireside for a little relief in the half-hour's intermission. I mention these simplicities of a time which some of you will easily remember, not by way of curiosity or idle comment, but because they help us realize the state of things that drew people nearer to a common feeling and a common level than can be now, and made the pastor's relation to them, such as it actually was, a possible and real thing. His home became the centre of a pleasant reciprocity; then, while Thanksgiving gifts came to him generously in harvest time, among the regular guests at his Thanksgiving table were two elderly women of the "town's poor," who had seen better days, and were grateful for this little addition to their slender privileges.

There were certain other neighborly ways, perhaps more common then than now,—raisings and huskings and watching with the sick; in the strict economy of those days, too, certain delicacies, as fruit, jellies, and the like, were scrupulously reserved for invalids, to assuage their bitter medicine: it would have been held riotous extravagance to consume them on the tables of the well. Little money was afloat then, and debts were largely paid in kind,—the year's salary, for example, mostly in cord-wood and family supplies. All these little incidents of plain living, in a place whose quiet was broken only by the daily rolling of the stage-coach once each way; when the journey to Boston of a single traveller was an event; when the whole commerce of the world outside was done by the three weekly cartloads of country produce, with the return load of dry-goods, "notions," groceries, and rum,—all these, I say, helped make up those

even and quiet conditions of existence, amid which such a ministry as I have spoken of had its natural and useful place.

Among all these, three great influences, working together in common, had been provided by the wise forethought of our fathers, to educate such a community as this for the higher destinies of this life and the life to come: the yearly Town-Meeting, the weekly Congregation, and the District School. The minister had his particular relation to each. In the first, he was actively interested in everything that was done; but, while doing the full duty of a citizen in other ways, by word or vote or act, and while serving as chaplain on public occasions, in keeping with the simple gravity with which such things were done, I think that, in his fifty-six years as resident here, my father never cast a single vote in town affairs. This did not prevent his being frankly and actively a leader or a helper in many matters touching the general welfare,—such as temperance, tree-planting, improvement of the town cemetery and public roads; but he held that his proper circle of influence lay outside the field of personal and local politics, which he left wholly to the good sense and decision of the town's natural leaders, the men of character and intelligence here born and bred. The Congregation brought him, as I have said, into direct relation —neighborly, friendly, charitable, or consolatory—with every household within the town boundaries; and what was the character of his ministry, at least its effort and its aims, there are too many testimonies to make it necessary for me to say anything about it here. I may remark, however, that his idea of it was built absolutely upon the condition of things which he accepted with it, and which I have attempted to describe; that, with a somewhat anxious sense of duty, and with frequent times of depression and reaction, he held to it with a feeling of loyalty which

always put the interest of the parish before any personal or family interest of his own; and that to the end of his life he never outgrew the conviction he started with,—that his ministry meant more than what bound him to this particular church and congregation: it had to do with all that concerned the true welfare, nay, with the life and well-being of every household of the town, in the other parishes as well as in his. So that I now and then get a word of testimony — as I did only the other day — from persons who remind me what he was to them as a minister and friend, though he was not their own pastor, and they very likely never once set foot within the doors of this house where he regularly officiated. And, as to the third matter, the District School, which has so grown to be an omnipresent and all-embracing interest of town, State, and country, I need say only this: that it made part of his recognized work here from the start; that he was constantly and eagerly interested in every step that seemed to help forward the great business of public education; and that he served as chairman of your school committee for fifty-one successive years, omitting only a season of two years, when a change was tried that seemed likely to do better without his aid. To the general public, indeed, I suppose that this was the field in which his name was more widely known than in any other way.

In those days the ministry had not only a *permanent*, it had also a *secular* character, which it has greatly lost. In a sense easily enough understood, though not at all familiar, the Town WAS the parish; the townspeople WERE the congregation. In a harmless and neighborly way, Church and State (in these narrow boundaries) were one. In the great changes that have come over our political, social, and religious life, it was impossible that such a state of things should continue. The first invasion of it

was from a revival of the old Puritan spirit of separatism and dissent, protesting against the lax and secular way into which a political church establishment always drifts. It is a very old quarrel, which troubled the church in the third century, just as it did in the sixteenth, and does now in the nineteenth. You cannot have a community of saints. A church which is identical with the community will always hold a good many who are anything but saints: excellent and useful men, very likely, as the world goes, but with no pretence of the mark of the prize of any higher calling. Shall the "Lord's people" and the "world's people" make part together of the same "body of Christ"? This is the question which an Establishment always answers in one way, Puritanism always in another. And, at the time I speak of, Congregationalism in Massachusetts was an establishment. This made at once its glory and its weakness; its strength while it could last, its certainty of alienation and division. It must needs harbor much liberty of thinking; it cannot escape a certain drift towards indifferentism in matters of doctrine; and it must at length break with the stricter creed. It is just sixty years since the first open secession came about here from the condition of things my father had found, when the Baptist church, then feeble and few, was gathered in this village. I do not think he blamed himself for any steps taken, for anything done or left undone, that may have led to it. Although his sympathies were all with the liberal movement of his day, and though his own opinions were frankly Unitarian, he never permitted himself — or any one else, without prompt protest — to speak of this as a Unitarian society, or as in any way a sectarian church, or to call it by any other name than Congregational. In this I think he was wholly right. A church's proper business is not with men's opinions, but with their lives; and we have got to return

upon this view of it, before there can be any real revival of religious harmony. This, I say, was his conviction and protest.

But the protest was unavailing. One point of sharp division could not be evaded: Congregationalism recognizes the family as a whole; by its rite of baptism it adopts little children into its household of faith. The Baptist creed, on the other hand, demands that the church shall be made up of the converted, and allows its sacraments only to them. And so, on a point of conscience where no compromise was possible, the division came about. Though without blame on either part, this secession weighed heavily on his heart; for he felt not only like one wounded in the house of his friends,—since the leader of the movement had been both near and dear to him, a student of his charge, and almost of his family,—but it was the first signal of a change that could not be undone, and must go on till the earlier state of things was quite done away. Five years later, in 1832, the Second Congregational Society was formed by those of stricter orthodox or "evangelical" faith. And the very next year — that is, on the 11th of November, 1833 — the old "Third Article of the Bill of Rights" was repealed; the citizen was relieved from all legal obligation to pay for the support of any church, and the Voluntary system, as we have it now, came into full play.

It was impossible that he, and those whose feelings and habits were like his identified with the old condition of things, should not deeply regret the great change, and even do what they thought right to oppose it. Clearly enough, however, the change was inevitable, and the time had come for it. I have no doubt he came to see it so himself; for, when a thing was once settled, it was part of his temperament and his religion to look on the cheerful side, and no man ever felt more confidently than he

that the world grew better every year he lived. But the change cut deeper and worked out faster than he and those who thought with him could ever have feared. The old stability was gone. The profession which was his life-work came to rest on a new and unsteadier footing, though the spirit of it may be, as I think it is, not at all less fervent and devoted. During the last fifteen years of his life three colleagues filled in succession their short terms of service, and his death left the place that had known him empty. Meanwhile, instead of the one parish meeting-house, which gathered all souls into its modest but hospitable shelter, and was part of the town's very dignity and life, not less than four divide among them the conscience and population of the place, and still leave almost as many outside or unsatisfied as once made up the whole.

But I do not speak of these changes to lament vainly over them. Nothing is idler than such complaint. We must reconcile ourselves to the inevitable as we best may. And, when we have reconciled ourselves to it, we find the new as good as the old. And not only that. For the inevitable is a step in the way that we account providential, and we must learn to see the meaning and the uses of it. Everything is right and good in its time. Life in our country towns is (to the outward eye at least) far more prosperous and beautiful, certainly more varied, bright, and interesting, than it was seventy or even fifty years ago. There is a more active intelligence, a greater range of thinking, daily contact with a far wider knowledge of things, a broadening and deepening of the interests that make us one with the great world of man. I need not dwell upon these aspects of the change. Perhaps we boast of them too loudly and make too much of them. Let us at least remember that whatever is best in them is in the very line of the work done here by our

fathers, and is the growth of the seed they planted. They made the best they knew how of the modest hillside school of their day; and it has spread and blossomed into a vast system of national education. They cultivated a strong sense of public duty; and so fed the springs of that loyalty which, when the time of trial came, saved this wide continent to republican freedom. They valued intelligence in common things; and for their reward their children have the daily newspaper and the public library. They did the best they could with their stony and crooked roads, making them better and straighter year by year, and welcoming the railway when it came; and behold their sons are gone forth to Ohio and Illinois, to Minnesota and Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, Oregon and California, while their old haunts receive to prosperous industries strangers from afar, speaking the dialects of four or five different foreign nations. These are some of the changes that have come about in the memory of many of us who do not yet feel ourselves to be very old, and who may still live to see even greater changes. I have asked you to look back from the midst of them to a condition of things much simpler,—not so rich, not so varied, not so beautiful, not so knowing, but strong and solid with qualities which we do well to hold in honor. I have tried to show, in a few features of it, how that life gathered about and was nourished by this religious centre, which our fathers established to be the home of their souls and the nurse of every civic virtue. And, if I am right in my view of it, while there may be more varied intelligence and brighter wit, more of the finer sentiments and of emotional piety in these later days, we have not yet attained anything better in its kind than the strong and homely virtues of that religion of our fathers, which made their life in God one with the sober secular life of the home, the farm, the town, the State.

The following is a copy of the tablet erected to our parents' memory: —

IN MEMORY OF
JOSEPH ALLEN
1790–1873
ORDAINED AS MINISTER OF THIS TOWN
OCTOBER 30, 1816
FOR FIFTY-SIX YEARS PASTOR OF THIS CHURCH
A FAITHFUL COUNSELLOR, A WISE INSTRUCTOR
A LEADER IN THE WORK OF PUBLIC EDUCATION
A HELPER TO MANY IN TIMES OF NEED
A LOVER OF FLOWERS AND OF LITTLE CHILDREN
ALSO
IN TENDER MEMORY OF
LUCY CLARK ALLEN
1791–1866
OF SERENE, PATIENT, AND CHEERFUL SPIRIT
IN DAILY LIFE HUMBLE, SCRUPULOUS, SELF-DENYING
OF DEEP CONVICTION IN MATTERS OF PUBLIC RIGHT
OF THOUGHTFUL LOVING-KINDNESS TO THE POOR AND SUFFERING
THIS TABLET
IS ERECTED BY THEIR CHILDREN

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

October 30, 1887.

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